

CURRENT OPINION

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The Impeachment of
Governor Sulzer.

ACCUSED of grand larceny, perjury and bribery, in violation of eight different sections of the Penal Code of the State of New York, William Sulzer, after less than eight months' service as governor, has been impeached by the Assembly and will be tried in a few days by the State Senate and Court of Appeals. Less than a year ago, Woodrow Wilson, now President, spoke of Sulzer as "a man whose reputation for integrity and independence is unquestionable, a man of high principle, devoted to the public interest." That was the opinion of Mr. Sulzer that generally prevailed, at least as to his integrity, after twenty-four years of continuous public service by him in somewhat conspicuous positions. An impeachment is not, of course, a conviction. It is merely an indictment. But it is an indictment made in this case after public hearings, with the evidence spread out before the world. The charges that are made are accompanied by elaborate specifications of times and places and persons, upon the sworn testimony of unwilling witnesses. As the case stands before the public, it makes what the Springfield *Republican* calls "one of the worst incidents in the history of American politics. In the history of the Republic but seven governors have been impeached prior to this time, and in but two cases—Holden, of North Carolina, in 1870, and Butler, of Nebraska, in 1871—has the impeachment resulted in conviction and removal. In a third case—Ames, of Mississippi, in 1876—it resulted in

resignation. And the cases of Ames and Holden came up in the South, in the carpet-bag days after the war. It is, therefore, a place of unenviable loneliness Mr. Sulzer will occupy if his impeachment is sustained.

What the Accusations Against Sulzer Are.

THE articles of impeachment are eight in number. The first two accuse Sulzer of making a false affidavit as to the amount of money "received, contributed or expended by him," in aid of his election. The amount to which he made affidavit was \$5,460. Eleven checks, aggregating \$8,500, are specified which were not included in his affidavit. This alleged violation of the law was, of course, committed before he became governor, and the important point is raised by his lawyers that he can not be impeached for acts committed before he took office. One other article of impeachment accuses him of using \$32,850 of campaign contributions for personal speculation in Wall Street—"stole such money and checks," so runs the charge, "and was guilty of larceny." This act also was committed, if at all, prior to his becoming governor. The other five articles of impeachment accuse him of offenses committed while governor, namely: "suppressing evidence"; "preventing and dissuading a witness" from giving testimony to the legislative committee of investigation; promising and threatening members of the legislature "for the purpose of affecting the vote or political action" of these members on bills before the legislature; and "corruptly using his authority as governor"

to affect the current prices of securities listed and selling on the N. Y. Stock Exchange, in some of which securities he was at the time speculating. Other articles of impeachment, it is stated, may be added later.

Sulzer as a Lamb in Wall Street.

PUBLIC interest centers on Mr. Sulzer's alleged use of campaign contributions for the purpose of speculating in stocks. The testimony shows that during the campaign he was carrying accounts in various brokerage concerns, one of them known as Account 63, another as Account 500, and one being carried on through the medium of Frederick L. Colwell. On one account he owed \$48,590.38, and had been urgently pressed for money. Within two weeks after his election he paid on this account \$10,000 in currency, and an additional sum of \$6,000, also in currency, about two weeks later, and the balance was paid by a wealthy member of his military staff last June. On another account, stocks were purchased by Colwell to the amount of \$12,025, and paid for on the same day (during the campaign), in part with currency and in part with checks that had been sent to Sulzer as campaign contributions and which did not appear in his affidavit of moneys received. Some of the campaign checks produced at the investigation which had been deposited to Sulzer's private account in a Trust Company, on which he drew from time to time for his stock payments, were "personally indorsed" by him, it is charged, and the deposit slips were "in his own

handwriting." The amount of currency alone which he used for stock payments in the three months between his nomination and his inauguration aggregated \$43,950.

A "Whirlpool of Confusion" in Albany.

DESPITE a general public call for a specific statement from Mr. Sulzer, nothing has appeared from him at the time of this writing except a general sweeping denial, a statement that in making his campaign affidavit of moneys received, he had depended upon others, and a charge that the legislature, being in extraordinary session, called for a specific purpose, had no right, under the Constitution, to do anything else and consequently its committee of investigation was without authority, and the impeachment proceedings themselves were illegal. Upon this ground chiefly he has refused to yield up the executive office to the lieutenant-governor, and a "whirlpool of confusion" was the first immediate result of the impeachment. "A steel chain with a heavy padlock secured the great seal; the privy seal lay under lock and key; the way to the executive chamber, Sulzer's citadel, was bolted and barred, and from two offices the rival claimants continued to exercise their functions." The state controller promptly recognized the lieutenant-governor as acting governor. So did the secretary of state. So did the head of the national guard. So, of course, did the legislature. But the banks have refused to honor checks drawn by either claimant until their claims are adjudicated.

Mrs. Sulzer to Her Husband's Rescue.

DESPITE Sulzer's silence, despite the strength of the case against him, despite the flaccidity of the acts attributed to him, there is a distinct undercurrent of sympathy for him and a disposition to support him in the desperate situation in which he finds himself. In Monroe county a large mass meeting was held and resolutions adopted in his defense. A number of eminent men like D. Cady Herrick, former Democratic candidate for governor, and Thomas Mott Osborne, former candidate for lieutenant-governor, are rallying to his aid. One reason for this is stated as follows by a group of lawyers who are acting as his advizors: "After an examination of Mr. Sulzer in relation to the transactions disclosed by the Frawley committee we are satisfied that there has been only a partial revelation of the facts so far, and we are satisfied that he has been guilty of no wilful wrongdoing." Most of the Republican and Progressive members of the Assembly refused to vote for impeachment because of



"I HAVE RUINED HIS LIFE"

Mrs. William Sulzer, wife of the Governor of New York, now under impeachment, insists upon taking the blame for the seizure of his campaign funds, asserting that he is a mere child in money matters and she endorsed the checks in his name and deposited them to his private account.

the haste with which it was pushed through, claiming that the members had not had time even to read the Frawley's committee's report, much less to discuss it. And almost at the last moment a sensational report was made public to the effect that Mrs. Sulzer had confessed to one of the legislators that she had been the one who misappropriated the campaign contributions, endorsing the checks and speculating in stocks without her husband's knowledge. Mr. Sulzer's finances, so runs the story, were at a very low ebb. He himself is "a perfect child" in monetary matters and his wife has always had general charge of his finances. When the campaign money came in, she, not appreciating the enormity of the act, and sanguine of making quick money in certain stocks, applied the money to that purpose. When the storm came, she told the Governor and begged to be allowed to take the witness stand, but he refused to allow her to be drawn into the battle.

Rallying to Sulzer's Support.

BUT the chief source of the strength that remains to Mr. Sulzer is the feeling of deep distrust for his most active foes—Tammany Hall leaders—and for their purposes in securing his downfall. Here is a Republican view from the Syracuse *Post-Standard*: "Governor Sulzer prob-

ably deserved impeachment. But he was not impeached because he deserved it. He was impeached upon order of Tammany Hall because he proved faithless to Tammany Hall." James C. Garrison, a former editor of the N. Y. *Press*, now an employee of the Sulzer administration at Albany, writes a strong letter to the N. Y. *Times* in defense of his chief. He says:

"Long before Sulzer refused Murphy's demand for the surrender of the Governorship and the protection of Stilwell he knew that the campaign fund would be exposed. That was one of the threats about which he told me weeks before the Frawley Committee set to work to uncover the campaign fund. Sulzer knew they would accuse him of perjury and all kinds of turpitude. All these pains he could have spared himself and become a rich man, if he had yielded his office to Murphy.

"He weighed the promised rewards in one hand and he balanced on the other hand the possibility of ruin; and then William Sulzer vowed that at any personal sacrifice he would stick to his commission from the people. He does not care now what happens to him, because he did not care then. His resolution to go through with the fight for honest and efficient government, in the circumstances, was an act so supremely sacrificial that to me it bars the possibility that William Sulzer could ever have committed an intentionally dishonest act, and I would go so far as to say that even if he had been dishonest before he came into the governorship he would deserve a full pardon for the courage and unselfishness which he revealed when he chose the road to possible ruin instead of the pleasant path to luxury and security which he could have traveled if he had betrayed the people to Boss Murphy."

The Buffalo *Courier*, a Democratic paper, takes a similar view. "Whatever may be the failings," it says, of Governor Sulzer, "the gunmen method of seizing the executive office and turning the whole administrative branch of the State Government into a Murphy annex deserves the severest popular condemnation."

The Contest Between Sulzer and Tammany.

THE contest between Governor Sulzer and Tammany Hall began early in his administration when he refused to appoint Gaffney as highway commissioner. It was intensified when he appointed John Mitchell, the labor leader, commissioner of labor. It became acute when he insisted on a direct primaries law that would abolish State conventions. Sulzer, who has been nearly all his life in more or less close alliance with Tammany, is said to have been persuaded that the success of Woodrow Wilson would be his if he assailed the bosses in New York as Wilson assailed them in New Jersey. By the middle of last April he had

broken off relations with Murphy and in a short time was denouncing him as the "only menace to Democratic success in New York City." From the boldness with which he carried on his fight against Murphy and against the legislature, under Murphy's control, the Springfield *Republican* derives a presumption of Sulzer's honesty. It says: "Mr. Sulzer must have known that continued opposition to Murphy would bring on a relentless effort to discredit and disgrace him. Under such conditions it would seem that a man who had been weak enough to misappropriate funds in November would certainly have given in to Murphy in May to avoid exposure."

Sulzer Running the Risk of Treason.

BUT the N. Y. *World*, which supported Sulzer for governor and has supported him in his contest with Tammany, refuses to support him now. "The evidence of his devious methods," it declares, "is overwhelming." The N. Y. *Tribune* thinks that impeachment was the only course. The N. Y. *Times* warns Sulzer that he may, by refusing to turn over his office, be laying himself open to a still more serious charge—that of treason. And the N. Y. *Evening Post*, never a friend either of Sulzer or of Tammany, says: "We ourselves prefer, if choose we must, the plain, unadulterated Tammany rascal, who stands out for what he is, to a political sinner turned saint for the moment and calling for aid to overthrow his quondam pals and bosses in the name of that political justice, decency, and honesty he so long helped to violate."

The Cyclonic Situation in Mexico.

AS near as one can get at the outlines of the cyclonic situation in Mexico, they are as follows. There are two governments, neither of which we recognize as legitimate. There are innumerable groups of bandits whom nobody controls. There are, or were until recently, about 40,000 Americans in the country and over one billion dollars of American money invested there for which nobody is able or willing to guarantee protection. Instead, our secretary of state says: "An order was issued some time ago for Americans to leave Mexico and it has never been revoked"; and the chairman of the Senate committee on foreign relations says: "Americans should leave Mexico and stay out of there until peace and order are restored." Many of these Americans in Mexico are agents of mining corporations, many are engaged in various mercantile and commercial pursuits, and many more are homesteaders and farmers. In one district, according to statements made recently on the



HE DEMANDS THE GREAT SEAL OF THE EMPIRE STATE

Martin H. Glynn, who becomes acting governor of New York (unless Sulzer is successful in upsetting his impeachment), is an Albany editor and served a term as State Controller. He is very popular at Albany, is good-natured and whimsical but able and intelligent, and is not at all a Tammany man. His wife—the lady with him—was quite a friend of Mrs. Sulzer's until the husbands had a political falling out.

floor of the United States Senate and not challenged, 5,000 of the latter class, living under concessions granted by the Mexican government, have been thrown out of their homes, their houses have been burned to the ground, and they have been driven at the muzzle of rifles out of the country. That happened over a year ago, but "no redress has been asked or offered." Incessant reports of outrages appear in the newspapers, some of them to be disproved later, others exaggerated, but many of them too well verified. According to Paul Hudson, editor of the *Mexican Herald*, nearly a hundred Americans have been killed in the last two years. According to Senator Fall, of New Mexico, the American claims for property destroyed will aggregate not less than \$150,000,000. "This chamber," said Senator Lodge a few days ago, speaking in the Senate, "could be papered with tales of horror."

Senator Bacon Arraigns the White Mexicans.

THE existence of appalling conditions in Mexico is not denied. It is due, according to Senator Bacon, chairman of the Senate committee on foreign affairs, to just one thing—the cowardice or supineness of the white citizens of Mexico who have education, wealth and social standing, but who refuse to risk their own blood to restore order to their stricken coun-

try. There is in the City of Mexico alone a white population of between two and three hundred thousand, enough to enroll an army of 40,000 men. In all Mexico there are three and a half millions of whites, but "it is only here and there that a white man can be found who is willing to risk his life for the purpose of restoring order in the country." Senator Bacon was not speaking of Americans resident in Mexico, but of the white Mexicans. "Order can be restored," he declares, "and good government can be maintained in Mexico whenever the white men of Mexico are ready to risk their lives for that purpose." But about the only white men in the field now are the leaders of revolutionary bands, or those aspiring to be such. As for the rest:

"They are sitting back in personal security and letting brigands, because they are nothing more, enlist all the revolutionary, anarchistic elements in that country, people who like the license of war and plunder and ravage under the forms of war; and it is nothing in the world but brigandage. They are perfectly willing that their country should be tramped and marked from one end to the other by these irresponsible bandits, and they sit back in security in their clubs, in their city residences and on their estates."

Who Governs Mexico?

Answer: Nobody.

THE attitude of our government in the matter has become a subject of earnest debate at Washington, and in the American and European press. General Huerta holds the seat of Government, controls the federal treasury, and operates under the sanction—to some degree a forced sanction—of the Mexican Congress. Venustiano Carranza is in control of the States of Sonora and Coahuila, and bands of irregulars, operating in his name but not apparently under anybody's control, pillage and plunder through a large part of northern Mexico. The Federals under Huerta claim that Carranza really controls only one or two States. The Constitutionalists, under Carranza, claim to control two-thirds of Mexico and to have an "army" of from sixty to eighty thousand. Under a law passed by our Congress March 14, 1912, and a proclamation issued by President Taft two days later, Americans are forbidden, under heavy penalties, to sell arms or ammunition to Carranza's followers. They are allowed to sell to Huerta's followers. If this attitude were changed, says Carranza, and the two factions were treated alike, Huerta would be overthrown and peace restored in two or three months. Others deride such a claim and assert that the only result of such a course would be to prolong the fighting until the poor peons, who don't know what they are fighting for, would be virtually exterminated.

**Why Huerta is Impatient
for Recognition.**

HUERTA'S government has been recognized by all the powers except the United States, Brazil, Chile and Argentine, the three latter nations having agreed, it is said, to wait upon our action in the matter. Huerta, in dire need of money, can not borrow it until his government is recognized by President Wilson. He has arranged for a loan of about \$100,000,000, but the actual delivery of the money is held up. The present bonded debt of Mexico is about \$200,000,000. To secure it, the revenues on 62 per cent. of all the exports and imports are pledged. To secure the new loan, the remaining 38 per cent. has been pledged. In other words, practically the entire revenue would be pledged to the foreign bondholders and there would be nothing left with which to satisfy the claims for damages of Americans and other foreign residents in Mexico for years to come. Recognition of Huerta's government, it is held, would bind us to recognize the validity of the new loan, which would thus tie up all available revenues. But the real reason for refusing recognition to Huerta that seems to be in President Wilson's mind is the fact that the General holds office solely by virtue of force and has not cleared himself of Madero's murder.

**Exasperation in Mexico
Over Our Attitude.**

WE stand, therefore, in this curious position. The Huerta government is exasperated because it is unable to get money, owing to our attitude. The Carranza government is equally exasperated because it is unable to get arms and ammunition, owing to our attitude. And the Americans in Mexico are still more exasperated because they are not getting protection. In a letter written to a mining engineer in Mexico whose name is repressed, submitted to the House committee on foreign affairs, these statements are made:

"An American has no protection, on account of being an American, in Mexico—none whatever. Better be a Chinaman, a Jamaica negro, anything but an American, if you are in Mexico, if you want protection or redress."

"This statement is absolutely true, and well known by any one that is a traveler. . . . Many, many Americans disclaim being Americans in Mexico and claim to be British or German subjects, because they thus command more respect and freely obtain redress in case of trouble, which is impossible in case they claim to be American citizens."

**Huerta's "Amazing
Impudence."**

LAST month President Wilson, so solicitous over the development of affairs in Mexico, called our ambassador, Henry Lane Wilson, from

Mexico City for consultation. The latter's visit and the unhesitating way in which, in newspaper interviews as well as in his interviews with the President, the secretary of state and the Senate committee, he urged the recognition of Huerta, resulted in the rather summary acceptance of his resignation. The despatch of ex-Governor Lind, of Minnesota, to Mexico in the unusual capacity of "personal representative of the President to act as advisor to the Embassy in the present situation," was followed by an official statement from Mexico which the London *Times* interpreted as "open defiance," and American papers interpreted as "amazing impudence." "By order of the President of the Republic," so ran the statement, "I declare, as minister of foreign affairs *ad interim*, that if Mr. Lind does not bring credentials in due form, together with recognition of the government of Mexico, his presence in this country will not be desirable." The governor of Vera Cruz also stated that he could not guarantee the safety of Mr. Lind in that district. The apparent effect of these statements was not such as Huerta probably counted upon. A day or two later the Japanese government pointedly announced that General Felix Diaz, who was even then on his way to Tokyo as a special envoy from Huerta, would not be received except as a private citizen. The effect of this is to destroy all the moral effect of Japan's recognition of the Huerta government, which had been made a good deal of in Mexico City. Also a day or two later came a dispatch from London, to all appearances official, explaining that the recognition of President Huerta was merely "the recognition of a provisional President pending an election," to assist in the restoration of order.

**Taking the Mexican
Question Out of
Party Politics.**

BUT the most marked effect of General Huerta's bluff defiance was upon public sentiment in the United States. Prior to that time there had been a growing disposition to criticize President Wilson for his policy or, as many defined it, his lack of policy. This found expression not only in "yellow" papers like those owned by Mr. Hearst, but in conservative papers like the N. Y. *Times*, which was earnestly contending for the recognition of Huerta and declaring that the President and the secretary of state were simply letting matters drift. In addition, sharp words had come from the floor of the Senate such as Senator Clark's statement that in Mexico today, "no man is so poor as he who owes allegiance to the American flag," and the charges made by Senators Lodge and Fall that diplomatic efforts

for the relief of Americans in Mexico "have never been attempted." Since the despatch of Lind and the statement from Huerta's minister of foreign affairs the tendency to support the President has been manifest irrespective of party. "The administration," says the N. Y. *Tribune*, "is at last 'on the job.' Give it a fair chance to show what it can do." "President Wilson," says the Republican ex-Vice President Fairbanks, "is doing all that is possible to handle the situation peaceably, and we should endeavor to hold up his hands." "In the best sense of the phrase," says the N. Y. *Globe*, speaking of the President's conference with Senators and Congressmen of both parties on the subject, "the President has taken the Mexican question out of politics."

**Use of United States
Troops Urged.**

BUT this lull in the situation soon showed signs of being evanescent as reports continued to come in of American lives endangered. Senators Lodge and Penrose were soon on their feet with resolutions of inquiry and protestations against inaction. "I am not a jingo and I abhor war," said Senator Penrose, "but when there are daily reports of murders and outrages something should be done to prevent their repetition." He did not say what ought to be done; but the *Army and Navy Journal* does not hesitate to say, and to say with some emphasis, what should be done. It thinks the hour has struck for "reading Mexico as sharp a lesson as was read to Nicaragua a few months ago when United States marines and bluejackets were landed to put an end to the terrors to which foreigners had been subjected during one of their fantastic revolutions." The Monroe Doctrine, it asserts, is in more danger "from the unpunished terrorism practised by Mexicans" than it ever was in Nicaragua. It describes the expeditions made by American troops into Mexican territory in 1877 and 1878, over and over again, in pursuit of Indians and cattle thieves. These were made under General MacKenzie and Lieut.-Colonel (later General) Shafter, the latter crossing the Rio Grande half a dozen times. The Mexican troops threatened all sorts of things, but no attacks were ever made by them. Says the *Army and Navy Journal*:

"Officers who were with that expedition point to the fact that it is pure bluff now as then, and that if the Mexicans cannot or will not punish those guilty of depredations it is the business of the United States to do that work for them as it did in 1877 and 1878. This is the position which *The Army and Navy Journal* has consistently held from the beginning, and which it believes the situation of today justifies more than ever."

Mexico Fixes the Attention of the World.

UPON the departure of General Felix Diaz for that visit to Japan which so piques the press of Europe, President Huerta retired to the privacy of his palace in the Mexican capital. He had made up his mind, according to a sensational despatch in the Paris *Temps*, that his days in the executive office were numbered. There was to be a general election before many weeks. The provisional President did not expect to last, officially, as long as that. A sensational report that Zapata had driven the federal troops back upon the capital and was soon to march down the Paseo de la Reforma on his way to supreme power turned out premature. Huerta, according to the inspired *Independiente*, published with his encouragement in the capital, has had rare luck lately in overcoming the revolutionaries. Francisco Villa, the pertinacious guerillero of Chihuahua, has, it says, just sustained "a terrible discomfiture" and was at last accounts "fleeing in appalling rout" in quest of a place of refuge in the desert mountains. That other bold rebel, Renteria Luviano, "lost in his last attempt," is scurrying to his fastness. In Nuevo Leon only insignificant bands of brigands remain. In Guerrero the federals have driven all before them. In Sonora the hosts of Maytorena are demoralized. Zapata and the Zapatistas are discouraged by successive defeats. In short, it has been a month of military triumph for the bespectacled but harried Huerta.

What Diaz Is Expected to Do in Japan.

EUROPEAN dailies have spent the past month in speculation regarding the object of the visit Diaz has been commissioned to pay to the Japanese capital. A great rifle factory near Tokyo is reported in the *Kölnische Zeitung* to be running night and day to fill a heavy order for the Mexican army. Felix Diaz will place some fresh orders, we learn, and at the same time get in touch with official circles in Japan. This development alarms Washington, it is reported in the Cologne paper. There seems no doubt that Diaz, if he goes to Tokyo, goes in an official capacity of some sort, entitling him to negotiate with the foreign office. It is announced that he will be received by the Emperor only as a private citizen. Felix Diaz is supposed to regard his election to the Presidency as assured, a fact indicating his return to the capital of Mexico before no long time. He makes no concealment of his hostility to Washington, if the correspondents who discuss his mission in European organs do not misrepresent him. It is even hinted that he will sound Tokyo on the subject of an alliance, that is, if he goes there.



SHALL WE CALL HIM PRESIDENT OR GENERAL?

This question, Senator Bacon admits, has become more important to the United States than the tariff or the currency question. It has already resulted in the dismissal of our Ambassador and the fear that it may yet entail a war by us in the "best guerilla country on earth" is becoming very evident at Washington. For this is a picture of Huerta, who claims the title of "Presidente Interino Constitucional de los Estados Unidos Mexicanos."

Mexican Comment Upon the Mexican Crisis.

ONE has but to study the comment of the Mexican dailies upon the events of the past month to appreciate the lack of coherence in the national mind, and even in the official mind. Huerta is simply drifting. He controls nothing. The fall of some important towns, and the revelation of the facts in spite of the policy of secrecy, fill the *País* and its contemporaries with gloom. The faithful *Independiente* maintains a futile optimism in the face of the candor of the *Díario*. "Official reticence," opines the latter, "which has done no good to any régime and yet which no régime is willing to dispense with, aggravates the general disease. To be in ignorance of what is happening is to be in fear, sometimes, indeed, to be in greater fear than is warranted or than is rational." The political sphinx, Huerta, remains silent, laments the Mexican daily further. "Patriotism, taught by sad experience, foresees

nothing but disaster and describes nothing but black horizons." Huerta has borrowed more money of late. That is the one good factor. While Huerta can borrow, we are assured, Huerta is safe.

A Mexican Estimate of Huerta's Position.

MADERISMO happens to be the real skeleton at the Mexican feast, according to the *País*. The hapless Madero filled the Mexican mind with fantastic ideas of a Utopia based upon a new agrarianism. The peons seized lands, farms, oil wells. They refuse to pay rent. They give effect to their opposition through the medium of revolutionary movements. In comes Huerta. He professes civilization in the western sense, based upon the rights of property, the rights of capital. "A struggle begins with Maderismo, which seeks an illusory restoration, and when we all expected, if not organic peace, which requires a slow process of evolution, at any rate



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KEEPING HIS MOUTH SHUT IS ONE OF HIS STRONG POINTS

John Lind, ex-governor of Minnesota, who has gone to Mexico on a difficult diplomatic mission, is called "the imperturbable" by his friends. There is just one man on earth he wishes to talk to on Mexican affairs and that man—Huerta—refused at first even to see him.

order and discipline, security and the suppression of brigandage, we see that within the month there have been hecatombs." The rebels seize six or seven towns of importance in the state of Michoacan, the very important port of Matamoras, and, finally, the city of Zacatecas, the capital of a state in the heart of the republic! Never, under the Madero régime, proceeds this paper, "altho there was then no such display of military force as at present, altho there were no military governors in sixteen or seventeen states, altho the support of substantial men was lacking and the loyalty of the army was wavering," never, repeats the discomfited *País*, did Mexico have to lament events so tragic, so disgraceful.

Gaiety of Life in the Mexican Capital.

TRAGIC as are the details of the month's events in Mexico, it is not evident to newspaper correspondents in the capital that its gaiety is eclipsed. The Avenue de San Francisco, notes the correspondent of the Paris *Temps*, is crowded in the forenoon and in the evening with shoppers and sight-seers. Automobiles and carriages of the finest make throng the streets. The Jockey Club is the resort of the wealthy. Never did Mexican hostesses dispense a more delightful hospitality with a less nervous equanimity. All is laughter and flowers. Lottery tickets are sold right and left. Whatever else goes by default, there has been no failure to pay the prize-winners in the lottery drawings. That proves to the man in the street that all is well with the republic. European dailies are of the opposite opinion. The London *Times* reflects a general trend of opinion abroad when it observes:

"The American Government has refrained from positive action. Its passivity, however, cannot be said, after a three years' trial of its effects, to have contributed in any definite way to the appeasement of the country. Nor must it be forgotten that, while foreign Powers have so far left the United States to handle the situation in its own way, many important interests, British and European as well as American, are affected by the continuance of Mexican unrest. Sooner or later, unless matters take an unexpectedly favorable turn, the Americans will have to consider whether an attitude of neutrality and non-intervention may not be persisted in until it wears almost the aspect of a shrinking from duty and responsibility, until it produces the very crisis it was intended to avert, and until it sacrifices to a scruple or a theory every opportunity for tangible and productive service. These are the risks inseparable from a policy of waiting on events. Whether they would not be replaced by greater risks if the policy were to be abandoned or modified, and if the United States were to assert itself more decisively, is precisely the problem that faces President Wilson."

The Selfish Capitalists,
the European Powers
and the Mexicans.

DISINCLINED as President Wilson may be to head the remonstrances of the "selfish capitalists," he can scarcely ignore the representations of European nations with financial interests in Mexico. That hint emanates from the London *Post*, in touch not only with the British foreign office but with British vested interests. We find it saying:

"But it is not only American citizens who are suffering by the present state of affairs. Other nations have considerable financial interests in Mexico, and it is said that at least one Power has informed the State Department at Washington that it looks to the United States to fulfil the responsibilities imposed upon her by the Monroe Doctrine. If the United States is to enforce the rule that no European Power must take military action on the American Continent, she cannot escape the obligation of interfering herself to protect foreign rights which may be endangered in any of the Latin Republics. President Roosevelt, it will



THE HAND OF HUERTA
To recognize or not to recognize.
—Weed in N. Y. Tribune

be remembered, admitted that the United States must be ready to wield "the big stick" in case of necessity. President Taft did send Marines to check the ravages of the civil war in Nicaragua. But intervention in Mexico would mean a very serious undertaking. There would be a long and costly guerilla war, and once American troops had entered the country they would not easily be able to leave it. It may be assumed, therefore, that Mr. Wilson will not take action unless he is absolutely compelled to do so. But he will not be able to tolerate indefinitely the continuance of anarchy."

French Opinion of the Mexican Crisis.

HUERTA and the man who take his orders in the Mexican capital appreciate the obstacles in the way of effective European action



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE JOHN?

—Donahey in Cleveland Plain Dealer

just now, observes the Paris *Matin*. The old world is confronted with a series of international crises—that in the Balkans, that in the far East, that within the Triple Alliance. Since the concert of Europe can find no voice in the old world, how is it to utter an ultimatum to the new? Yet, however the chancelleries may appreciate the deliciacies of the position from the Washington standpoint, adds the *Temps*, organ of the Quai d'Orsay, there is always a limit beyond which patience will not go. That limit seems to have been reached. To the moderate *Débats* there is reason to suspect the exertion of sinister influences in the United States favorable to certain vested interests in Mexico. President Wilson may be as eager as any European power to end a situation which the world deplores, but he must not recklessly plunge his country into what would look like a war of conquest. The responsibilities created for America by her Monroe Doctrine must, for all that, be met.



—Cesare in N. Y. Sun

The Nation's Disconcerting Calmness.

ASIDE from the question of slavery, the two great historic topics of controversy in American politics have been the currency and the tariff. Either one of them has been sufficient over and over again to stir the political deeps to their farthest depths. Now we have them both before us at the same time. By all the rules of the game, the country ought to be writhing in convulsions and throwing cataleptic fits. It faces an almost certain reconstruction of the whole tariff system and it contemplates the remaking of our whole banking and currency system. Yet it looks on almost impas-

sively. The bankers show no signs of frenzy. The manufacturers manifest none of the symptoms of hysteria. The stock market has resumed the even tenor of its way. Tom Watson and a few other lonesome Populists make rather feeble attempts on the tomtom, calling their braves to the war dance; but the braves are very slow to respond and the tom-toms sound a bit flabby. To those of us who have read a little political history and who try to illumine the path of the future with the lamp of experience, the situation is disconcerting.

Prosperity Marching On
Heedless of Discussions in Washington.

WITH these two disturbing issues hanging over us for months, here are some of the things we have been going right ahead to do. At the beginning of last month, we paid out in interest on bonds and dividends on stock about \$88,000,000, which was two millions more than last year, when also a remarkable record was made. Thrice this summer we have broken the record for deliveries of grain at the primary receiving points, 54,000,000 bushels of grain being shipped from the farms in July. Early last month shippers were already beginning to complain of a shortage of cars. The department of labor in New York state reports the smallest percentage of unemployed labor since the boom times before the panic. Kansas reports a larger amount of money in her savings banks than ever before in her history. The president of the Continental and Commercial National Bank, of Chicago, issues a report, based on inquiries of several thousand correspondents, to the effect that in all parts of the country labor is unusually well employed, collections satisfactory, and stocks of merchandise of all kinds are low. The railroads have been reporting an encouraging increase in earnings, and the export business of the country for the year ending June 30 was unprecedently large, being an advance over the preceding year of more than two hundred millions of dol-



HIS NAME SOUNDS LIKE A SWEAR-WORD

Venustiano Carranza looks like a gentleman, but numberless are the atrocities being perpetrated in northern Mexico in his name by reckless bandits. He claims control of the major part of Mexico, but Huerta says he has only one State and part of another.

lars. That glut of gold of which we were hearing a year or two ago as the main cause of high prices has now disappeared in the world at large. "If trade continues to expand," says Joseph T. Talbert, vice-president of the National City Bank of New York City, "and the demand for gold increases in the same ratio as during the last few years, we shall be threatened with if not actually confronted by a real shortage."

Mr. William J. Bryan
Smiles and Has a
Right To.

THIS situation seems all the more incredible when one studies carefully the currency bill finally submitted early last month to the Democratic caucus in the House, and takes in the surprising changes it proposes to



JOHN BULL: "There, Woodie, come shake hands with nice gentleman."
—Hy. Mayers in N. Y. Times



BLESSINGS NEVER COME SINGLY
—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

enact in our fiscal system. It is hardly too much to say that the central principle that gave vitality to the old Greenback Party, later to the entry of the Farmers' Alliance into politics and later still to the free-silver crusade is embodied in this bill as the real pivot of the proposed new system. The principle is not applied as those movements endeavored to apply it. There is to be no unlimited issue of greenbacks, nor of subtreasury notes based upon the contents of warehouses, nor free and unlimited coinage of silver. These things are not even hinted at. But the principle that it is the function of the government rather than of private corporations to issue the money of the country and control its supply sits regnant at the heart of this new bill. Ben Butler and General Weaver and Ignatius Donnelly, were they still living, would smile in elation as they read its provisions. Mr. Bryan is known to have smiled in commendation.

The Seven Men Who
May Control the
Nation's Banks.

THERE is to be a central governing body for the banking system of the country as provided for in the new currency bill. This body is to consist of seven men. Three of the seven are to be: the secretary of the treasury, the secretary of agriculture and the controller of the currency—all, of course, presidential appointees. The other four members shall be designated by the President and confirmed by the Senate. At least one of the four shall be experienced in banking, but none of them may, after taking office, be an official or director of any bank. No two of them shall belong to the same political party, and each

shall devote his whole time to the office at a salary of \$10,000 a year. Each one is to be appointed (after the system gets under way) for a term of eight years, but is to be removable by the President for cause. One of the four is to be designated by the President as manager, another as vice-manager. The manager shall be the executive officer of the board, "subject to the supervizion of the secretary of the treasury and the board." This body of seven men, called the Federal Reserve Board, is to have general control over the banking operations of the country. It is entirely a governmental body. The President appoints it, the secretary of the treasury presides over it and supervizes it, and its annual reports are made to Congress. Its expenses, however, are assessed by the board itself upon the banks.

How the Federal Reserve Banks Are to Be Constituted.

THE powers of this Federal Reserve Board are to be exercised through a system of not less than twelve Federal Reserve Banks. The continental United States is to be divided into at least twelve districts, and one city in each district is to be designated as a federal reserve city. In each of these cities is to be established a Federal Reserve Bank. Every national bank in the reserve district must become a holder of stock in the Federal Reserve Bank. It "shall be required" to subscribe to that stock to an amount equal to twenty per cent. of its own unimpaired capital. Any national bank now existing which shall fail to do this within one year "shall be dissolved." Each Federal Reserve Bank must have a paid-up capital of

at least \$5,000,000, and all the stock will be held by the member banks, none by other corporations or by individuals. Each Federal Reserve Bank is to be governed by nine directors. Three of these are to be chosen by the stockholding banks. Three are to be designated by the Federal Reserve Board, and one of these, who must be of tested banking experience, is to be chairman of the board of directors. Three are to be elected by the stockholding banks to represent the commercial, agricultural or industrial interests of the district. Any one of this last group is removable at any time by the Federal Reserve Board if it deems him not fairly representative of such interests, and none of the group thus chosen may be a bank officer or director.

Powers of the Federal Reserve Board.

THE pay of these directors shall be fixed by the Federal Reserve Bank itself, subject to review by the Federal Reserve Board, except that the chairman's compensation shall be fixed by the board. The chairman is to be removable from office without notice, at the pleasure of the board. But the power of the Federal Reserve Board over the Federal Reserve Banks is not limited to the selection of the chairman, the selection of three out of nine directors and the right of removal of three more. It may suspend any official of such bank and remove him for incompetency, dereliction of duty, fraud or deceit (subject to review by the President). It may suspend any Federal Reserve Bank and appoint a receiver, "for cause relating to violation of any of the provisions of this act." It may suspend for 30 days (renewing the suspension indefinitely) "any and every reserve requirement specified in this act." It may permit, "or in time of emergency require," any Federal Reserve Bank to rediscount any prime commercial paper held by any other Federal Reserve Bank.

What Our New Banking Machine Will Do.

SUCH is the machine to be established by the new currency bill. This is what it is to do. All the money in the general fund of the U. S. Treasury is to be deposited in these Federal Reserve Banks, and all the revenues of the Treasury are to be paid into them, and all the government's disbursements are to be made through them. The secretary of the treasury may fix the interest to be paid on such deposits, but it is never to be less than one-half of one per cent. Any Federal Reserve Bank may discount notes and bills of exchange endorsed by any of its stockholding banks. The Federal Reserve Board may define the character of such notes,

but they can not be notes "issued or drawn for the purpose of carrying or trading in stocks or bonds." These notes may, under certain circumstances, be 120-day notes, and if they are based upon foreign commerce they may even run for six months. Furthermore—and here comes in the plan for asset currency—the Federal Reserve Board may issue federal reserve notes to the Federal Reserve Banks which shall be receivable for all taxes, customs and other public dues, and shall be redeemable at the Treasury, upon demand, in gold or lawful money. These federal reserve notes are to be issued by the Board upon collateral security from the reserve banks consisting of notes and bills of discount already discounted by the banks. The Board may fix such rate of interest as it sees fit to be paid by the bank on such federal reserve notes. There is no limit except the discretion of the Board upon the amount of such notes that may be issued, the limitation of \$500,000,000 originally in the bill having been stricken out. But the notes are to be redeemed as rapidly as they come in and are not to be reissued. This is in many respects the most important feature of the bill. It is by this provision that that elasticity of the currency so much talked about is expected to be secured.

Where the Profits Are
to Go.

THIS is by no means all the new banking machine will do. Each Federal Reserve Bank is to be empowered to buy and sell in the open market prime bankers' bills, bills of exchange, gold coin and bullion, state, county and municipal bonds. It is to fix each week a rate of discount for such paper within its own district, subject to review by the Federal Board. It may establish agencies or branches abroad, with the consent of the Board, and these will conduct a regular business in foreign bills of exchange and act as fiscal agents of the United States. Also it may establish a savings department and a trust department to do the business done ordinarily by trust companies and savings banks. As for the profits that may be made in the various operations of the Federal Reserve Bank, they are to be divided as follows: After all expenses are paid, the stockholding banks are first to receive five per cent. in dividends on the capital paid in; 50 per cent. of the balance of net earnings are to go into a surplus fund until that fund equals 20 per cent. of the paid-in capital; of the remaining profits sixty per cent. are to go to the United States and forty per cent. to the stockholding banks. The portion that goes to the United States is to be set aside as a sinking fund to reduce the nation's bonded indebtedness. Special provision is made for refunding



AN ANXIOUS MOMENT

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

the national two per cent. bonds that now form the basis of our bank-note currency. Each year any bank owning such notes may exchange five per cent. of them for new three per cent. twenty-year bonds of the government. In the meantime the two per cents are to retain the present circulation privilege until, at the end of twenty years, they are all called in and paid.

What Will the National
Banks Do About It?

THAT is the new banking system for the nation as provided for in this new currency bill. There is an infinite number of details about reserves and other matters that will assume more prominence in actual operation than in present discussion. The bill itself is three times as long as the Federal Constitution. We have given only the main outlines. From them it appears that the banks are expected to furnish all the capital for the new system, the United States to furnish all the deposits. The banks are to receive about forty-five per cent. of the earnings, the United States is to receive about fifty-five per cent. The banks are to furnish one-third of the directors, but are not even to be represented in the all-powerful Federal Reserve Board. That is to consist of presidential appointees entirely. But there is also to be a Federal Advisory Council, elected not by the stockholding banks but by the directors of the Federal Reserve Banks, and this council, the members of which may or may not be bankers, will have power only to confer, advise, recommend and "call for" information. Every national bank now in existence is required to merge itself in this new system and furnish the requisite capital, or be dissolved in a

year's time. Only one other recourse is open to it. It may become a state bank and operate under a state charter. Already there are about 16,000 state banking institutions, and one of the interesting questions that will come up will be: Will the national banks prefer to become state banks when the new system goes into effect? That question, of course, the bankers will decide for themselves. On their decision the success of the new system must depend.

The Surprising Calm
in New York.

TWENTY years ago, or even ten years ago, this currency scheme would have been violently denounced as Socialistic, revolutionary and crazy. To-day it is receiving careful, respectful and thoughtful consideration. There is serious opposition to it, but this opposition has lessened very considerably in the last few weeks as various amendments have been made to the original draft first published. Perhaps the most striking illustration of this attitude of the country is seen in the editorial utterances of New York dailies. The *N. Y. Evening Post*, which on currency questions has always represented conservative views, sees vast improvement in the bill since it was first published and does not hesitate to declare that while it has serious defects it is superior, as it stands, to the Aldrich bill. "The course of events," says the *Post*, "has made it certain that no measure with absolute bank control of the directorate could possibly be enacted." The *N. Y. Times* finds "cause for great satisfaction" both in what has been left out and in what has been inserted in the bill as it has gone through the committee's hands. The Advisory Council, it thinks, is a "helpful and

important" feature, even tho the Council is to "have no powers." The N. Y. *Journal of Commerce* also considers that the provisions for such a Council "will go far toward removing the most serious objection" to the bill as it previously stood. While it still objects to the grant of powers given to the Federal Reserve Board, it feels that, exercised under competent banking advice, "no great harm may come of it." The assumption that the bankers generally will oppose the bill it considers a hasty conclusion. "In its essentials," says the N. Y. *Evening Post*, "it has won the approval of the best economic and banking opinion of the country."

Metropolitan Papers
Pleased, But Not
Satisfied.

OTHER New York papers sing in the same key. The *Herald*, usually colorless on its editorial page, finds "some excellent features" in the scheme, especially "this long-prayed-for change to an assets currency." The *Tribune* is pleased with the announcement that the Republicans in the House will not oppose the bill, which it regards as "acceptable as a step toward a central banking system." No one, it adds, expects to see the bill defeated; and, if adopted, "it will be easy to erect the crowning edifice, a central reserve institution, upon the base of the regional reserve institutions as soon as the country is made thoroly aware of the need of one." The N. Y. *Sun* speaks tolerantly of the bill and the N. Y. *World* speaks almost enthusiastically. Its "one great objection" has been removed by the provisions for an Advisory Council, and it says: "The Government is left by this amendment in final and supervisory control of the banks in the new system and their regional operations. But the Government board is provided with banking knowledge and advice which it will never feel at liberty to ignore. This at once minimizes the danger of political domination in banking and of banking domination in politics. As so amended the bill is one that can command the support of all friends of currency reform." We shall have, it adds, reform on this basis or we shall have repressive action without currency reform. "Which shall it be? Let the bankers' conference give thought to the answer."

Governmental Control
versus Private Control.

THIS comment of the New York press is the most significant of all the press comment, and is a fair sample of the disposition of the conservative papers everywhere to give the bill a fair hearing. The Indianapolis *News* sees great improvement in the bill since it first appeared

and thinks that "never was there a better chance for currency and banking reform." What it most fears, however, is "making the government a prize to be desperately struggled for by greedy interests." The Baltimore *Sun* would like to see two bankers added to the Federal Reserve Board, but it says in italics, "there are no possibilities of evil in the proposed composition of the board that should suggest for a moment the defeat of the bill." The Springfield *Republican* thinks that the objections to the power of the Federal Reserve Board "have shriveled into a very unsubstantial issue" since the change was made in the bill allowing the Federal Reserve Banks rather than the Board to fix the discount rates for the different districts. It says:

"The more the point is discussed, the surer are the masses of the people to sustain the principle of public control as against private control. This is not a period in the country's development in which vast public interests are being left under private domination. . . . If we can safely intrust our other national interests to the President of the United States, we can trust him to name the members of this board of control of the national banking system. If he is not fit to make such appointments, according to the highest standards of the public welfare, then he is not fit to appoint federal judges or interstate commerce commissioners or foreign ambassadors or the governor-general of the Philippine Islands or the chief of the general staff of the army or the admiral in command of the fleet."

The "Fundamental Weakness" of the New Currency Scheme.

MOST of the individual comment made by banking experts has been severely critical of the bill; but that may be because it was made before the recent changes were written into the bill. Thus George M. Reynolds, president of the Continental and Commercial Bank, one of the largest banks in Chicago, declared, before the provision for a Federal Advisory Council was added to the bill, that it was revolutionary and that to compel the banks to turn over their capital to "the control and domination of a purely political board" was no more defensible than it would be to compel interstate corporations to invest their funds in lines absolutely foreign to their business. But since the changes in the bill, Mr. Reynolds, it is said, has accepted government control of the Federal Reserve Board. "The main thing," says the N. Y. *World*, in comment on this fact, "is the changing attitude of the banks in general. They are no longer threatening or merely obstructive." And it notes with delight that the banking committee of the United States Chamber of Commerce approves the new

system as a "practical instrument of government regulation and control." The main objection to the bill, however, in the opinion of Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York, would not be removed even if the Federal Reserve Board were wholly constituted of bankers. He writes:

"If the appointing power lay with the banks themselves and the detached character of the board was maintained, a board could not be created which would be competent to assume the responsibilities. The trouble lies in separating the management of a financial institution from its ownership. A management so separated, no matter how appointed, could not remain intelligently in touch with conditions and perform the vastly important and extremely complicated functions that are entailed under this plan, and which must be inherent in any plan which will successfully mobilize the banking reserves of the country. We might as well expect legislators not responsible to their constituency to represent wisely the interests of their constituency. . . . Here, then, is the fundamental weakness of the proposed legislation, and it is so fundamental that we may better have no legislation at all than to have legislation in which the control of the credit system of this country is dissociated from the active responsibility of bank management."

Panics, Says Senator
Owen, Will Be Im-
possible.

ONE of the interesting facts in the present situation is that the chairman of the Senate committee on banking and currency is Senator Owen, who is part Indian and who comes from the very new state of Oklahoma. The Senator was for ten years president of a "country bank" in Muskogee. He has had much to do with framing this bill and will have charge of it in the Senate. He issues a circular letter in its defense, denying that it will inflict any hardship upon the small banks or large ones either. The capital they supply to the Federal Reserve Banks, he asserts, will come out of their deposits, on which they pay but two per cent. interest, and they will receive five per cent. in dividends from the Reserve Banks. He goes on to assert that the new bill will relieve the banking business from the control of "a half dozen men who can shake the country to its foundation by panics whenever they please." Under the new system, he assures us, panics will be impossible because of the provisions for adequate expansion of the currency. Governmental control of the Federal Reserve Board he stoutly defends. The capital put into the Reserve Banks, he insists, is not their own; it is capital furnished by the people in the form of deposits. The Government of Germany, says Senator Owen, appoints both the supervizing board and the

managing board of the Reichsbank; the government of France appoints the governor, sub-governor and each of the 188 managers of the Bank of France. Yet the stockholders of both banks are private citizens. In the Bank of England the stockholders elect the board of governors, but "under a rule which forbids a banker, broker, or bill-discounter to be a member." "Nobody has ever had the shamelessness to charge the reserve banks of France, Germany or Great Britain with being used for partisan or political purposes."

How the European Banks
Are Governed.

TO THIS the *Wall Street Journal* makes quick reply. The Bank of France, it says, is controlled by fifteen regents and three censors, who are elected by the stockholders and whose assent must be secured by the governor before he is privileged to act. In the Reichsbank, the stockholders have their own board, which possesses not only "general advisory supervision" but "absolute power to control the amount of securities purchased and power to veto loans to the Empire." The Bank of England is a private corporation "operated without dictation from or supervision by the government," and while there can not be on its board of directors any representative of the joint-stock banks—with which it does business—other bankers are elected, such as Lord Revelstoke, of Baring Bros. & Co., E. C. Grenfell, of Morgan, Grenfell & Co., and others. "In the mouth of an Aldrich," says the *Wall Street Journal* caustically, "Senator Owen's lecture to the bankers would be unhesitatingly characterized as mendacious. Everybody would know that Senator Aldrich knew better than to make believe he believed what was said. In the mouth—or at the pen—of the author of the Oklahoma bank guarantee law, everybody familiar with the subject is disposed to believe that the utterances, tho' mistaken, are sincere." Which is the nearest approach to passion the currency question has so far developed.

President Wilson Explains About "Agricultural Credits."

FROM an entirely different point of the compass comes another attack upon the new currency measure—an attack which one Washington correspondent thinks likely to "involve the creation of a distinct hostile minority in the Democratic party." It is an attack along Populist lines because the bill fails to incorporate a provision for issuing \$200,000,000 of "agricultural currency" on cotton, corn and wheat in warehouses and elevators. By a vote of 11 to 3, the committee refused to adopt an amendment to this effect offered by Congressman Ragsdale, of South Carolina, and

drafted by Congressman Henry, of Texas. The fight was carried into the caucus and the Henry forces have developed considerable strength, so much strength indeed that it has drawn forth from the President a special statement in regard to the subject. No special provision, he said, has been adopted in the bill for agricultural credits for the reason that if such credits are to be adequately supplied, "special machinery and a distinct system of banking must be provided." A commission is now in Europe studying the successful methods for supplying such credits there. Its report will be made at the regular session of Congress next winter. "Our next great task and duty," said the President, is to attend to the financial needs of the farmers. "There is no subject more important to the welfare of the industrial development of the United States; there is no reform in which I would myself feel it a greater honor or privilege to take part, because I should feel that it was a service to the whole country of the first magnitude and significance. It should have accompanied and gone hand in hand with the reform of our banking and currency system, if we had been ready to act wisely and with full knowledge of what we were about."

The President's Skilful Surgical Operation.

THE skill with which the President has handled the situation so far as the radicals are concerned is spoken of admiringly by the Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Journal of Commerce*. He wrote, even before the statement by the President appeared:

"Sixty days ago the prospective members of this minority, Radicals, Populists and others of the same stripe—were rubbing their hands and counting upon using Mr. Bryan as a vehicle of their schemes. President Wilson performed a major operation upon this group by skilfully cutting out Mr. Bryan from participation. In order to do so it was necessary to change the bill in well-known particulars, but the effect was to leave the radicals without a leader. To-day the singular spectacle is presented that hostile members go to the White House, are refused admission, and then pass on to the Department of State where they pour out their troubles to the Secretary. But thus far none of them have been able to come back with the assertion that Mr. Bryan intended to break away from his allegiance."

The *Chicago Tribune*, indeed, has credited to Mr. Bryan the dominant influence in shaping the bill. It stands alone in this, so far as we have observed. He is quoted as saying, however, that no one can object to the bill except "those who dispute the right of a people to issue through their government the money the people need."

Japan and the United States Give Europe a Fresh Sensation.

TOKYO'S diplomatic corps takes so serious a view of the dispute between Japan and the United States that official despatches from that capital, leaking into the press of Europe, color the month's news sensationaly. The far East is filled with rumors, according to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, that both powers are simply waiting upon events. The official correspondence continues "correct" in the technical sense; but underlying it is a conviction that the dispute over the California land laws must in the end be settled by a show of force. That idea is reflected in the editorial utterances of very conservative dailies like the London *Times* and the Paris *Temps*. Realizing the pessimism of Europe on this point, the Japanese Premier, Admiral Yamamoto, took the trouble lately to unbosom himself through the medium of the inspired dailies of Tokyo. The *Kokumin Shimbun*, the *Nichi Nichi* and their contemporaries insist that the attitude of Washington has become highly satisfactory to the Japanese Government. The point involved is the recognition due to the Mikado's subjects as members of a race entitled to equal treatment with Europeans. This point has, "in principle," been conceded by the United States. The trouble now is the establishment of a policy giving practical effect to the concession. The moment Washington acknowledged that Japanese are as good as anybody, the crisis lost its acute character. This is said to be the idea of Premier Yamamoto himself.

Menace of the Japanese Navy in Pacific Waters.

NAVAL experts abroad take very seriously a growth in the Japanese fleet upon which European dailies lately dwelt at length. In the *Fussoo*, for example, building at Kure, the Japanese have in hand, says the London *Times*, the largest battleship yet begun for any power, so far as can be ascertained. Work on her has been expedited recently. The four Japanese battle cruisers, moreover, as large as any contemporary British vessels of that type, are hastening to their completion. These ships, with one exception, are building at home. By next July Japan is to receive from a British yard one of the most formidable battle cruisers of modern times. Details of this nature, supplemented by reports of activity at the navy yards in Nagasaki, Yokosuka and Kobe, have concerned the naval experts abroad very much. Why is the naval clan now in power at Tokyo rushing forward so formidable a series

of additions to the fighting fleet? While perhaps the most remarkable feature about Japanese naval construction at the present time, says the British paper, is the increase in the extent of the local resources for producing war materials of all kinds, the great advance in the size of the new vessels—they are larger than even the new battleship *Settsu* completed last year—attracts attention. Japan seems to think that she will soon need a formidable squadron.

Japan Receives Admonition from British Friends.

WHATEVER illusions may have been cherished in Tokyo on the subject of the alliance with Great Britain have been dissipated by the frank expressions of Sir Edward Grey. The British Minister of Foreign Affairs, according to the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, let the Japanese understand that as against the United States the alliance in question can have no validity. This seems to Berlin dailies the secret of official Tokyo's discretion just now. Those London organs which are closest to the British foreign office, *The Times* and *The Morning Post*, continue their admonitions to Tokyo to be reasonable. A letter from Admiral Mahan, to which the former daily gives much space and comment, impresses London as the clearest analysis yet written of the American attitude. "It brushes aside minor controversies and deals broadly with the fundamental issue in a spirit of philosophical calmness." In saying so much, the British paper echoes a general sentiment of its contemporaries. They find Admiral Mahan very convincing when he urges that the Japanese do not assimilate in the

United States, and for that reason they will not be received. The subject is dismissed by the *London Times* with this strong hint to Japan:

"Japan craves more recognition, but what sort of recognition? If she aspires to vindicate her new place in the world by sending floods of Japanese immigrants to America, she has a frank answer in the contentions formulated by Admiral Mahan. Her action in checking immigration across the Pacific suggests that such is not her purpose. The alternative supposition is that she is contending for a principle; for a somewhat abstract acknowledgment of her equality, for a removal of real or fancied slights upon her citizens in the laws and the popular attitude of other nations. These are desires which can be steadfastly pursued without recourse to minatory language; and, in pursuing them, Japan may well remember, with such patience as she can command, how recent is her emergence from mediævalism, and how many deficiencies she has still to make good. Her immediate need is greater clarity of thought. On the one hand, she demands recognition because her people are not as other Asiatics. On the other hand, as our Tokyo correspondent told us recently, her publicists are now asserting that 'to Japan is assigned the leadership in the claim of the "colored" races against the "non-colored."' These two sets of claims are mutually destructive. Japan cannot have it both ways."

War Makers in Germany Get Off "Easy."

SOIALIST organs throughout Germany make no concealment of their chagrin at the light penalties imposed upon those bureaucrats who involved themselves in the Krupp scandals. The trial was conducted before a military court in Berlin composed of officers who, if we are to trust the *Vorwärts*, took no very serious view of the scandal they were investigating. The explanation is to be found in the detail that the country first obtained knowledge of the affair through revelations in the Reichstag by a Socialist deputy, Doctor Liebknecht. What interested the military, according to our Socialist contemporary still, was less the scandal than the identity of those who gave up secrets so embarrassing to officials. Seven individuals of no great importance were on trial. The accused admitted their relations with that Herr Brandt who was a go-between with the Krupps. The

prisoners declared their intentions innocent. They never suspected they were doing wrong. They gave the Krupp agent information in which he was interested because they supposed his inquiries legitimate. Krupp and the German war ministry were presumed to be acting hand in hand. The accused admitted dining with Brandt, accepting gratuities from him, but he was an old friend and former colleague whom they thought they were legitimately "obliging." Moreover, as one of the accused said, everyone who has relations with the Krupps gets money.

Emperor William and the Krupp Scandal.

ASENSATION of the Krupp trial in Berlin was the testimony of one of the accused to the effect that the Krupps got favored treatment by order of Emperor William himself. As some points brought out by this line of investigation involved "state secrets," the evidence was obtained partly behind closed doors. This has left an unfortunate impression upon the German mind, altho the officially inspired *Post*, a Krupp organ, in Berlin, announces that the Emperor's friendship affected no bids. The Krupps have made financial sacrifices for the German army and the German navy. They are rewarded with the sovereign's favor. This reasoning is not satisfactory to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and other radical papers. Between an admiralty and a war office and the armament companies, however, points out the detached *London News*, "the friendliest relations must in the nature of things prevail." It is part of the system, even in England and France, that secrets withheld from a parliament are freely disclosed to makers of guns and armor. "The safety of the German empire is held to be best secured by revealing the whole wisdom of the Berlin war office to Krupps." Nor is it a disadvantage that Krupps make guns for possible use against Germany. Great Britain follows the same rule.

Emperor William's Love for the Krupps.

ONLY the exertion of official and imperial influence can explain to German dailies of the Socialist school the light penalties incurred by the prisoners on trial last month for selling secrets to the Krupps. The Emperor himself went to the funeral of Herr Krupp—a very great honor. The Emperor was at the wedding of Fräulein Krupp, the heiress of Essen, when she married an army officer he had selected as her husband. The Socialist dailies, at any rate, suspect that to be the case, altho we infer from the *Kreuz-Zeitung* that the lady married the poor lieutenant



GOOD NIGHT!
—Murphy in San Francisco *Call*



KISMET

TURKEY (in Adrianople): "Quite like old times, being back here."

DAME EUROPA: "Ah, but you'll be kicked out, you know."

TURKEY: "Well, that'll be like old times, too."

—London Punch



A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE BALKANS

GREECE: "Now how do we divide these Bulgarian spoils—supposing we get 'em?"

SERVIA: "Why, my dear fellow, aren't you and I allies? Of course we fight each other for 'em."

—London Punch

only because she loved him. The Emperor conferred upon Frau Krupp von Bohlen the Order of Louise and on her husband the rank and title of envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary. If, then, his Majesty directed that the Krupps be favored when weapons are bought for the German army or the German fleet, he did nothing sinister. The episode has had none the less a very bad effect not only in Germany but in France and England. The nations are in danger from a new vested interest, alleges the *London News*, which prospers every time there is a war scare. Our British contemporary expatiates:

"For less than the price of one Dreadnought a year the education of the country could be made efficient and new schools could be built to supply the present deplorable deficiency both in number and quality. From such an expenditure would result a higher standard of efficiency and of citizenship which would be the best security of the State. Unfortunately there is no vested interest in education. And so, while money is poured out like water for armaments which are obsolete almost as soon as they are finished, the most vital work of the State stagnates for want of funds. Why is money so easy to get for war and so difficult to get for peace? The explanation is simple. Nothing is easier than to create a panic about war and when once a panic is started the armor-plate gamblers can dip their hands into the pockets of the taxpayer."

One More Peace Is Signed in the Balkans.

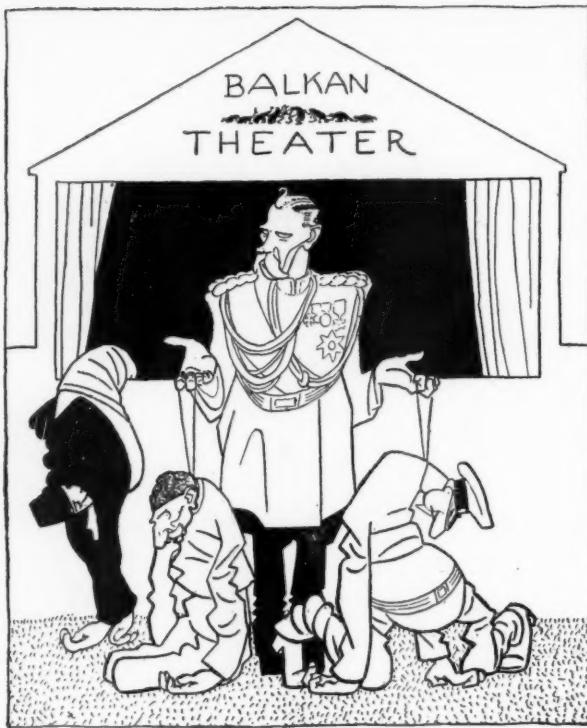
UPON the conclusion of that peace in the Balkans which confirmed last month the triumph of Constantine of Greece over Ferdinand of Bulgaria, the forces of Turkey were still in possession of Adrianople. The soldiery of the Sultan had reoccupied the great fortress lost by them after so memorable a siege, but in effecting this stroke they alienated their best friends in Europe. The reappearance of the Turk in Adrianople hastened, in fact, the adhesion of Bulgaria to a peace her sovereign loathes. It would not be easy, comments the edified *London Telegraph*, to find a parallel in history to "the lurid drama of Bulgaria's fortunes in the past few months." Such a rapid and dizzy rise, succeeded so promptly by a collapse so tragic, affords an episode unique in the annals of modern peoples—"and perhaps in all the recorded story of Europe." It seems but yesterday, observes the British daily—the best-informed upon the Balkan crisis of all European organs—that the Bulgarian armies were compelling the admiration of those who least loved Ferdinand's subjects by "the brilliant success of a campaign carried out with well-nigh perfect mastery of all the difficult problems involved in warfare and especially in a policy of invasion and conquest."

Rise and Fall of the Bulgarian Ferdinand.

BETWEEN the original declaration of war and the arrival of the triumphant Bulgars at the gates of Constantinople, less than a month intervened. Ferdinand stood at the apex of a renown unrivalled in Europe since the catastrophe of Sedan placed an imperial crown upon the head of a Prussian king. The Bulgarian monarch dreamed of a hegemony of a Balkan empire. The prize was within his grasp. "Then," to follow still the analysis of the London daily, "was disclosed to the outraged eyes of the world the deplorable and disgraceful spectacle which some prophets had all along predicted—the allies at one another's throats." Servia was linked with Greece. Bulgaria's plight became desperate. The Rumanian thunderbolt fell. Turkey left the Chatalja lines and reoccupied Adrianople. "This last development is the most extraordinary in the complicated devil's dance of the Balkan imbroglio." It did not fail to "draw" Prime Minister Asquith. In an official utterance that proved the sensation of the month he told the Turks flatly that they must "get out."

German Excitement Over British Balkan Policy.

IN THE city of Constantinople there was great excitement over the admonition to the Sultan delivered by the British Prime Minister. The



MARIONETTES

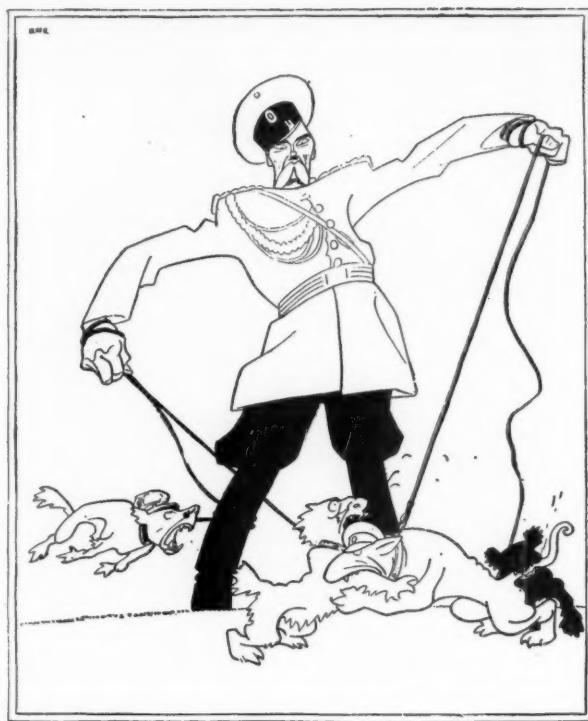
"And now, gentlemen, the puppets go back to their box and the play is played out."

—Munich *Simplicissimus*

intimate relations between Emperor William and the Turkish dynasty, which is, in a fashion, under his tutelage, as the *Indépendance Belge*, of Brussels, puts it, might have made Mr. Asquith more discreet. Yet Berlin and London seem to be working in harmony to control the military extremists who rule in Constantinople for the moment. German official circles are reported in the London *Post*, however, as greatly excited by Mr. Asquith's threat to "open up other questions, the discussion of which at the present juncture would not be in the interest of Turkey." The *Germania*, Berlin organ of the clerical center party, does not believe there is any foundation for the London rumor that the British Government proposes to accede to the wish of Russia for the opening of the Dardanelles in return for Russian acquiescence in the settlement of the Egyptian question in Britain's favor. It is of opinion that Great Britain will not consent to the opening of the Dardanelles, even if richly compensated, and it can not imagine that Mr. Asquith referred to the delicate question of Asia Minor.

Rumania as the Key to the New Balkan Situation.

ALTHO the action taken by Rumania to assert her position among the Balkan States, observes the *Politische Correspondenz* (Vienna), made the history of the past few weeks, no one in Europe has



DISAPPOINTED

RUSSIAN CZAR: "I didn't know these dogs of war could bite."
—Munich *Simplicissimus*

Ferdinand of Bulgaria
the Scapegoat of the
Balkans.

done her justice. Rumania is accused of having blackmailed Bulgaria at a time when the latter was powerless. The idea is based upon the passivity of Rumania when the Balkan States fell upon Turkey, followed by the intervention of King Charles when the allies, after defeating the Sultan, began to war among themselves. The fact is that Rumania was not let into the Balkan league, despite her willingness and even anxiety, to join it. Bulgaria kept Rumania off. Ferdinand, the megalomaniac, dreaming of his Balkan empire, froze Charles out. The statement is confirmed by the London *World*. Rumania announced to Ferdinand that she would not see the balance of power in the Balkan peninsula altered in favor of Bulgaria without requiring compensation to safeguard herself as a Balkan power. Had she been asked to join the league, she would have thrown her army into the scale against Turkey. "Having been denied the opportunity of doing this, it only remained for her to take care that her economic and strategic interests were not endangered by any settlement between the allies." These revelations from Rumania fill Constantine and Peter with amazement.

Those two kings seem to have been misled completely by Ferdinand, who is just now a sadly discredited potentate. His dominions must not, says the *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna), be dismembered. Count Berchtold, Austria's right-hand man in the Balkans, will not hear of that.

UPON Ferdinand of Bulgaria is placed just now all responsibility for the carnage of the past month in the Balkans. When the Turks, under the redoubtable Enver Bey, recaptured Adrianople, they were infuriated by the tales of massacre they heard on all sides. All along the Turco-Bulgarian frontier villages were given over to pillage and rapine. In southern Bulgaria the Sultan's troops ravished and mutilated, if the press of Europe is well informed, until a whole population was wiped out or in flight. Bulgars, on the other hand, retail accounts of wanton massacre by Greeks, Serbs and Montenegrins. At the entrance to large towns in the theater of war, we read in the Paris *Temps*, newspaper correspondents come upon bands of dogs eating human remains. Bodies are heaped in piles at street corners. In one courtyard at a town called Doxato some hundred and twenty women and children were massacred by Bulgarians. In other places walls are spattered with blood to a height of six feet. Six-year-old girls come to refugee camps with bayonet wounds and their mothers have in some instances been crucified on the walls of bedrooms. Never in the history of European warfare, according to the Paris *Débats*, have outrages upon the defenseless and the non-combatants been so reckless, so numerous or so well authenticated. The past month

in the Balkans has been, it avers, "a carnival of horrors." Ferdinand of Bulgaria is accused of inciting this series of reprisals.

Bulgaria Repudiates
the Accusations of
Massacre.

LONDON dailies, which are on the whole friendlier to Bulgaria than to Rumania, give much space to denials from Sofia of the charges of rapine emanating from Bucharest. Ferdinand feels that he is the victim of a calculated campaign of calumny. "Atrocity mongering," observes the London *Chronicle*, "is an old game in the Balkans. Never has it been practiced more unblushingly than in the last few weeks, when Bulgaria's voice was silent and she was at the mercy of her traducers because she had no means of communicating with the outside world." The cabinet at Sofia now demands an inquiry into the facts behind the alleged atrocities. "Isolated acts of violence may have been committed by exasperated Bulgarians," we read in the official utterance. They are offset, it seems, by the pillage and rapine that were "a regular system with the Greeks, Servians and Turks." This has brought forth a furious denial from the fighting King of the Hellenes. He has filled the press of Europe with detailed stories of the horrors perpetrated by Bulgars. "This bandying about of charges of outrages," says the London daily, "disgusts the civilized world." The truth seems to the Paris *Figaro* to be that the Balkan States are as yet too imperfectly developed to be able to conduct a war in accordance with the rules of civilized nations.

Hopelessness of the Outlook in the Balkans.

SELDOM has the press of Europe contemplated with such pessimism that future of the Balkans, which means so many things to so many great powers. All forecasts indicate a partition of Macedonia from which Bulgaria will be practically eliminated. Unrest, revolution, conspiracy—these are to be the fruits of the campaign of the past month in the Balkans, according to the Vienna *Fremdenblatt*. As for Bulgaria, says the London *Telegraph*, she is in a state of miserable confusion, her people exhausted and demoralized, her economic life a ruin:

"But what has revolted the whole world is the record of savage barbarity on the part of her troops in the Macedonian territory from which they have been driven. There has been wholesale murder and outrage and destruction, an unchecked eruption of the worst possibilities of human nature such as destroys the title of the troops guilty of it to the status of a civilized army. Granted that none of the Balkan adversaries is likely to prove blameless by any means in this respect,

the claim of the Bulgars to a superiority in matters of civilization in the Balkans is gone, and the respect of Europe with it. What the outcome of this extraordinary and profoundly melancholy situation will be it is impossible to foresee. It can only be said that, if ever there existed any hope of a stable settlement in the Balkans after the driving out of the Turk, none now remains. Whatever the Powers may do or leave undone, however the territory of the Peninsula may be distributed when the fighting is finished, the Balkans may well be ablaze again ten years hence, in renewed defiance of the Powers. These months have taught a bitter lesson to those deluded followers of a fanciful ideal, who persuaded themselves that the end of Turkish rule in the Balkans would be the end of the Eastern Question."

Passing of the World's
Greatest Socialist.

AUGUST BEBEL, at the time of his death last month, was the world's greatest Socialist. The title had been his for years, we read in the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels), but the unique circumstance of his long career was the unchallenged authority he exercised within his great party up to the moment of his taking off. Socialists of the "newer" school in Germany had challenged the old man's authority at successive party congresses in vain. No one in the ranks could forget that German Socialism, as a political force in Germany, was the creation of August Bebel. There had been dreamers and romanticists like Lassalle before the coming of a greater than they. Without money or friends or influence, a proletarian, dependent for bread upon the work of his hands, August Bebel, in the face of a hostile government, built up the Socialist party from a handful of men meeting by stealth in odd corners of Berlin until it numbered its voters by the million and was the largest party in the German Reichstag. Bebel achieved his miracle, says the London *Spectator*, mainly by means of his genius for organization and his oratory.

Bomb-Throwing by Whole-sale in Lisbon.

ADRID reports of events in Portugal are discounted just now in Europe; but the censorship became absolute at Lisbon last month just when reports of a royalist revolution grew definite. It has not been possible to verify or disprove at last accounts a story that the President of the Republic passed away on the eve of a serious rising. Portuguese comment reflects only the official standpoint through a drastically censored press. All the clerical and moderate organs have been suppressed. A handful of ambitious criminals, machinations of the royalist conspirators and attempts on the life of Prime Minister Costa are made much of in the Lisbon *Mundo*. The monarchical *Falso* and the liberal *Intransigente* are no longer permitted to circulate. It becomes increasingly evident to the London *Post*, therefore, that what it calls the "ultra-republicans" have a definite object—the creation of an extreme régime based upon a suppression of even parliamentary institutions. The Portuguese elements in control of the government—such as it is—are not agreed among themselves, apparently. A sort of duel is raging between the extremists and part of the army on one side and the ministry, the Carbonario secret society and the police on the other. Prime Minister Costa barely holds his own.



THE LOOKER-ON

TURKEY (to the Balkan "Allies"): "It pains me, gentlemen, to think that you, who have been animated from the first by pure Christian zeal on behalf of oppressed nationalities, should fall out over the swag. If the mediation of a mutual friend would prove acceptable, pray command my services."

—London *Punch*

Conspiracy of Calumny
Against the Republic
in Portugal.

PORTUGAL happens just now to be the victim of a campaign of calumny in the reactionary press of Europe, according to the sympathetic Socialist *Avanti* of Rome. Lisbon is confronted with civil war. The republic must adopt war measures in facing the royalist foe. Nothing has been even attempted that would not happen in London itself were armed insurrection threatening. This fact is blinked by the dailies which comment upon the recurring crises at Lisbon. Unless drastic measures were adopted, the throne would be restored and Dom Miguel might to-day be king. Costa and the men about him realize how disappointing was the French revolution to the world's real radicals. They have set about a thoroughgoing reform not only of the political system but of the social system. When they get through, the world may see a true Utopia. For the time being, there is violence and bloodshed, for which royalist conspirators must be held responsible. The navy is disaffected, partly through syndicalistic insubordination and partly through intrigue fomented among the officers by the agents of the royalists.

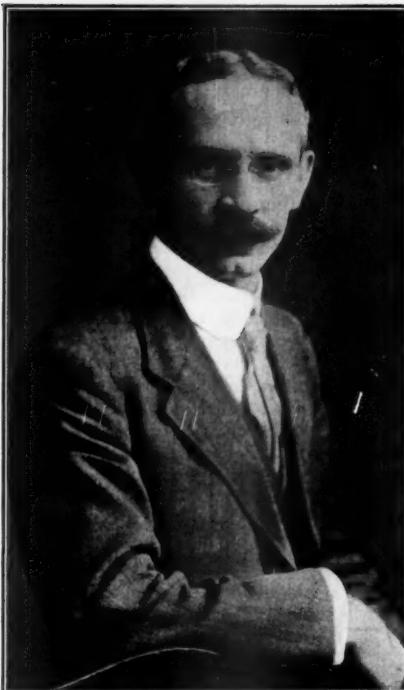
A Friendly Interpretation
of the Republic in Portugal.

IF THE men at the head of the government in Portugal would permit a general election, the royalists and others would abide by the result. Such is the contention of the Paris *Gaulois*. The country, it says, is ruled by a clique in Lisbon and Oporto. In reply a writer in the London *Chronicle*, long resident in Portugal and intimately acquainted with the factors in the campaign to discredit the republic, supplies a few considerations:

"Now how can anyone seriously talk of a fair appeal to the country when the percentage of those unable to read and write is commonly put at 70, and when the only existing election law, a heritage from the Monarchy, is that appropriately styled by Franco, arch-Monarchist tho he was, 'the shameless job,' when no idea of what we mean by a fair election exists, or has existed, let alone the machinery for it?"

"As for Lisbon and Oporto ruling the country, are there not concentrated in these cities all the conscious, active, corporate life of the nation, whether political, industrial or social, and, despite Coimbra, three parts of the educational? Under the Monarchy every species of chicanery and administrative abuse was used to gag and defraud the cities...."

"Some people have suddenly discovered the existence, despite the Republic, of hoary but, until recently, unheard-of abuses, of controlled elections, of unjust arrests, of base informers, of foul prisons, of delayed judgments, and the rest. But in common honesty it should be



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A POLITICAL ECONOMIST TURNS
AMBASSADOR

Paul S. Reinsch, professor in the University of Wisconsin, goes to the troubled republic of China, where, as in Mexico, there are two governments clamoring for recognition.

recognized that Europe has heard more of these abuses during the two and a half years of the Republic, and more has been done in that period by the Republic to remove them, than during all the recorded years of monarchist misrule.

"Again, it is a frequent complaint today that the new régime has permitted no monarchist press. Such critics forget that if no such press worthy the name exists—the various so-called monarchist journals of the old days still continue in many instances under new names—that fact was equally true, if less patent, under the monarchy."

Yuan Shi Kai Puts
Peking on a War
Basis.

YUAN SHI KAI made a somewhat unexpected proclamation of martial law in Peking the moment he heard of the formal establishment at Nanking of that confederate government of which Tsen Chun Hsien (or Hsuan) is now the head. China is now officially as well as actually the theater of a civil war with two rulers claiming sovereignty in the land. Yuan Shi Kai has displayed the energy for which he is so noted, raiding newspaper offices, spending money for the equipment of troops and insisting upon the unqualified and immediate obedience of all functionaries. The southern rebellion is far stronger and much better equipped for its struggle than the men in Peking will concede. Thus runs the general impression as given by the military expert of the Paris *Temps*, confirmed by the military expert of the

London Telegraph. Yuan sends out from Peking optimistic bulletins, giving details of a victory won by loyal troops over the rebel forces in a province remote from treaty ports. Nevertheless, according to the French daily, the rebels hold some miles of railroad in the important Pukow district. Tsen Chun Hsien, who signs himself president of some eight federated provinces, is credited with an army of ninety thousand well-drilled troops. Sun Yat Sen, the socialistic agitator and patriot, is quoted as saying that the rebellion can not be crushed from Peking, that, indeed, it can persist for ten years at least.

Prospects of the Chinese
Rebellion.

CHINA'S great rebellion derives its strength, in the eyes of foreign observers, from the circumstance that two men of such force and influence as Tsen Chun Hsien and Sun Yat Sen are acting in harmony. The south, as the London *News* reminds us, has always distrusted Yuan. It is the most intelligent as well as the best educated region of China. Had Yuan been more cautious, had he displayed less of the despot's spirit, he might, infers our contemporary, have held the loyalty of the southern provinces. From the first he has made his dislike of a republic too obvious. Nevertheless, to follow the careful analysis of the crisis in the well-informed London *Times*, events in China are following "the normal course prescribed by the character, condition and history of the people." By immemorial tradition, persistent since the beginning of its national records, the race has come to regard as inevitable long periods of strife and slaughter, coincident with the decline and fall of dynasties that have exhausted "the mandate of Heaven"—that is, proved their incapacity.

How the Chinese People
Regard their Civil War.

MASSACRE, sanguinary reprisals and a long inner crisis involving the assassination of exalted functionaries must characterize every stage of the civil war that has begun. Such is the pessimistic forecast of the Paris *Matin*, supported by the inferences of the London *Times*. The Chinese people, say these dailies, have foreseen the eventualities of the past month. They are resigned. Yuan Shi Kai and Tsen Chun Hsien are enacting a tragedy almost conventional, from their viewpoint. Europeans generally, adds the British daily, can have but a faint conception of the sufferings endured by the defenseless peasantry of the eighteen provinces since the revolution of less than two years ago let loose upon them plundering bands of rabble soldiery, pirates and brigands. "The description of the es-

tablishment and peaceable progress of the republic disseminated by the journalists of young China and reproduced in the press of the western world makes no mention of this grim side of the picture." Few foreigners have witnessed the devastation. The republic has meant an abomination of desolation.

The Opposing Policies
in China's Civil War.

THAT inveterate and instinctive conservatism which finds so much favor with the solidly substantial elements in Chinese society is championed by Yuan Shi Kai. So much appears from the comment of the Paris *Figaro*. It sees in the southern uprising the aspirations of the dreamer, the political fanatic, the restless and the irresponsible. The north is heavy and dull but solvent. The south is quick and enthusiastic but financially unreliable. "The struggle now proceeding," writes a cautious observer on the spot to the London *Times*, "is frankly a competition for power and place between the new bureaucracy of Canton and the old bureaucracy of Peking, in which the leaders serve their own personal ambitions and their hireling armies recognize no binding allegiance save that of the longest purse." Even Yuan's own picked troops are notoriously untrustworthy. China must continue for the present, then, we read further, helplessly exposed to the tyranny of her rabble cohorts and to the despotism of her short-lived political adventurers.

The Outlook for the
Civil War in China.

SINCE personal ambitions rather than a conflict of principle are at the bottom of the crisis in China, it follows, according to the European press, that intrigue may have as much to do with the outcome as the fortunes of battle. Sun Yat Sen is supposed to be a sincere republican; but he is not taken seriously by such papers as the Paris *Temps*. In its forecast of the immediate future we find the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung* dwelling much upon the chance that Yuan Shi Kai may be assassinated. The situation, on the whole, according to a military expert in the London *Times*, is favorable to Yuan. The business men and the wealthy residents of the central provinces have shown him favor. They are tired of the long political upheaval. Then, too, Yuan has ready money. The recent loan filled his treasury. He is spending his funds freely, much to the delight of his soldiery. "The physique, equipment and morale of the northern forces are much superior to those of the southern troops." Finally, the foreign powers have put their money on Yuan, and that, thinks the Paris *Débats*, gives him confidence.

Japan's Alleged Intrigue
in China.

AS THE reports from the theater of war trickled into Peking last month, it became evident to Yuan Shi Kai, says the Berlin *Vossische*, that the rebels were receiving aid and comfort from Japanese sources. That the government of Tokyo is officially involved seems unlikely. It is the presence of Japanese officers in command of rebel regiments that concerns the Peking administration. The Chinese generally suspect the Japanese of stirring up strife where it has not yet spread. The arrival of a Japanese warship within the fighting zone has led to a formal protest from Yuan's government. The rebel president, Tsen Chun Hsien, announced lately that the Tokyo government would give him recognition as a belligerent, a statement not yet officially denied. The Japanese minister in Peking is alleged to have welcomed rebel spies to his legation and to have held long conferences with them. Indiscretion of a less flagrant sort led to the recall of a United States minister to China a few years ago, says the Peking *Pao*. It goes the length of calling the rebellion a Japanese trick. Yuan himself is affirmed to be suspicious of Tokyo. For the moment, the rebellion against his authority seems crushed.

The Inner Meaning
of China's Great
Rebellion.

CANTONESE insubordination, disobedience and general contumacy are behind the civil war in China, asserts *The National Review* (Shanghai), a paper issued in the English language under Anglo-American auspices friendly to Peking. The Cantonese want to take the law into their own hands, we read in this organ of the established order. From time immemorial, it adds, the Cantonese delta has been a nest of piratical freebooters. Hence the existing crisis. The situation appears to that high authority on contemporary Chinese politics, J. O. P. Bland, a natural development of the struggle between Peking and the provinces over the question of finances. He says in the London *Observer*:

"To-day, in addition to the funds required to grease the wheels of the metropolitan administration (greatly swollen by the invasion of place-seekers from the South), the annual service of China's loans and indemnities requires that between them the provinces shall provide some seven or eight millions sterling. Herein lies the crux of the situation; Yuan Shih Kai stands to-day, as the Manchus stood before him, for the centralized control of national finance. Sun Yat Sen and his followers stand for local autonomy—every province its own loan-mongerer.

"It was this question, fundamental in

Chinese politics, which led to the violent agitation in Chekiang in 1906, and which finally produced the outbreak of rebellion in Szechwan in August, 1911. The passing of the Manchus has neither solved nor simplified it; on the contrary, the weakening of the Central Government's authority, consequent upon the chaos of the revolution, has stiffened the backs of the provincial politicians and gentry, increasing their determination to retain in their own hands the lucrative opportunities arising from railway construction and foreign loans.

"The fulminations of Sun Yat Sen and the Kuomintang Hotspurs are vastly less important to-day than they were a year ago, when public opinion in China and abroad was temporarily unsettled by the contagious enthusiasm which arose with the collapse of the Manchu dynasty and the bright dawn of a new era of liberty, equality, and fraternity. Since then, the merchants and the peasantry, the classes which have to pay the final penalties of all the politician's sins and strife, have learned in the hard school of experience that the apostles of local autonomy are neither as unselfish nor as able as they proclaimed themselves to be; that, as guides to the promised land of peace and prosperity, they know the way no better than the mandarins of the old dispensation."

Ulster Completes Her
Conspiracy Against
Home Rule.

SO INFURIATED has the Asquith ministry been made by the Ulster campaign against Home Rule that warrants may at any moment be issued for the arrest of Sir Edward Carson and his men at Belfast. Undeterred by the prospect, they continue their nightly drillings, their purchases of arms and the muniments of war. High treason, sedition, incitement to civil war—these are the crimes for which the signers of the now famous covenant may be haled to prison at any moment. Yet Ulster, led by the still irreconcilable Sir Edward Carson, completed the other day the scheme of government to be set up in Belfast when the Home Rule bill goes into effect at Dublin. There can be no doubt whatever of the success of the scheme, according to the "rebel" Sir Edward, who addressed last month the most enthusiastic series of meetings yet held in the northern province. In the face of a declaration by Mr. T. P. O'Connor that by the end of next year a parliament would be sitting in Dublin to make laws for the Irish people, Sir Edward insisted that it would frame no statutes for Ulster. The open defiance of the law predicted by the Orange leader prompts the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* to point out that for remarks of a less inflammatory nature Home Rulers like Dillon and O'Brien have been sent to jail. It consoles itself with the reflection that much brooding has made the Orangemen mad. Sir Edward has just completed what we in this country would

call a whirlwind tour of England against the Home Rule idea. Eighteen Irish Unionist members of Parliament have been on the same pilgrimage—"Ulster's appeal," they call it. They complain that Mr. Asquith will not dissolve Parliament in order that England may hold a referendum on Home Rule.

Dragging King George
Into the Home Rule
Controversy.

THREATS of rebellion against the crown are heard with such frequency in Ulster that Sir Edward Carson finds himself indicted for treason in more than one London ministerial daily. There have been embarrassing incidents involving the name of George V. "I shall no longer sing 'God Save the King!'" cried Mr. Chambers, who sits in the Commons for South Belfast, at a meeting in that city; but he will hum the tune, he conceded, until the Home Rule bill is law. He begged his vast audience of Orangemen to reveal the side they would take "when the King will have told us that he values our allegiance no longer." The answer came quickly in chorus: "Germany." Vain are the appeals of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal* that such sedition be met with prosecution after the precedents set by the cases of certain Home Rulers. In Ulster the "dragging in of the King" and the preaching of disloyalty to him are matters of course now and are done "grossly and contemptuously," complains the ministerial Manchester *Guardian*. Sir Edward even says he fears the Orangemen have another James the Second in King George.

Home Rule Again Rejected
by the Lords.

ATWO-DAYS' debate in a crowded house preceded the rejection of the Home Rule bill by the House of Lords. Not less impressive was the scene in the Commons when the motion for the third reading was put by Augustine Birrell. Then came a grave warning to Prime Minister Asquith from the leader of the opposition, Mr. Bonar Law. He expressed the belief that this was the last time the measure would be considered "calmly" by the Commons. He did not think the ministry meant to impose the bill upon Ulster by force before it had received the distinct approval of the people in a general election. He said Mr. Asquith was asking the people of Ulster to submit to something Scotland would never tolerate and which no district in England would endure. If the Liberals persisted, the Ulstermen would be entitled to use with equal sincerity and with greater justice the words of Stonewall Jackson: "What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death. We

must think of the living and of those who are to come after us and see that, by God's blessings, we transmit to them the freedom we ourselves have enjoyed." Mr. Asquith replied that the members of his ministry were immovable in their resolution to put through the Home Rule bill at once. The voters of Great Britain, he thought, had given him a mandate to that effect.

The Secrets of the Con-
spiracy in Ulster.

EVER since the seizure of large consignments of arms to Belfast some months ago, the authorities have been vigilant to forestall efforts to equip the men of Ulster with ammunition and rifles. These efforts, if the Liberal press of London be accurate, are not meeting with success. Reports of nightly drillings in churchyards and of the drumming up of recruits for the coming "war" fill the columns of English newspapers. Ulster still hopes, we read in the London *Times*, that she will not be forced to proceed to extremities. "It is preparing for them in a thorō, determined and organized way, the extent of which shows an unwavering confidence in the ability of the leaders to make their eventual plans effective." On the surface, nothing illegal has been done. Liberal dailies like the London *Chronicle* hint that militant Ulster ought to be handled by the government as firmly as are the militant suffragists. Sir Edward Carson and his associates have laid themselves open to charges of criminal conspiracy like the Pankhursts. Such a train of reasoning is to the London *Times* wholly misleading. There have been no breaches of the peace in Ulster, it affirms. Any expectation that might have been entertained by their opponents that the zeal of the Ulstermen would outrun their discretion, that some violent or extravagant action would discredit the movement or bring its leaders within the meshes of the law has remained unfulfilled. On the contrary, the drilling of "recruits" has been effected within the four corners of the law.

Mr. Asquith Baffled by
Ulstermen.

WHAT can the government in London do if Ulster blocks the way to Home Rule, if she continues to defy Dublin? If British bayonets be used to coerce Ulster, Ireland will be plunged into civil war, say both the London *Post* and the London *Times*. The great daily last named notes the increasing strain and tension "which underlie every feature of Protestant Ulster's workaday world." It is impressed by the strength of the forces silently preparing for the coming crisis. "There is no other question in the north of Ireland to-day except

that of Home Rule. Everything in the social, religious and business life of the community centers on it. There is practically no other subject of conversation." The crisis is already causing uneasiness in the army. The Ulster covenant was signed by soldiers as well as by judges who entertain a fear that even before Home Rule is law the troops may be in collision with the people of Belfast. Could they be relied upon? The British constabulary is said to be predominantly Roman Catholic and for Home Rule. The army officers are not.

Charges of Inciting to
Riot and Murder in
Ireland.

WHEN criminal conspiracy was last prevalent in a part of Ireland it was not the custom of Liberal statesmen or of the chief Liberal journals in England to abet incitements to treason and murder in Clare and Kerry, or to describe dynamiting as an honorable pledge of Nationalist earnestness or to canvass eagerly the chances that Irish Catholic soldiers or policemen would mutiny against the King if called on to suppress Nationalist sedition or disorder. Such is the gist of an indignant utterance in the Liberal Manchester *Guardian*, by way of protest at the remarks of the London *Times*. Liberals sympathized with Home Rulers, adds the Manchester daily, but they drew the line at complicity in actual or contingent crime. But:

"Conservatives have now, in their turn, been put to almost precisely the corresponding test, and most of their leaders have failed at once. At the first temptation, slight as it is they have done what *The Times* vainly attempted for so many years to prove that Parnell had done. They have accepted complicity in the first criminal act by which it has ever been suggested in modern times that their party could profit. One cannot say for certain that Lord Londonderry or Lord Willoughby de Broke or Sir Edward Carson ever resisted the temptation to connive at levying arms against the authority of the Crown, or at bilking the King's tax collectors, or corrupting the loyalty of the King's soldiers, or plotting to set up a rebel Government against the Crown's lawful one. For there is no reason to suppose that they were ever tempted before, as Nationalist Irishmen were, and as Labor has been and probably will be. We only know that at the first known strain on their loyalty it has collapsed, and that these boasted pillars of law and order are found at the first trial to be own brothers to Michael Davitt and John O'Leary and the other Nationalists who went to penal servitude for doing a tenth part of the crimes which our new Unionist Fenians boast that they mean to do, as well as to the man who, being so unfortunate as not to be an Irish Unionist, was sent to prison for some months last year for inciting soldiers not to fire at English strikers if ordered to do so."

Persons in the Foreground

LANE, THE WHITE HOPE OF THE WILSON CABINET

WHEN you talk with Washington correspondents these days about the members of the Wilson cabinet, you find them all disposed to put a question-mark after the name of each one—with a single exception. The exception is Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the interior. All the others they seem to regard as more or less in the nature of experiments in their present positions. The President himself is, naturally enough, looked upon in the same way. But there is no such feeling about Lane. They look upon him as a sure success. They look upon him as "the strong man of the cabinet," despite the fact that he used to be a newspaper man himself. It is a hard thing to induce one newspaper man to take another one seriously when he is placed in an official position. But Lane is taken seriously, tho he has been a printer's devil, a correspondent, an editor and a newspaper proprietor. Still worse, he used to write poetry, and in the drawer of his office desk, even now, they say, he keeps poems that others have written, especially Kipling, which have caught his fancy. But he has been so many other things since his reportorial, editorial and poetizing days that the Washington correspondents are willing to overlook those early indiscretions.

He can never be President of the United States unless Article II, Section 1, of the Federal Constitution be changed. He is not a "natural-born citizen" of this country. After his birth in Prince Edward Island, it took him three years to find his way to America; but when he came he stayed. He was the son of a Methodist minister, and the lap of luxury was not for him. But somehow every Methodist minister, no matter how small his salary, gets his children a fair education. Young Franklin K., after a course in the public schools, had two years at the University of California. But he had to do some hustling himself to accomplish this. He was a grocer's boy in Napa, Cal., at three dollars a week for a while and a printer's devil for another while. He not only hustled outside school, but inside as well. He was only thirteen when he delivered his graduating ad-

dress at the High School, and he broke all records at the University. He went through the three-year academic course, it is reliably said, in "two sessions" and then proceeded to do up the two-year law course in "a session and a half." He certainly was a boy-wonder. But he had had a very early start. He had toddled off to school alone, in Oakland, California, when he was three years old.

After his college days he took to

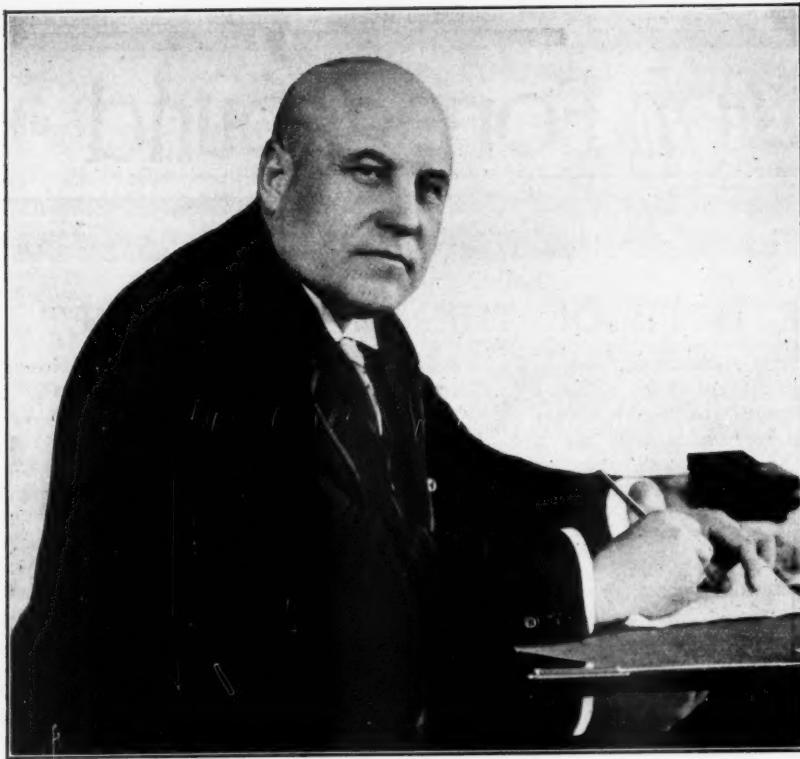
newspaper work, and in his twenty-fifth year came to New York City as Eastern correspondent of several Western papers. He gravitated into the Reform Club—a sort of near-free-trade organization, in which Henry George, then in his zenith, was the central figure. Young Lane's conceptions of government and political economy were profoundly modified by the apostle of the single tax, who could talk almost as well as he could write. Lane has not, so far as we know, ever committed himself to the single tax; but the hatred for special privilege was driven deep into his soul. Two or three years later, after he had become editor and half-owner of the *Tacoma News*, a strike was started by the printers, and Lane, fresh from the influence of Henry George, joined the printers' union and championed their cause. Still hot on the trail of special privilege, he began a crusade against a political ring that was looting the city, and as a result the ring-leader went to jail and the chief of police went to Alaska. But the young editor showed still more courage a little later. The free-silver mania began to sweep the whole West, and every paper on the Pacific Coast was at one time, if we are not mistaken, carried along with the tide—all, that is, except the *Tacoma News*. It fought against free silver until it went under in the panic of 1893. Young Lane sold out his interest for whatever he could get, and going back to San Francisco said a long good-by to journalism. Four years later he was elected corporation counsel for San Francisco. Five years later still (1902) he came within an ace of being made Governor of California, figuring then as "a Roosevelt-Democrat." Three years afterwards he was appointed by President Roosevelt a member of the interstate commerce commission. President Taft made him chairman of that commission. President Wilson made him secretary of the interior.

Thus despite his early piety, his precocity and his poetry, Franklin K. Lane may be said to have done passing well. He has been signally honored by three Presidents in succession, these three Presidents representing today three different parties. And as if that were not enough honor, he has



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SHE CAN NEVER BE MISTRESS OF THE
WHITE HOUSE

The wife of the Secretary of the Interior, tho a social leader in Washington, can never be the first lady of the land, since her husband waited three years too long before coming to America. She was Miss Anne Wintermute, and she was living in Tacoma when young Franklin K. Lane came there twenty odd years ago to run a newspaper and clean up the city. The paper went into a receiver's hands, but Miss Wintermute went into young Lane's hands and stayed there.



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HE WAS ONCE AN INFANT PRODIGY

He toddled off to school at the age of three, graduated from high school at the age of thirteen, and went through the University of California at a rate that broke all records and violated the speed limits. He just missed being governor of California, and now is Secretary of the Interior. His name is Franklin Knight Lane and he is not yet fifty years of age.

still more recently been elected an Indian chief, and his little daughter Nancy has been made an Indian princess.

"Lane is smooth and round and sort of cherubic," so ran a description of him in the *Saturday Evening Post* several years ago. "His face is round, his head is round and not embarrassed with any too much hair, his chest is round—everything about him is round. He is a student, a worker, an impressive orator, a corking after-dinner speaker, a pleasant companion and a big lawyer." A more recent description in the same paper runs as follows:

"He is a radical, but he is a sane radical. He is a progressive, but he isn't a fanatic. He is a good politician, and he has a wide knowledge of governmental needs and the courage of his convictions on whatever subject he may have in hand."

"Probably it would be conventional to say Lane is breezy, as he comes from the West; but I shall not say it, for most of those breezy persons turn out to be merely windy—and there is a distinction there. What Lane is is a fine, companionable, earnest, hearty, sincere man, with no frills about him; with a big head and a big brain in it; straight, reliable, able and strong. He likes the mountains and the woods and the water—can catch a fish, sail a boat, shoot a gun, do something at

golf; and on the indoor side can make a rattling speech, tell a story—and reads omnivorously."

A writer in *World's Work*—Burton J. Hendrick—finds Lane's predominant quality to be "a superabundant good nature," and his greatest gift that of making and retaining friends. A writer in *The Cosmopolitan*—James Hay, Jr.—on the other hand sees as his chief characteristic his fighting qualities. "In the matter of real classy, hand-to-hand fighting, he can give the bulldog lessons on aggressiveness and teach the panther new tricks in fast foot-work." But the two traits are very apt to go together. The Irish are the fightingest and at the same time the most jovial people on earth. Lane's fighting, however, is never in the nature of a personal scrap. He fights for a cause, a policy, a principle, and even the Tacoma chief of police, after he had fled to Alaska, remained a personal friend of the young editor who chased him there. He fights, in other words, to conserve something. That is his aim always—to conserve what is worth conserving. Others may look upon him as a radical, but Lane looks upon himself as a real conservative, just as much now as when, on the third day of the great San Francisco fire, he stood on the sidewalk of Van Ness avenue, with one end of a telephone wire in each hand, touching them together from time to time to let an electric spark pass to a lot of dynamite placed under some building in the path of the oncoming flames. "It was destruction," he says, "which conserved the rest of the city. That has been the rule of my life—to conserve something. It was my aim when I was on the interstate commerce commission, and it will be my policy as Secretary of the Interior, by whatever means are required, to develop the natural resources of the country so as to assure their perpetuation for the use of future generations as well as my own."

JOHN PURROY MITCHEL, A MAN WHO EATS UP FIGURES

INTO the spotlight of national politics stepped last month a young man of thirty-four, lean, tall, intense, with a remarkable capacity for eating up figures and an equally remarkable incapacity for eating his own words. John Purroy Mitchel the choice of the Fusion forces for mayor of New York City, becomes something more than a local figure. He seems to be the leading man in a new political drama. Back of him, apparently, is the President of the United States, bent upon war with Tammany Hall. His choice a few weeks ago of Mitchel for collector of the port in New York City was a virtual declara-

tion of war. The choice of Mitchel, instead of Whitman or McAneny, as a candidate for mayor was largely due to this expression of the President's confidence in him. The mayoralty contest in this city assumes, therefore, a national significance. It is not merely a contest between the Fusion forces and Tammany, but between the national Democratic administration and Tammany. It is a part of that "war upon the bosses" which Woodrow Wilson began in New Jersey and seeks now to extend to other States.

Tammany Hall is in a poor condition to wage such a war at this time. It is not the Tammany Hall of fifteen or

twenty years ago. With the hostile Democratic President at Washington, a hostile Democratic governor at Albany and an administration in New York City all hostile except the mayor and he not exactly subservient, the Tammany tiger has not had much good hunting in recent years. In fact, ever since New York became Greater New York, the tiger has had to hustle to find provender. A complete defeat in New York City in the coming municipal election would make the very existence of Tammany Hall as a political force precarious. John Purroy Mitchel has been selected to administer the fatal blow.

There is poetic justice in this selection of a young Irishman to do the trick, and especially of a young Irish Catholic. Mitchel's grandfather was that leader of the "Young Ireland" movement who, in 1848, as editor of *The United Irishman*, was adjudged guilty of treason to the British government and banished to Australia for fourteen years. Escaping in 1854, he came with his three sons to America and settled in Virginia. One of the sons, James, came to New York and became fire marshal. He married a sister of Henry D. Purroy, a stanch anti-Tammany leader. Young Mitchel was born into the anti-Tammany atmosphere of this home and he grew lusty on it. The first recorded utterance of the young man after he entered upon his public career showed this. It was terse and profane. He was promised a judgeship at \$17,500 a year

if he would drop an investigation he was making. "Tell Murphy to go to h—l!" was his response, and that ended negotiations. Mitchel kept on investigating. The Tammany president of Manhattan boro, Ahearn, was, in consequence, soon after removed from his office by Governor Hughes. Haffen, president of the Bronx boro, soon traveled the same road. Bermel, president of Queens boro, joined the procession by resigning. Young Mitchel was but twenty-seven at the time, but it looked as tho, with the loyal backing of Mayor McClellan and Governor Hughes, he might soon send the whole Tammany outfit to the place he told Murphy to go to. But it takes time to make real investigations and McClellan's administration came to an end while Mitchel was on the trail of a fourth boro president.

Mitchel's career has been short but

swift. After graduating at St. John's College in Fordham and Columbia law school, he entered the office of the corporation counsel as an assistant. That was where he was when he began the investigations spoken of above. But to give him greater facilities McClellan made him commissioner of accounts, and this was where he developed his remarkable appetite for figures. He went into department after department and smelled his way through interminable accounts to the graft and waste and inefficiency hidden among them. "To gather the experts and the departmental specialists around his own library table at home," says one writer, "and spend a whole evening over the bewildering arrays of facts and figures which represent a department's allowance for the year is his idea of an enjoyable evening. He would rather wrestle with the economies of the board of education than go to the opera." When he ended his investigations he knew more about the details of our municipal government than any other man living. Says the N. Y. Times: "He is that new thing in municipal history in America—a municipal expert. There is probably no man in an administrative office in this city to-day who knows more about the detail of municipal government."

When Gaynor was elected mayor four years ago, on the regular Democratic ticket, all the Fusion candidates for the other offices were elected at the same time. Mitchel was one of them. He became president of the board of aldermen and, by virtue of his office, a member of the board of estimate, which is really the governing board of New York City. When Mayor Gaynor was shot in August, 1910, Mitchel became acting mayor. The vigor with which he proceeded to clean up Coney Island is still remembered with shudders in the "tenderloin district." He found the mail full of complaints and, in the time-honored way, asked the police commissioner to investigate. The commissioner did so and reported Coney Island in excellent condition. But Mitchel then and there departed from the time-honored way. He put a number of investigators of his own at work, sending them in pairs to Coney Island. After getting their reports, Mitchel got busy. The inspector of police in charge of Coney Island was reduced to a captaincy, and in a few days the crooks and confidence men and painted ladies of Coney Island formed a spectacular procession, headed by a brass band, and amid the jeers and cheers of tens of thousands of spectators marched along the principal highway to the railway station and departed for other fields of activity. Even Gaynor's return to office didn't save the Police Commissioner, Baker. He was forced to resign not long after. As a result of this experience, Mitchel



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"HE BEARS THE MARKS OF THE PATRICIAN"

Just what those marks are we are not prepared to say; but John Purroy Mitchel, Fusion candidate for Mayor of New York, is said to have them. He is an independent, anti-Tammany Democrat, and has the stamp of approval of President Wilson and Secretary McAdoo. His election will, it is hoped, be the beginning of a contest that will drive Tammany from its position as the "regular" Democratic organization.

believes the police problem is, after all, a simple one. "Men dealing with thousands of persons all over the city," he says, "must leave a trail which is very easily traced if the men higher up really wish to trace it, instead of sending in lying reports to the police commissioner and to the mayor. It has not been difficult for the district attorney to get the records of the four inspectors convicted of conspiracy." All the legislative change he would ask would be the creation of a corps of detectives for the use of the mayor by which he could check up the work of the police department for himself.

Mitchel is described by those who know him as intense, serious and even, for a young man, austere. He spends but little time on social pleasures, and his official duties are but seldom brightened up by humor. He can be tart and quick and sharp; but a lightness of touch, says one of his biographers, is not his. A sense of humor has never saved him in difficult moments. He is always deadly earnest, sometimes almost painfully so. He dresses well and, according to one observer, he "bears the marks of the patrician." He has the straightforward look of a man

neither nervous, shifty, nor timid. Here is one of the pen-pictures of him:

"He is tall and slender—thin would not be an inappropriate term of description. The brevity of perimeter probably increases the effect of altitude, but he looks to stand about six feet, and maybe he weighs 150. It is in the face and hands that the personal force which put him through his years as commissioner of accounts shows so brilliantly. He has the long-fingered, large-jointed, big-veined hands which almost invariably belong to men who actually do things. His head is neither large nor small and it gets a good poise at the top of a long and supple neck. He has a high forehead, broad at the base, with high, arched eyebrows. His forehead is exceptionally high and broad and his nose long and straight. The nose is the most striking feature in his face. His lips are thin and are usually tightly compressed. The eyes are cold and stern and the face is thin.

"Mr. Mitchel is never quiet. He walks with a long, swinging stride which makes most men hustle when they try to keep pace with him. He talks with his mouth, his eyes, his hands and feet—figuratively speaking. That is the impression of alertness which he gives. So impatient is he with the man who stumbles over

the utterance of an idea that he grasps it, drags it out and answers it before the slow man knows it has been stated."

Mitchel was the youngest man ever appointed commissioner of accounts, the youngest man ever elected president of the board of aldermen, the youngest man ever appointed collector of the port in New York. If elected this fall, he will be the youngest man ever elected mayor of Greater New York. The one thing that gives most solicitude to many voters who would naturally support the Fusion candidate is this question: To what extent is he a tool of William Randolph Hearst? In the fight over subways he opposed to the very last the arrangement finally made, apparently following the cue given by the Hearst newspapers. His nomination, instead of that of McAneny or Whitman, is ascribed in large part to the insistent support of Hearst's followers. He has shown a disposition to favor municipal ownership and operation to a degree that has alarmed many of the less radical citizens. Mitchel's friends, however, scout the idea that he can ever be the tool of Mr. Hearst or anyone else.

COUNT BERCHTOLD: THE BEARER OF AUSTRIA'S BURDEN IN THE BALKANS

NEVER has that genius for diplomacy which makes the Austro-Hungarian Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Leopold Berchtold, the central figure of European politics, won a greater triumph in the Balkans than is afforded him by Rumania's intervention. The whole career of Count Berchtold seemed a wreck when the war in the Balkans broke forth, observes the Paris *Figaro*. He plucked the fruit of Austrian policy from the flaming forest of Turkey's doom. He pent up Montenegro and he held Servia back from the sea she coveted. There seemed a time when Bulgaria must seize the hegemony of a Balkan league in spite of the Greeks, until Rumania, instigated, we are asked to believe, by Count Berchtold, threw her sword into the balance. No diplomacy emerges from the battles of the Balkans in anything like definite shape except that of Count Berchtold, and no task presented by the long crisis was more desperate and more heroic. The Count has outwitted Russia and checked Italy. He is the supreme genius of European diplomacy to the bedazzled judgment of our French contemporary.

Not that his head is turned. "Every morning when the weather is fine," to follow the admiring sketch written for the London *Mail* by one who knows him well, "you may see Count Leopold

Berchtold walking from his handsome Vienna residence, the Strudelhof Palace, to the Foreign Office on the Ballhausplatz." The impeccably waxed mustache does not conceal the curving, smiling, almost mischievous lips. The pink cheeks are not hollowed by loss of sleep. The bald dome is surmounted by a gray felt hat, as a rule, and the cane swings freely as the thin, tall figure of the Count advances at a brisk pace. He might be taken for a patron of the arts, so extremely elegant is his deportment, or he might pass for a poet, so romantically does he move. Not a trace of the official manner or the official reserve of Vienna is implied in his frequent greetings of passers-by or in the readiness he evinces to glance into shop windows. One might see him halt several minutes to study a picture display until, with the air of him who suddenly remembers that time is precious, he looks at his watch and hurries on. There are few more familiar figures in the streets of Vienna. He has the disposition for which the people of that city are famous—light, careless, aristocratic, artistic.

The year and a half during which Count Berchtold has conducted the diplomacy of his native land would seem to have lent his visage some sternness. There is a deep crease between the brows now. He is said to

addict himself more than ever to the piano, upon which he exercises a miraculous gift. Time was when he used the brush daily in the perfection of landscape studies which can be seen in the houses of his friends now and then. Latterly he has not painted, but he is a patron of the art in the most discriminating sense. His gallery reflects a taste formed in Italy, just as his library proclaims the student of English literature. He speaks the language of England with absolute fluency, as, for that matter, does his wife, one of the noted hostesses of Vienna. She was an ornament of London society when her father, Count Karolyi, acted as ambassador there. Only a fortune as vast as that of Count Berchtold could endure the financial strain of the scale of existence maintained in Vienna by this brilliant couple. The Count is partial to the society of artists. His conversation has been described by one of his admirers in the Paris press as a blend of the wit of Scarron with the fine taste of a Medici. His judgment of a painter or of a poet is given the weight always attached to the verdict of one who loves what he talks about as well as knows it.

Few things ruffle the Count more, we read in the London daily, than the insinuation that he is subtle, profound, Machiavelian. The *Figaro* represents the Count as master of an art of high

and noble simplicity. He strives to carry this simplicity from his private life into his public career, with results that puzzle the journalists of Europe sorely. He happened, for example, to be spending a brief vacation at a pretty town in Austria, celebrated for its mineral spring. In the smoking room of the hotel he ran across an impoverished and obscure writer for one of the Socialist organs. Quite an intimacy sprang up between the journalist and the diplomat, who went upon long walks together. The Count took pains to inform his companion that Austria had no secrets. He outlined the whole Balkan situation predicting exactly what has come to pass. The obscure journalist transmitted everything to the insignificant sheet he represented, to the great amusement of the press of Europe. The revelations were referred to as Count Berchtold's "trial balloons." They formed the basis, however, of the high estimate now entertained with reference to his candor and good faith. His predictions of what would happen have been verified by the result. His statements of Austro-Hungarian policy have been confirmed by official Vienna's acts. Nevertheless the episode was a marked departure. The permanent officials at the Balhausplatz were stunned by such a display of indiscretion. It has been noticed since the Balkan crisis became acute that Vienna takes the world into her confidence, the candor representing the attitude of the Count. The old secrecy has gone and indiscretion has been reared into a virtue.

Elegance is the "note" of Count Berchtold. He is seen in the latest type of motor car. His servants wear the most stunning liveries, a circumstance by no means implying that they appear in the loudest. The Count himself is one of the best-dressed men in Vienna. His abode in the Austrian capital is furnished in a style of the most finished kind. Regularly every spring the furniture is renewed in all the rooms, the pictures are newly framed, and the woodwork done over. The piano in the conservatory is a work of art apart from its tone and tuning. No detail of these arrangements escapes the eye of the Count himself, who exploits his artistic temperament regardless of financial considerations. His dinners are the marvel of the diplomatic corps. His social gifts are too fine to be eclipsed by the magnificence with which he surrounds himself, for never lived an aristocrat who could draw a truer line between ostentation and impeccable taste. His army of servants spare a guest the necessity of asking for even the newspaper at breakfast or a nosegay for one's buttonhole.

Time was when Count Berchtold afforded himself the luxury of the finest stable in all Europe. He actually



THE MOST ELEGANT DIPLOMATIST ALIVE

Count Leopold Berchtold, Austro-Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs, has won his contention in the Balkans and the Hapsburg dynasty is not imperiled by events there. Count Berchtold is for this reason alone held to have won a place beside Talleyrand, Bismarck and Metternich as one of the few great diplomats since Machiavelli.

challenged the supremacy of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild on the French turf not so long ago. He has given great encouragement to aviation as a sport. He has patronized the most spectacular of automobile races. The enthusiasm with which he threw himself into these pastimes was equalled only by the generosity he displayed in expending his immense income to promote them. Now that official cares monopolize him, he can not, it seems, find time for a conference with his trainers. His stables are depleted. He must snatch what recreation he can in his library and music room, where he may be found in the small hours of the morning during the Vienna season. Promptly at six he plunges into his bath, breakfasting before seven always. In the summer he often rises with the sun for a hunt in the woods of one of his estates, a magnificently kept game

preserve. It is said of Count Berchtold that he has never visited all his Austrian estates, they are so numerous.

The courtesy of manner for which Count Berchtold is so famed was acquired, the *Figaro* says, in Paris, where he acted as a secretary of embassy in his youth. He belonged to a preeminently aristocratic set. Fencing, dancing, kissing the hands of ladies and arts of that sort come most naturally to this paragon of good form. His acquaintance with the intricacies of the traditional court etiquette of Vienna is so complete that, it seems, the Hapsburgs themselves never dispute his decision on such points. He is a distinguished authority upon the fashions not only for his own sex but for Archduchesses. There are princesses at the court of Vienna who feel at ease, we read, only when the Count has given them a second look in a ball room.

TSEN CHUN HSIEN: LEADER OF THE SOUTHERN REBELLION IN CHINA

FEW students of the crisis confronting Yuan Shi Kai in Peking, so far as their views are reflected in the European press, attach importance to his announcement of the defeat of Tsen Chun Hsien. In selecting as their generalissimo and as president of their secessionist republic so brilliant an administrator as Tsen Chun Hsien, the southerners, according to the London *Times*, insured at least a respectable career for their movement. He has wealth, character, capacity. He has spent his active years at the Chinese court. His name is known in every province because of his success in every enterprize with which his name was ever connected. He is strong, determined, purposeful, fertile in expedient. Those who know China well deem Tsen the ablest man in the eighteen provinces—free from the vices of Yuan, without the cupidity of Yuan. His motives inspire no suspicion among his followers. There are Europeans who regard Tsen Chun Hsien as the most subtle of all the actors on the vast Chinese stage. They insist that he is playing a part with more histrionic art than Yuan Shi Kai possesses. He is animated only by an inveterate grudge. Beneath a profession of austere holiness he conceals the vices of his unrestrained youth. One thing alone is certain—Yuan Shi Kai must spend many a sleepless night before he triumphs over Tsen Chun Hsien.

Terror might be called the specialty of Tsen Chun Hsien. He has lived in the atmosphere of it. He has disseminated the sentiment with reference to himself as a matter of administrative policy. In this respect the resemblance between himself and his late father, most terrible of all the terrible vice-roys of Yunnan, is pronounced by the Paris *Gaulois* incredible. In his days of power the father of Tsen Chun Hsien, borne in a litter through the streets of his provincial capital, would cry, from sheer force of habit, every time he saw a pedestrian: "Cut off his head! Cut off his head!" The sight of a fellow creature boiled in oil afforded him the most unmitigated satisfaction. He awarded prizes to anyone who could invent some new and exquisite torture. In this atmosphere, then, Tsen Chun Hsien grew up. He was permitted as a special treat, when quite a little boy, provided he had been good, to witness the punishment of those who had incurred the penalty of having red-hot irons thrust through their nostrils. He even took a hand in the discipline.

Ferocity was not alone the basis of the prodigious success achieved at the court of the great empress dowager,

Tzu Hsi, by the esurient Tsen Chun Hsien. She was first attracted to him by his wonderfully pleasing voice, which she compared upon first hearing it, we read in the *Débats*, to the sound of silver bells. The well-bred young aristocrat spent hours daily in reading the classics to the royal dame. He eagerly embraced those autocratic and conservative opinions which gave tone to society within the forbidden city before the boxer uprising. He traveled about the eighteen provinces on various official expeditions in such magnificence that his retinue was described as a moving rainbow. He delighted the empress dowager when he returned to the forbidden city by the present of the severed hand of an enemy or the ear of some captious critic. In return she presented him with a painted fan or one of her poems.

Few native Chinese of Tsen's exalted social position took more pains to realize the ideals of his class. His yamen, or official residence, when he ruled a province, became a shrine of Chinese art. His rounds of official visits or his tours of inspection meant the depopulation of the whole surrounding area, so great was the terror he inspired. He possessed a regiment of concubines. He heaped up treasure despite the prodigality of his feasts. He spent no time in idleness, either. In outwitting the devices of the rich who sought to evade his measures of confiscation he shrank from no torture. In early life, none the less, he was celebrated for the beauty of his manner no less than for the beauty of his face. Like nearly all men whose temperaments and habits are sanguinary, he was very eager to be loved, most anxious for the approbation of his fellow creatures. At the termination of one of his periods of administration in a remote province it was declared that all the inhabitants liked him because all who did not had been put to the sword. He has been known to shed copious tears when the head of somebody or other was brought in by his orders. He had likewise special rules of punishment, adapted to the rank and degree of those whom he slew. He would not permit the decapitation of one who had mastered the supreme classics nor would he allow the boiling in oil of those who emerged first at the periodic examinations. Special modes of torture were invented for those whose abilities or careers differentiated them from the common herd.

That tendency to madness which some enemies of Tsen Chun Hsien detect in his family—one of his ancestors insisted upon dressing like a pea-

cock and another drank only blood and water—explains not only his vagaries, but his high capacities. He has the cunning, it is said, of the madman, and he seems never to go to sleep. Of his extraordinary capacity there can be no doubt. He has organized regiments of fighting men who fight—a task found difficult by Yuan Shi Kai. He rallies the natives to his support because of his reputation for always keeping his word. But his chief claim to consideration is the fame that has come to him in recent years through his ascetic mode of life, his unremitting pursuit of holy exercises and his absolute humility. The career of Saint Augustine does not, in the opinion of our French contemporary, afford a more impressive instance of the complete transformation of a character.

The great change in Tsen Chun Hsien dates apparently from his appearance in Szechuen in the capacity of viceroy of that province. He displayed his old-time efficiency, rising from his bed at dead of night to inspect the streets of his capital, or participating actively at the risk of his life in the labor of putting out a fire. It was noticed that his characteristic ferocity had deserted him. To the blank amazement of the people, he professed abhorrence of the custom of binding the feet of girl babies. The practice was stopped so far as he could effect a reform. He next announced the discovery that he was unfit to exercise any kind of authority. Not long before the demise of the great empress dowager, he disappeared mysteriously and was ultimately reported as on a pilgrimage in the garb of a beggar to the shrines of holy men. The report that he had become a lunatic, as did his father before him, gained general credence.

Instead of losing his mind, Tsen Chun Hsien, avers a writer in the London *News*, was filled with a sense of his own misdeeds, a consciousness of sin. Afoot, meanly attired, sleeping in the open air, begging his bread from door to door, he was discovered at last on his way to the grave of Confucius. The authorities of the province of Shantung at once placed a special train at the disposal of the brilliant viceroy. He declined the honor. Insisting that he was a mere private individual, Tsen rode, it is said, in a common cart beside a coolie and sat down in the road when he partook of his meal of rice-cake.

Tsen Chun Hsien in his weary pilgrimages has met the most influential of the priests and they seem now all on his side. He remains pious in the traditional Chinese sense, meek, a leader of men in a spiritual field.

Music and Drama

THE DANGEROUS NEW FREE WOMAN PORTRAYED IN "HINDLE WAKES"

NEW YORK audiences may have become so accustomed to plays in which the poor but virtuous working girl weds a millionaire hero that they were quite unprepared to understand that amazing young person, Fanny Hawthorn, who, in Stanley Houghton's play, "Hindle Wakes,"* refuses to marry the son of her wealthy employer. In spite of the unanimous praise of the critics, the play did not duplicate its London success. However, so enthusiastically was Mr. Houghton's drama received in Chicago (where it was heartily endorsed by the Playgoing Committee of the Drama League), as well as in other middle western cities, that William J. Brady has decided to send "Hindle Wakes" on a tour of the larger cities of the United States.

Altho "Hindle Wakes" was first produced in London scarcely more than a year ago by Miss Horniman's Repertoire Company of Manchester, it has already taken its place as one of the masterpieces of contemporary drama. The London *Times* wonders how Fanny Hawthorn could have passed the censor, but considers it a good thing that she did. "Her defence will open the eyes of the uninitiated. It is a plea and an attitude that will be scorned by the narrow-minded and the ostriches. But it is a plea that should be heard. It is of value in these days of the battle of the sexes. It heralds the movement of the future. It is inevitable that one day the sexual position of the woman will become as acute a question as that of her political rights. Therefore it is well that the way should be paved, and such a play as 'Hindle Wakes' is of greater value than a mere faithful picture of Midland life, because it forces the reader to give earnest thought to that which in our community is always repressed under the shield of tradition, convention, and even education."

Fanny Hawthorn is a weaver in the Daisy Bank Mill, in Hindle, Lancashire. She is a sturdy, determined, dark little girl, with thick lips, a broad, short nose and big black eyes. Her father and mother are under the im-

pression that she has been spending the week-end in Blackpool during the Hindle "wakes," with another mill girl named Mary Hollins. But Mary Hollins has been drowned along with seven others while aboard a sailing boat that has been run down by an excursion steamer. Consequently, in spite of the precautions she has taken to prevent her parents from learning about her adventure, Fanny, who is unaware of the death of Mary Hollins, is unable to explain where and with whom she has passed her holidays. She is put through a sort of "third degree" by her stern parents. When they tell her of Mary's death, in whose company she claimed to have been, Fanny breaks down. Mrs. Hawthorn, with the persistence of a district attorney, soon fastens the guilt upon her daughter. After a long cross-examination she finally sits down at the table opposite Fanny.

MRS. HAWTHORN. When you were in Llandudno did you happen to run across Alan Jeffcote?

FANNY. How did you know?

MRS. HAWTHORN. (Smiling grimly.) I didn't. You've just told me.

FANNY. (Gives a low moan.) Oh! (She buries her head and sobs.)

MRS. HAWTHORN. (To Christopher.) Well. What do you think of her now?

CHRISTOPHER. (Dazed.) Nat Jeffcote's lad?

MRS. HAWTHORN. Ay! Nat Jeffcote's lad. But what does that matter? If it hadn't been him it would have been some other lad.

CHRISTOPHER. Nat and me were lads together. We were pals.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Well, now thy girl and Nat's lad are pals. Pull thyself together, man. What art going to do about it?

CHRISTOPHER. I don't know, rightly.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Aren't you going to give her a talking-to?

CHRISTOPHER. What's the good?

MRS. HAWTHORN. What's

the good? Well, I like that! My father would have got a stick to me. (*She turns to Fanny.*) Did he promise to wed you?

FANNY. (In a low voice.) No.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Why not?

FANNY. Never asked him.

MRS. HAWTHORN. You little fool! Have you no common sense at all? What did you do it for if you didn't make him promise to wed you?

Fanny refuses to divulge any of the details of her affair with Alan Jeffcote, the handsome and spoiled son of her employer. Her father sends her to bed. Mrs. Hawthorn, whose austere morality is altogether practical and business-like, immediately urges her husband to go at once to the Jeffcote mansion and to insist upon a marriage between the two young people. "It's a fine chance, and don't you forget it," she exclaims.

CHRISTOPHER. He *ought* to wed her. I don't know what Nat'll say.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Look here, if you're not going to stand out for your rights



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HER NOW?"

Fanny's parents discover that she has been spending the week-end in a hotel with young Alan Jeffcote.

* HINDLE WAKES. A play in three acts, by Stanley Houghton. Boston: John W. Luce & Company. All rights reserved.

I'll come myself. I'm not afraid of Nat Jeffcote, not if he owned twenty mills like Daisy Bank.

CHRISTOPHER. I'm not afraid of him, neither, tho' he's a bad man to tackle. (*He rises.*) Where's my hat? (*Mrs. Hawthorn gives him his hat and stick, and he goes to the door.*)

MRS. HAWTHORN. I say. I wonder if she's done this on purpose, after all. Plenty of girls have made good matches that way.

CHRISTOPHER. She said they never mentioned marriage. You heard her.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Well, he mightn't have gone with her if she had. Happen she's cleverer than we think!

CHRISTOPHER. She always was a deep one.

MRS. HAWTHORN. That's how Bamber's lass got hold of young Greenwood.

CHRISTOPHER. But there was a— He couldn't help it so well.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Yes. (*She reflects.*) Ah, well. You never know what may happen.

Alan Jeffcote is engaged to Beatrice Farrar, daughter of Sir Timothy, an old *roué*. The marriage will mean much to old Nat Jeffcote, and he believes that it will make his son the richest man in Hindle some day. But late that night, when old Chris Hawthorn calls on him, he little suspects that his "lad" is involved in the disgrace of his old chum's daughter. Fully realizing his own importance in the community, and with a keen appreciation of his own generosity, he offers his aid in straightening out the affair.

JEFFCOTE. I'll help thee any road I can. But you mustn't take it too much to heart. It's not the first time a job like this has happened in Hindle, and it won't be the last!

CHRISTOPHER. That's true. But it's poor comfort when it's your own lass that's got into trouble.

JEFFCOTE. There's many a couple living happy to-day as first come together in that fashion.

CHRISTOPHER. Wedded, you mean?

JEFFCOTE. Ay! Wedded, of course. What else do you think I meant? Does the lad live in Hindle?

CHRISTOPHER. Ay! (*He does not know how to break it to Jeffcote.*)

JEFFCOTE. Whose shed does he work at?

CHRISTOPHER. Well, since you put it that way, he works at yours.

JEFFCOTE. At Daisy Bank? Do I know him?

CHRISTOPHER. Ay! You know him well.

JEFFCOTE. Then by Gad! I'll have it out with him to-morrow. If he doesn't promise to wed thy Fanny I'll give him the sack.

CHRISTOPHER. (*Dazed.*) Give him the sack!

JEFFCOTE. And I'll go further. If he'll be a decent lad and make it right with her at once, I'll see that he's well looked after at the mill. We're old pals, Chris, and I can't do no fairer than that, can I?

CHRISTOPHER. No.

JEFFCOTE. Now, then, who's the chap?

CHRISTOPHER. Thou'll be a bit surprised-like, I reckon.

JEFFCOTE. Spit it out!

CHRISTOPHER. It's thy lad, Alan.

JEFFCOTE. (*Sharply.*) What? (*A slight pause.*) Say that again.

CHRISTOPHER. Thy lad, Alan.

JEFFCOTE. My lad.

CHRISTOPHER. Ay! (*After a short pause, Jeffcote springs up in a blazing rage.*)

JEFFCOTE. Damn you, Chris Hawthorn! Why the devil couldn't you tell me so before?

CHRISTOPHER. I were trying to tell thee, Nat—

JEFFCOTE. Trying to tell me. Hasn't thou got a tongue in thy head that thou mun sit there like a bundle of gray-cloth while I'm making a fool of myself this road?

The old Lancashire mill-owner, tho' perhaps pitiless in his exploitation of the workers in Daisy Bank Mill, has a Puritan point of view regarding sexual morality, so that when he discusses the matter later that night with the semi-intoxicated Alan, he makes the boy understand that he must wed Fanny.

ALAN. What do you want me to do?

JEFFCOTE. I know what thou's going to do. Thou's going to wed the lass.

ALAN. What do you say?

JEFFCOTE. Thou's heard me all right.

ALAN. Wed her? Fanny Hawthorn!

JEFFCOTE. Ay! Fanny Hawthorn.

ALAN. But I cannot.

JEFFCOTE. Why not?

ALAN. You know—Beatrice—I can't!

JEFFCOTE. Thou mun tell Beatrice it's off.

ALAN. How can I do that?

JEFFCOTE. That's thy lookout.

ALAN. (*Rising and holding on to the mantelpiece.*) Look here. I can't do it. It isn't fair to Beatrice.

JEFFCOTE. It's a pity thou didn't think of that before thou went to Llandudno!

ALAN. But what can I tell her?

JEFFCOTE. Thou mun tell her the truth if thou can't find owt better to say.

ALAN. The truth! (*Alan again collapses in the chair. A pause.*)

JEFFCOTE. What's done is done. We've got to stand by it.

ALAN. Father! I don't want to wed Fanny. I want to wed Beatrice.

JEFFCOTE. Dost thou love Beatrice?

ALAN. Yes.

JEFFCOTE. I'm glad of it. It's right that thou should suffer as well as her.

Upon hearing his father's decree, Alan breaks down. He reproaches his father, who retorts: "Thou'rta man now, not a kid!" "It's me that's got to go through it. It doesn't hurt thee if I wed Fanny Hawthorn," replies Alan.

JEFFCOTE. So thou thinks it easy for me to see thee wed Fanny Hawthorn? Hearken! Dost know how I began life? Dost know that I started as tenter in Walmesley's shed when I were eight years of age, and that when the time comes I shall leave the biggest fortune

ever made in the cotton trade in Hindle? Dost know what my thought has been when laboring these thirty years to get all that brass together? Not what pleasure I could get out of spending, but what power and influence I were piling up the while. I was set on founding a great firm that would be famous not only all over Lancashire, but all over the world, like Horrockses or Calverts or Hornbys of Blackburn. Dost think as I weren't right glad when thou goes and gets engaged to Tim Farrar's lass? Tim Farrar as were mayor of Hindle and got knighted when the King come to open the new Town Hall. Tim Farrar that owns Lane End Shed, next biggest place to Daisy Bank in Hindle. Why, it were the dearest wish of my heart to see thee wed Tim Farrar's lass; and, happen, to see thee running both mills afore I died. And now what falls out? Lad as I'd looked to to keep on the tradition and build the business bigger still, goes and weds one of my own weavers! Dost think that's no disappointment to me? Hearken! I'd put down ten thousand quid if thou could honestly wed Beatrice Farrar. But thou can't honestly wed her, not if I put down a million. There's only one lass thou can honestly wed now, and that's Fanny Hawthorn, and by God I'm going to see that thou does it!

The difficult position in which Alan Jeffcote finds himself leads to the expression of very definite views on sexual morality by his mother, his fiancée Beatrice Farrar, and her father, the free and easy Sir Timothy. The next act is devoted to a clever and graphic delineation of the various points of view. Mrs. Jeffcote proves herself, in spite of her charm and sweetness, a strong advocate of the double standard of morality, and counsels that Fanny be "paid off." Sir Timothy believes that the only immorality in such cases lies in "getting caught." Beatrice believes that Alan and Fanny are to all intents and purposes already married, and declares that she would never consent to marry him while "Fanny Hawthorn has a better right to you than I have."

The Hawthorns—Fanny and her father and mother—arrive at nine that evening in order to settle the whole matter with the Jeffcotes. They file in silently and awkwardly, Fanny wearing the shawl that Lancashire weavers wear over their heads instead of a hat. On her feet are the rough clogs of the millgirl. Fanny is sullen and impudent, refusing to divulge where Alan and she had spent the week-end. "If Mary hadn't been drowned, you'd never have found out about it," she says. "I'd never have opened my mouth, and Alan knows that." The whole matter and the proposed marriage are discussed by everyone except the girl herself. Mrs. Hawthorn insists upon a church wedding, "with the banns and everything." Alan wants to hear from Fanny. "Fanny'll do what's thought best for her," retorts Mrs. Hawthorn.

FANNY. I was just wondering where I come in.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Where you come in? You're a nice one to talk! You'd have been in a fine mess, happen, if you hadn't had us to look after you. You ought to be very thankful to us all, instead of sitting there hard like.

JEFFCOTE. You'd better leave it to us, lass. We'll settle this job for you.

FANNY. It's very good of you. You'll hire the parson and get the license and make all the arrangements on your own without consulting me, and I shall have nothing to do save turn up meek as a lamb at the church or registry office or whatever it is.

JEFFCOTE. That's about all you'll be required to do.

FANNY. You'll look rather foolish if that's just what I won't do.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Don't talk silly, Fanny.

FANNY. And what's more, I haven't the least intention of marrying him.

MRS. HAWTHORN. She's taken leave of her senses! (They are all surprised. Alan is puzzled. Mrs. Jeffcote visibly brightens.)

JEFFCOTE. Now, then, what the devil do you mean by that?

FANNY. I mean what I say, and I'll trouble you to talk to me without swearing at me. I'm not one of the family yet.

JEFFCOTE. Well, I'm hanged! (He is much more polite to Fanny after this, for she has impressed him. But now he rubs his head and looks round queerly at the others.)

The elder Jeffcotes and Hawthorns are amazed at Fanny's refusal. It is equally incomprehensible to Alan, who is suffering under the sacrifice he has made in order to "make an honest

ALAN. I gave her up because my father made me.

FANNY. Made you? Good Lord, a chap of your age!

ALAN. My father's a man who will have his own way.

FANNY. You can tell him to go and hang himself. He hasn't got any hold over you.

ALAN. That's just what he has. He can keep me short of brass.

FANNY. Earn some brass.

ALAN. Ay! I can earn some brass, but it'll mean hard work and it'll take time. And, after all, I shan't earn anything like what I get now.

FANNY. Then all you want to wed me for is what you'll get with me? I'm to be given away with a pound of tea, as it were?

Alan tells Fanny that Beatrice Far-



SHOCKING!

"I don't want to marry Alan. . . . And what's more, I haven't the least intention of marrying him."

JEFFCOTE. What does she mean by that?

MRS. HAWTHORN. Nothing. She's only showing off like. Don't heed her.

MRS. JEFFCOTE. I beg your pardon. We will heed her, if you please. We'll see what it is she means by that.

JEFFCOTE. Hark you, lass. I'm having no hanky-panky work now. You'll have to do what you're bid, or maybe you'll find yourself in the cart.

CHRISTOPHER. Fanny, you'll not turn stupid now?

FANNY. It doesn't suit me to let you settle my affairs without so much as consulting me.

MRS. HAWTHORN. Consulting you! What is there to consult you about, I'd like to know? You want to marry Alan, I suppose, and all we're talking about is the best way to bring it about.

FANNY. That's just where you make the mistake. I don't want to marry Alan.

JEFFCOTE. Eh?

woman" out of Fanny. Fanny does not offer to explain until Alan asks that he be given fifteen minutes alone with the girl. The parents of both leave the room. Alan asks Fanny for an explanation of her refusal to marry him.

FANNY. You can't understand a girl not jumping at you when she gets the chance, can you?

ALAN. I can't understand you not taking me when you get the chance.

FANNY. How is it you aren't going to marry Beatrice Farrar?

ALAN. I can't marry both of you.

FANNY. Weren't you fond of her?

ALAN. Very.

FANNY. But you were fonder of me—eh?

ALAN. Well—

FANNY. Come, now, you must have been or you wouldn't have given her up for me.

rar has given him up unselfishly and bravely. He believes that Fanny is refusing to wed him because she does not want to "spoil his life." "Thanks!" retorts Fanny. "Much obliged for the compliment."

FANNY. Don't you kid yourself, my lad! It isn't because I'm afraid of spoiling your life that I'm refusing you, but because I'm afraid of spoiling mine. That didn't occur to you?

ALAN. It didn't.

FANNY. You never thought that anybody else could be as selfish as yourself.

ALAN. I may be very conceited, but I don't see how you can hurt yourself by wedding me. You'd come in for plenty of brass, anyhow.

FANNY. I don't know as money's much to go by when it comes to a job of this sort. It's more important to get the right chap.

ALAN. You like me well enough?

FANNY. Suppose it didn't last? Weddings brought about this road have a knack of turning out badly. Would you ever forget it was your father bade you marry me? No fear! You'd bear me a grudge all my life for that.

ALAN. Hang it! I'm not such a cad as you make out.

FANNY. You wouldn't be able to help it. It mostly happens that road. Look at old Mrs. Eastwood—hers was a case like ours. Old Joe Eastwood's father made them wed. And she's been separated from him these thirty years, living all alone in that big house at Valley Edge. Got any amount of brass, she has, but she's so lonesome-like she does her own housework for the sake of something to occupy her time. The tradesfolk catch her washing the front steps. You don't find me making a mess of my life like that.

ALAN. Look here, Fanny, I promise you I'll treat you fair all the time. You don't need to fear that folk'll look down on you. We shall have too much money for that.

FANNY. I can manage all right on twenty-five bob a week.

ALAN. Happen you can. It's not the brass altogether. You do like me, as well, don't you?

FANNY. Have you only just thought of that part of the bargain?

ALAN. Don't be silly. I thought of it long ago. You do like me? You wouldn't have gone to Llandudno with me if you hadn't liked me?

FANNY. Oh! yes, I liked you.

ALAN. And don't you like me now?

FANNY. You're a nice, clean, well-made lad. Oh, ay! I like you right enough.

ALAN. Then, Fanny, for God's sake, marry me, and let's get this job settled.

FANNY. Not me!

ALAN. But you must. Don't you see it's your duty to.

FANNY. Oh! come, now, you aren't going to start preaching to me?

ALAN. No. I don't mean duty in the way Beatrice did. I mean your duty to me. You've got me into a hole, and it's only fair you should get me out.

FANNY. I like your cheek!

ALAN. But just look here. I'm going to fall between two stools. It's all up with Beatrice, of course. And if you won't have me I shall have parted from her to no purpose; besides getting kicked

out of the house by my father, more than likely!

FANNY. Nay, nay! He'll not punish you for this. He doesn't know it's your fault I'm not willing to wed you.

ALAN. He may. It's not fair, but it would be father all over to do that.

FANNY. He'll be only too pleased to get shut of me without eating his own words. He'll forgive you on the spot, and you can make it up with Beatrice to-morrow.

ALAN. I can never make it up with Bee!

FANNY. Get away!

ALAN. You won't understand a girl like Bee. I couldn't think of even trying for months, and then it may be too late. I'm not the only pebble on the beach. And I'm a damaged one, at that!

FANNY. She's fond of you, you said?

ALAN. Yes. I think she's very fond of me.

FANNY. Then she'll make it up in a fortnight.

ALAN. (Moodily.) You said you were fond of me once, but it hasn't taken you long to alter.

FANNY. All women aren't built alike. Beatrice is religious. She'll be sorry for you. I was fond of you in a way.

ALAN. But you didn't ever really love me?

FANNY. Love you? Good heavens, of course not! Why on earth should I love you? You were just someone to have a bit of fun with. You were an amusement—a lark.

ALAN. (Shocked.) Fanny! Is that all you cared for me?

FANNY. How much more did you care for me?

ALAN. But it's not the same. I'm a man.

FANNY. You're a man, and I was your little fancy. Well, I'm a woman, and you were my little fancy. You wouldn't prevent a woman enjoying herself as well as a man, if she takes it into her head?

ALAN. But do you mean to say that you didn't care any more for me than a fellow cares for any girl he happens to pick up?

FANNY. Yes. Are you shocked?

ALAN. It's a bit thick; it is really!

FANNY. You're a beauty to talk!

ALAN. It sounds so jolly immoral. I never thought of a girl looking on a chap just like that! I made sure you

wanted to marry me if you got the chance.

FANNY. No fear! You're not good enough for me. The chap Fanny Hawthorn weds has got to be made of different stuff from you, my lad. My husband, if ever I have one, will be a man, not a fellow who'll throw over his girl at his father's bidding! Strikes me the sons of these rich manufacturers are all much alike. They seem a bit weak in the upper story. It's their fathers' brass that's too much for them, happen! They don't know how to spend it properly. They're like chaps who can't carry their drink because they aren't used to it. The brass gets into their heads, like!

When the parents are called back into the room, they are shocked and surprised, and Mrs. Hawthorn is insanely angry. She announces that Fanny can go home and pack her things and be off. She wants no more of her. Christopher Hawthorn attempts to interfere, but he is silenced. Alan tells Fanny that he is not going to see her homeless. It is then that Fanny Hawthorn expresses her ultra-radical feminism and her simple theory of the economic independence of woman. "It's right good of you, Alan, but I shan't starve. I'm not without a trade at my finger tips, thou knows. I'm a Lancashire lass, and so long as there's weaving sheds in Lancashire I shall earn enough brass to keep me going. I wouldn't live at home again after this, not anyhow! I'm going to be on my own in future. (To Christopher.) You've no call to be afraid. I'm not going to disgrace you. But so long as I've to live my own life I don't see why I shouldn't choose what it's to be."

Confident of her ability to get along on "twenty-five bob a week" and freedom, Fanny sets out to find a new home. She evidently feels that rags are royal raiment when a girl has economic independence. Alan rushes over to win back Beatrice, while the elder Jefcotes, slightly nettled that one of the girls at Daisy Bank Mill has turned down their handsome "lad," nevertheless thankfully express satisfaction at the workings of Providence.

THE VITAL ART OF THE RUSSIAN DANCERS

THE ballet has been rejuvenated by the Russian dancers. The theater may be revitalized by the Russian ballet. Such is the claim of Huntley Carter. His book, "The New Spirit in Drama and Art" (Mitchell Kennerley), brings forward this rather novel view. Americans may test the truth of his claim shortly when Anna Pavlova brings to us a ballet of the new type and introduces to the United States the startling futuristic stage settings of Michael Fokine, who designed the

highly artistic settings for "Boris Godunoff."

Mr. Carter believes that the Russian dancers represent a "new classicism" in the theater. The secret of their art, he explains, lies in a wonderful synthesis of dancing, decoration, and music. "The threefold motive runs like a golden cord throughout the production, informing it, building it up, fashioning, as it were, a golden bowl, out of which is poured the nectar of high artistic achievement. . . . The Russian ballet offers the spectacle of a world

wherein a theme is handled with simplicity, beauty and strength, by three sets of hands working as one, and directed by a master builder."

According to Mr. Carter, whose book is one of the first to present, in an adequate and amply illustrated form, the tendencies of the new art of the theater in Europe, the influence of Ibsen has been to "destroy the theater." Since Ibsen, it has been usurped by a race of realists. Instead of symbolists, we have scientists and sociologists in the theater. Let them return to the

laboratory, bids the champion of the new art. Turn the stage over to the Russian dancers and artists—to Bakst, Fokine, Nijinsky and Pavlova.

The Russian ballet, as interpreted by Huntley Carter, is really aiming in the same direction as that which Gordon Craig has in view. Simplicity, unity, continuity and rhythm are the principles that guide the leaders of the modern movement. Already the Moscow Art Theater has applied the principles with great success in dramatic productions such as Maeterlinck's "The Blue

London correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* informs us, tho as much, perhaps, by the "almost superhuman" genius of Pavlova as by the high artistry of Mr. Fokine. Comparing the production with that of "Boris Godunoff," the same writer notes:

"The outcome is decorative, of pictorial movement more than of emotional dance, and it seems still more so for the scenery and costumes that clothe it. . . . We see more Russian scenery of the sort that 'Boris Godunoff' at the Metropolitan

recognized the revitalizing influence of the Russian dancers. "As an actress," she exclaims in *McClure's*, "I salute the dancers with the reverence of a man for his ancestors. The dancer is certainly the parent of my own art, but he has other children. All arts of which the special attribute is music descend from the dancer." The great work of the Russian ballet, Ellen Terry continues, has been to do away with the degrading and vicious atmosphere that had surrounded the ballet of the old type. She explains:



FOKINE'S FUTURISTIC SETTINGS

The scenery for "Les Préludes" by Liszt, which Anna Pavlova will present to the American public this year, is said to be the last word in theatrical art. The aim of the scenic artist has been to suggest a mood which harmonizes with and raises to a new level the incomparable dancing of a Pavlova.

Bird." In Paris the new spirit has received support from such diverse sources as the philosophy of Bergson, the poets headed by Tristan Derème, the Syndicalists, the literary critics headed by Remy de Gourmont. At least this is the claim of Huntley Carter. The new artists of the theater "are working in complete harmony with a system that exhibits a mistrust of big organizations yet a great trust of corporate life."

The spirit of the new art of the ballet is presented in striking fashion in "Les Préludes," a ballet arranged for Pavlova by Michael Fokine, of the Imperial Opera in St. Petersburg. The music is that which Liszt wrote to interpret Lamartine's "Meditations." At first thought it would seem impossible to achieve a unity of impression from such diverse sources. This has been accomplished in skilful fashion, the

first disclosed a few months ago. The scenery was necessarily historical, while the setting of 'The Préludes' is necessarily fantastic. The imaginary world of Liszt's music the Russian painter conceives as a world of green glade and brown cliff, dotted or garlanded with bright yellow flowers and interspersed with conventionalized and purely decorative trees that might come out of some glorified Noah's Ark. In the gray distance behind are the shapely outlined walls and towers of a fantastic castle. All this is painted in flat tints, with little or no stage perspective, as a purely decorative background that is sensitive to varying light and that deepens the sober-hued dresses outspread before it. As the imagination dwells upon it, the canvas seems to become a melancholy tapestry, before which pass melancholy trains in as grave miming."

No less distinguished an actress of the "old" theater than Ellen Terry has

"The presence of men in the ballet has an effect beyond the pleasure afforded by the virile agility of their steps. It does away with the necessity for those feminine travesties of men known in our pantomimes as 'principal boys,' who introduce an element into ballet which at its best makes a disturbing demand on our capacity for illusion, and at its worst is a little degrading. What has made the word 'ballet' a sort of synonym for vice if it is not the idea that it provides an opportunity for women to attract admirers—not of their dancing but of their physical charm? I think that a mixed ballet has the result of concentrating attention on the art of the dance rather than on the seductiveness of the dancers. And the free and noble plastic of the male dancers in the Russian ballet has influenced the plastic of the women, making it far less sexual and far more beautiful. . . .

"What always surprises us about the Russian ballet is its life. This vitality



GRACE AND VIRILITY

The introduction of the male into ballet dancing, claims Ellen Terry, has been a vitalizing and regenerating influence.

came sweeping on to the stage with Russian *maitres de ballet* such as Fokine, who used tradition, used the technical perfection of classical dancing, but would not

be a salve to them; with Russian composers such as Borodini, Rimski-Korsakov, Glazounov, Lyadov, Arenski, Stravinskaya, and Cherepnin, the conductor of the ballet; with Russian artists such as Alexandre Benois and Léon Bakst; with Russian dancers such as Nijinski."

Writing in the now defunct *Rhythm* a short time ago, Anne Estelle Rice pointed out that the Russian dancers were the precursors of a new theater. Her ideas on the subject are very much akin to the fundamental ideas of Gordon Craig. "The theater," she claims, "is not a moral enterprize, nor a literary manifestation, nor an exposition of realism (as ordinarily understood)."

"The theater is a place of action. It is the union of the theatrical arts to create a work of art, the equilibrium of the artistic elements acting and reacting on each other to maintain in a production all the qualities indispensable to a perfect representation of a dominant idea. Collaboration and the maintenance of a few fundamental principles will make the art of the theater a comparatively simple affair, and help to

free it from the absurd confusion which has rendered it so complicated. . . . The relation of lines, shapes, masses, colors, and movement, the quality of line and color, create the life and make the stage a living force, instead of a maquette of stupidly painted scenery."

The genius of the Russians, Miss Rice goes on to point out, lies in their ability to appreciate keenly the value of line and movement and how to symbolize energy and force, the value of a dominant color and shape, and the value of daring juxtapositions to create life and movement in masses of color. She goes on:

"The general and dominant idea of the Russian Ballets is based upon line. They have given a practical and artistic realization of what can be done with a fusion of theatrical elements, most successfully where the scenic decorator, costumier, musician, 'maître de ballet' and poet, by their harmonizing qualities, have created a scheme of one palette. The public, intoxicated with their splendor, little realizes the sensibility, logic, thoroughness and patience necessary to produce these marvelous representations. The Russian ballets are elemental to the last degree, full of the visions of Asia, a tropical heat, not of stillness, but of new life born every instant, where realism and fantasy combine and multiply into a fluidity of moving reds, blues, oranges, greens, purples, triangles, squares, circles, serpentine and zigzag shapes."

A GREEK PAGEANT IN TENNESSEE

THE most artistic and ambitious spectacle ever given in the South" is what a writer in *Collier's Weekly* calls the Greek pageant, "The Fire Regained," recently organized in Nashville, Tennessee. Four performances took place. Thousands of people were attracted. Literary and artistic societies vied with merchants' associations in supporting the venture. There was something like the spirit of Oberammergau in the seriousness and whole-heartedness with which the community carried through its chosen task.

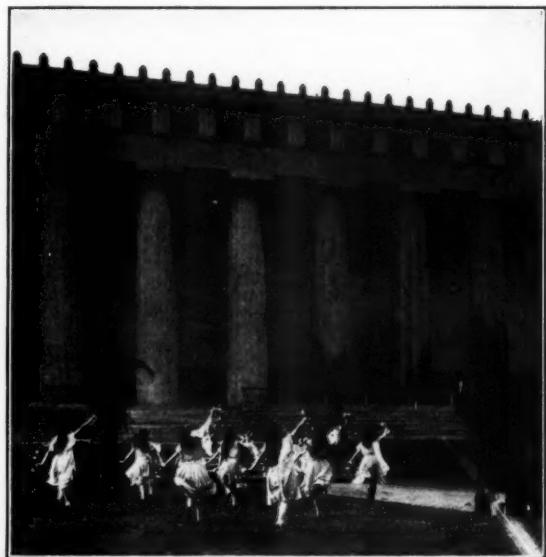
Sidney M. Hirsch, author and director of the pageant, is only twenty-nine years old. He was born in Nashville, but has traveled far and has already made something of a reputation as poet, journalist, orientalist and linguist. His associate, Frederic Henkel, who wrote the music for the pageant, is a young Nashville organist. Mrs. Benton McMillin, wife of an ex-governor of Tennessee, took the part of Pallas Athene. Local boys and girls, young men and women, filled in the cast of 600. A chorus of 500, a flock of 500 doves, a drove of 300 sheep and a chariot race were among the features of the spectacle.

The spot chosen for the production of the drama was the Centennial Park, the site of Nashville's Centennial Exposition in 1897. There are natural lakes, miles of drives, and in the center a reproduction of the Parthenon. This is the only accurate reproduction of the Parthenon in the world. It is a model of architectural grace and beauty. Long, slightly sloping hillocks of grass fall from it on every side, and it was on one of these hillocks, immediately in front of the east entrance of the building, that the pageant took place. "With the perfectly reproduced white-columned building as a background," comments a writer in *Musical America*, "the site was as ideal for a Greek drama as could be found anywhere."

In writing the play, Mr. Hirsch endeavored to conform, as far as possible, to Greek stand-

ards. He says (in the *Nashville Democrat*):

"It is not widely known and understood that Greek drama was primarily and es-



DANCING BEFORE THE AMERICAN PARTHENON

The Nashville pageant, "The Fire Regained," was held in front of the only accurate reproduction of the Parthenon to be found in the entire world.

sentially religious in character, and in this direction differs more than any other from modern drama. The plays in Greece were produced under sacerdotal authority. In fact, all who were connected with the production were of a religious persuasion. The Greek word for "actor" interpreted is moral teacher. Dramas themselves were sacred allegories, and had their source in religious myths.

"Our nearest modern approach to Grecian drama is that of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. But to the Greek the play meant far more than to a modern audience, for, firstly, if he was one of the multitude, mythological illusions and names of the gods were very familiar to him, and caused a ready association in his mind, for there were given during the year, and from his earliest childhood he was present at many religious festivities and feasts given in honor of these deities.

"Again, in the production of the drama the poet aimed at an artistry, technique and beauty of conception to appeal to the connoisseur and the artist, and lastly there was the allegory, the recondite, inner truth for the philosopher and scholar.

"There was no such thing as a run for a Grecian play. It was produced once and for all, at some festival in honor of some of the higher deities."

The title, "The Fire Regained," alludes to the fire that burned continually in the temple to Hestia, tended and guarded by thirty vestal virgins. The ancient belief was that if at any time this flame died out, its extinction was to be taken as an omen of wrath from the Olympian gods, and as betokening that one of the maidens had been untrue to her vows. On this motive the play turns.

The first scene shows a shepherd lying asleep under a tree. His flock of sheep are grazing nearby, tended by shepherd dogs. Suddenly a number of wood nymphs, dryads and other little maiden creatures of the woods appear, frolicking and dancing about. In the midst of their revel they are disturbed

by wood demons and satyrs, who pursue and attempt to capture them. The maidens retreat to the wood, and again the shepherd is left sleeping quietly.

Three muses are seen, sandal-shod and with flowing hair. They are Euterpe, Calliope and Polyhymnia, and they transmit to the shepherd the power of lyric, epic and religious poetry. For it seems that he has been chosen to perform an important mission.

Athene, the Goddess of Wisdom, next appears. All fall prostrate in reverence and awe. The goddess informs the youth that she has selected him as her messenger to race to Athens and save one of the thirty maidens who guards the sacred flame, who has been falsely accused of treason to her vows. The maiden is innocent, the goddess continues, and the accusation made against her is but the conniving of the underworld demons, and their machinations can only be defeated by the goodly youth defeating the runners of the underworld in a race to rescue the maiden.

At a glance from Athene the youth falls in a trance. The nine muses then wrap him in the white napery of the grave. Thirty-two somber men appear with torches, and after weird ceremony lower him into the sepulchre. As they would all depart, Athene, before the amazed eyes of the muses and somber-garbed men, resurrects the supposedly dead shepherd into life anew. She then gives the shepherd her shield and disappears.

Then Eros, the youthful God of Love, appears, leading Pegasus, a surpassingly beautiful white-winged stallion, seemingly aflame with light. The youth prays to the gods for help, mounts the horse and speeds off on his journey.

Arriving in Athens, he finds that the sacred flame on the altar before the Parthenon has gone out, and that one of the vestal virgins has been charged with unchastity in consequence. The High Priest has decreed that she be tried by ordeal.

Several tests have been applied, and these are exhibited in the drama. The first ordeal is that of dove flight, the maidens loosing hundreds of white doves with white streamers attached, and the men loosing black doves freighted with mourning bands. The oracle is to be decided, guilty if the doves fly to the left and innocent if to the right. A second ordeal is that of a chariot race between a maiden driving white horses, and a black-



A SOUTHERNER WITH A GREEK SOUL

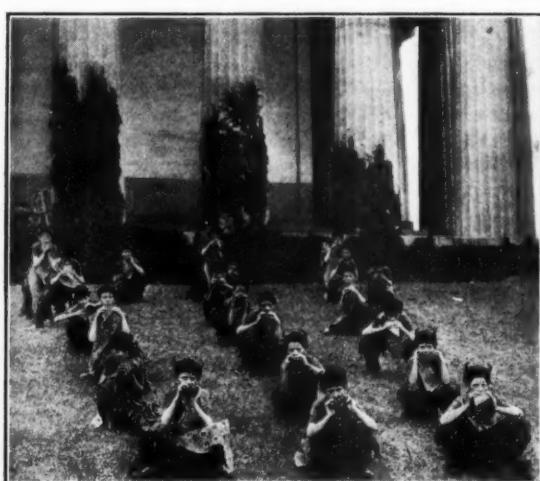
Mr. Sidney M. Hirsch wrote and directed the Greek pageant, "The Fire Regained," lately given before immense audiences in Nashville, Tennessee.

garbed male driving black horses. To the accompaniment of great moans and wailings from the maidens the black chariot wins, and the maiden is condemned to immediate horrible death.

The maiden is brought down to the altar and affixed to a post, with bulls facing her on either side. Then the high priest advances with the sacrificial knife to open the veins of the neck of the maiden, and cut the bonds of the bull. Just as he would strike, the god Hermes, with great authoritative voice, stays all proceedings. He informs them that the affair is no longer in the hands of mortals, for the gods have despatched five runners to decide the fate of the maiden. Just at this moment hideous demons with wriggling snakes in place of hair come into view. When they near the maiden they begin fighting amongst themselves for possession, and all fall prostrate in death. Then, to the shouts of great joy on the part of the maidens, the goodly runner breaks into view.

The young poet takes a hammer and strikes a rock, and a spark is communicated to the altar, and again the flame is rekindled. To the shouts of great acclaim, he releases the maiden, who, on becoming unbound, is discovered as the Goddess Athene herself, helmeted and triumphant. The goddess mounts to the altar and stands unharmed amidst the flames. The entire body of priests and people then sing triumphant paens of praise to supremest Jove.

The full text of the drama is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.



DRYADS IN NASHVILLE

The first scene of the Greek pageant recently produced in Tennessee was bucolic in spirit, and introduced dryads, satyrs and dancing maidens.

WORKING UP THE WAR SPIRIT ON THE FRENCH STAGE

DO the French want war so badly?" said one Paris correspondent of a London newspaper to another at the close of one of the plays that are lashing French jingo spirit to its limit.

"No, they don't really want war," was the reply. "What they want is the feeling of war."

War atmosphere is thick around Paris box offices, and has been so fattening to them that plays one would have thought diplomatic prudence would have kept away from the frontier, have been allowed production even at such sensitive points as Nancy and Luneville. It was not always thus: when within the year Lavedan's "Servir" was put into rehearsal at the Comédie Française the committee grew nervous at the last moment, and Lavedan, piqued, took his play to Sarah Bernhardt's stage, where, in spite of its unusual form, two acts, it was one of the breath-taking successes of the season. Considering what foreign relations have since had to stand, "Servir" seems mild, war-play tho' it be: it is everywhere compared to Corneille. The house of Col. Eulin, its hero, is full of souvenirs of his bravery in the Franco-Prussian War; overlooking the Invalides, barrack-music sounds continually from passing troops. One of his sons has been killed in a skirmish in Morocco, which we are led to believe was provoked by the hereditary enemy; the second is on duty in Africa; the third is an artillery lieutenant in Orleans. Col. Eulin has been forced out of the army by intrigue; half-mad from enforced idleness, he dreams only "to serve" his country in any way. The mother, stifled by the air of the home, depends most upon her third son, an anti-militarist, who is said to have told his subordinates that in case of war every man should act according to his own conscience. He has discovered a high explosive, whose terrible power he has tested by blowing up a deserted island off the Breton coast with as much as a nutshell would hold. But he desires to destroy the formula, and entrusts to his mother the few remaining cartridges. These the father determines to secure for his country, steals them, and sends for the Secretary of War. The official makes a swift and portentous visit, carries off the formula, and gives the cartridges back to the old man, with a letter containing sealed orders. The old soldier prepares with somber delight to die for his country, even upon an ignoble and degrading mission, but mother and son intercept him, and in a scene of great power and beauty, the fanatic states his case, the anti-militarist replies, and the two "unpack their hearts with words." At the height of their parox-

ysm of rage the news of the second son's death arrives, and the mother, who was ready to kill herself to stop her husband's attempt, calls now for revenge, the peace-loving son rushes off without farewell to volunteer for active service, and old Eulin, in a frenzy of devotion, departs to destroy himself with the enemies of his native land.

The play has made the infinitive famous. In three months Paris had not only "Servir," but "Vouloir," "Réussir" and more to come. Moreover, it started a wave of peculiar, frenetic patriotism, on which several plays that would not otherwise have seen the light have ridden to prosperity. The storm-center is naturally Alsace, anything about Alsace-Lorraine being popular in drama or literature just now. Says the *Revue Bleue*, if Alsace-Lorraine had not become, thanks to Maurice Barrès, nearer to the French than it was before 1871, a book like Hansi's "History of Alsace for my Nephews," in somewhat ponderous language and of apparently mere local interest, would have been hardly noticed, in spite of the illustrations by the author, a famous artist. But now it has had an extraordinary success. "As long as the Alsace-Lorraine wound remains open," says Wm. M. Fullerton in "Problems of Power," "Europe cannot expect France to accept the idea of disarmament or of arbitration on points of national honor." And the French dramatist is not going to let the wound show any signs of healing. Sarah Bernhardt's theater had a huge success with "Servir," Rejane's, with the actress in the leading rôle, surpassed it with "Alsace," by Leroux and Camille. Both are gestures of defiance across the border, but while the first was a noble whole-arm motion, the second is more like the gesture of a retreating small boy. The first act is thrilling, largely because it depends upon evoking memories. An Alsatian interior, furniture and costumes of the country, little flags of tricolor stuck up everywhere to welcome the home-coming, after many years, of the widow of an Alsatian gentleman, exiled with her for singing the Marianne during an evening's festivity—the action starts from the rise of the curtain. The widow finds that her son, whom she had left to grow up on his native soil, is betrothed to the daughter of a German resident, Marguerite Schwarz, from whom no prayers will turn him. A powerful scene closes the act: one by one peasants in the picturesque country dress enter to welcome the returning patriot; they beg her to sing "as on the great day." Standing at the piano, she strikes the keys softly, while under their breaths, as in prayer, the Alsatians sing "Ye sons of France, awake to glory," so that the audience often sings along

with actual tears, in an excitement that the dramatic critics agree the authors have utilized rather than created.

But the second act is pure comedy, and a peculiarly teasing kind. Pierre is uneasy in his new Franco-Prussian home. He thinks, perhaps, that it is the thought of his bleeding country, but it is more the sight of his father-in-law drinking beer in the morning, telling a circumstantial story of how a carrousel once enabled him to drink more beer when he had reached his normal limitations; it is the presence of so much embroidered literature on the sofa-cushions and towels of his room, so that he reads some message every time he washes his face or takes a nap. The very room, which is furnished with sardonic attention to detail, makes him squirm, tho—or because—it is in the very latest Prussian taste. His sister-in-law prefers Frenchmen, for in a restaurant you can see them talking with women without looking at the plates, whereas the Germans are eating without talking, except to find fault. "If they were talking with their wives," says her father, "it was because they were not their wives." The most maddening feature of the Germans is that they are so good-natured; Jacques realizes that this is because, as Schwarz says, "I know they laugh at us, but so do I laugh myself; that does not stop me from being a Herr Professor of the greatest nation on earth, which has conquered the world." In short, there is not one large question raised in this, the best act, but what is more lifelike, a swarm of petty differences, which drive the two ever apart. The only real conflict of nation against nation is when Marguerite comes for her husband's approval, robed in a Potsdamer Strasse creation of pink and green, with a gold belt, and he asks her if she is really going out on the street in that. But in the third act war is declared; Jacques's mother calls him to France, his wife to join his regiment in Poland; a mob passes the window shouting "Down with the French," he cries "Vive la France," and is shot, dying in his mother's arms. At the final curtain at the first performance women were hysterical, and it always goes down on the greatest excitement. There are nine Germans in the play; not one is made anything but laughable, and one, at least, detestable. It must go well along the frontier.

A melodramatic play, "Coeur de Française," dealing with espionage, ran for several months in Paris, and was just to be given in various provincial towns, including Nancy, when the government, says the *London Times*, forbade it there and at Luneville. Guitry's success in "Servir" led Coquelin the younger to revive "Les Oberlé."

Science and Discovery

THE WORLD'S SUPREME PHYSICIST FROM THE STAND-POINT OF OSTWALD'S THEORY OF GENIUS

If we endeavor to build up to its highest pinnacle Auguste Compte's pyramid of sciences, in which natural science follows upon mathematics and is succeeded by physiology and finally by sociology, we reach as the highest of imaginable sciences the science of Geniology, the science of genius, of the excelling man, affirms Professor Wilhelm Ostwald, famous for his researches in this field. That such a science has been possible is known—has been known for half a century, he insists. The investigations of Sir Francis Galton in England, of de Candolle in Geneva, and of some recent workers in Germany, have proved to demonstration that even this rare and shining phenomenon is subject to definite natural laws, discoverable by a careful scrutiny of available facts, laws the significance of which is very great, since the position of any nation among the nations of the world is determined by the qualities and the efficiency of its men of genius.

On surveying the life of Sir William Ramsay in the light of this the youngest of the sciences, one is struck by the extraordinary consistency to be found in it, a consistency by virtue of which the rapid succession of astonishing discoveries filling the latter portion of his life appears as the necessary consequence of a natural and regular process, and almost resembles the working of a machine. Professor Ostwald proceeds in the columns of *Nature*:

"Here we find nothing of the irregular curves with distinct maxima occurring in other types of genius, and usually in the most marked degree in youth, as in the case of Sir Humphry Davy, Sir William Ramsay's fellow-countryman, who resembles him in many respects. Ramsay recalls Davy by the brilliancy and the striking originality of his discoveries, which had no relation with any school or predecessor. In Davy's case these discoveries appear more as disconnected peaks suddenly arising from an average level. In Ramsay's case, on the other hand, we can observe how one discovery follows another, how comparatively modest and unobtrusive investigations, which have been accepted in their due place in the great register of the sciences, appear as the necessary foundations for truths

of such novelty that their possibility was not even conceived before they were scientifically communicated.

"This natural-law consistency is seen in the first instance in William Ramsay's descent. He has himself explained that his male ancestors for seven generations were dyers, thus handing down to him as a long inheritance a familiarity with chemical processes and a facility in chemical ways of thinking. On the mother's side, again, a series of physicians have provided the inherited capacity of the great scientific discoverer. But of all these men, none even remotely resembles Sir William in his eminence among his contemporaries, and, in this case, as in all similar cases, the question arises, how it is possible that such a genius arises from people of good average capacity.

"It has, indeed, been established by Galton that an efficiency exceeding the average, but not amounting to genius, is in some families inherited through a whole series of generations. But here we have to deal with one of those extraordinary cases where an average efficiency was well evidenced through a number of generations, but suddenly made way for an incomparably higher personality, in which indeed the characteristic qualities of previous generations can be recognized, but which far surpasses its progenitors in efficiency.

"If we bear in mind the well-known laws of heredity discovered by Mendel and de Vries, we know that every descendant is a mosaic of those qualities which have been transmitted to him partly by the father and partly by the mother. In the face of this fact the problem arises how such an unusual personality can be descended from parents of average ability, since it is just from these laws of heredity that we should conclude that another average equipment would result."

The answer which Professor Ostwald would venture as regards this problem is this: The portions of the inheritance constituting a new being probably only on rare occasions fit together or harmonize with each other. The adolescent man then applies the greatest portion of his energy in the task of organizing these accidental inheritances for the purpose of common work and harmonious cooperation, and this task uses up the greater part of the available energy, and withdraws it from productive work. It is only in rare cases that the inheritances are so

constituted that they fit each other from the beginning, so that the young man has not to expend any energy on the mutual harmonizing of his elements, but can immediately set about his creative work. Such a case seems to be that of Sir William Ramsay. On one occasion he described himself as a precocious, dreamy youth, of somewhat unconventional education. The precociousness is a practically universal phenomenon of incipient genius, and the dreamy quality indicates that original production of thought which lies at the basis of all creative activity.

His father, being a man of practical pursuits, who, however, in his free time zealously cultivated scientific works, such as quaternions and geology, introduced young William to the great passion of his life, chemistry, and, as is often the case, an accident was the immediate cause of the new departure. Young William had broken a leg at football, and to ease the tedium of convalescence, his father had given him Graham's "Chemistry" to study, and also brought him small quantities of many chemicals with which he could carry out the experiments described in the text-book. Sir William himself says that it was chiefly the question how fireworks could be prepared which induced him to study Graham's "Chemistry." But very soon the general scientific interest gained the upper hand, and this can very characteristically be gathered from the fact that he persuaded his people to take a practical part in the pursuits which interested him.

"The greatest influence was exerted upon him by William Thomson, whose curious and impressive method of teaching has been graphically and amusingly described by his great pupil. He gave him as a first problem a large heap of old copper wire in the laboratory, and instructed him to take out the kinks from it, and from the way in which the young student accomplished the task Thomson seems to have derived a favorable judgment as to his capacity for solving larger problems. We can imagine that if such an originally constituted spirit could be at all affected by teaching, he must have been profoundly affected by this teacher. For William Thomson belonged to the same type of 'romantic' or rapidly producing investigators as did Ramsay him-

self, and hence he made a particularly strong and permanent impression on that plastic developing genius. . . .

"Nor shall we err in supposing that the method of working a laboratory, as developed under the inspiring guidance of Liebig in Germany, and spread over the laboratories of the whole world as common property of chemical science, has exerted a very profound influence on Ramsay's talents and ideals as a teacher. In any case, we can state that he has approached the great example of Liebig as closely as any distinguished teacher of chemistry since that great time. Particularly in England his extraordinary facility of organizing work in a great laboratory, with a diversity of the most varied talents, must be regarded as very rare, considering that they spread over many different regions of science, and thus make results possible which turn out afterward to be of fundamental importance.

"It is very interesting to observe from Ramsay's own communications how he gradually found his way out of organic chemistry, at that time the object of chief interest, into that other region which has since found an independent place as physical, or rather general chemistry. It was first certain practical problems, such as the determination of vapor densities, which introduced him to the more physical problems of chemistry. Here we find the first marks of the growing genius, in the extraordinary independence in the choice of means of solving the problem. Thus he used the pitches of pipes of fixed dimensions for the deter-

mination of vapor densities, and thus utilized his own musical talents."

Thus, while other discoverers were satisfied with single new elements, Ramsay discovered a whole class of elementary substances. Then when in 1896 Becquerel demonstrated during his stay in Paris his newly discovered dark rays of uranium from which later the discovery of radium resulted, Ramsay showed the keenest interest, and undertook in his own laboratory an investigation of these phenomena.

This work led up to the greatest discovery made by our great investigator, the discovery of the real transmutation of one element into another. The gaseous emanation of radium, which at first had behaved as an entirely new body, showed after some time the lines of helium, and, finally, it was definitely proved that radium in its spontaneous decomposition produced helium in a perfectly regular way. If Ramsay had not come to know helium beforehand as his own child, so to speak, and if he had not, in the course of his work on rare gases, acquired the skill of working with almost immeasurably small quantities of such substances, he would probably not have succeeded in this capital discovery, which placed him among the very first chemical discoverers.

"Following upon this work, Sir William Ramsay originated a series of other

investigations, some of which are not yet finished, and cannot therefore be dealt with in this place, more especially as he is still at an age at which we may expect great and manifold achievements from him which preclude a final judgment upon his work.

"But it may be possible to describe the general type to which Sir William Ramsay belongs as a discoverer. It has already been said that he undoubtedly belongs to the 'romantic' type, working with an unusual speed of reaction, and marked by rapid and various productions. The marked peculiarity of this type of investigators, which enables them to train a great number of budding talents and to spur them to extraordinary efforts, has been brilliantly brought out. We may regard the physico-chemical school of Sir William Ramsay as the most important chemical school of his country for a large number of years. He has not been spared the fate of the 'romantic' school, inasmuch as he has on occasion made an error in his discoveries. When the unheard-of number of new elements derived from the air rattled down upon the astonished world of chemists, one of these elements, which had been given the name metargon, on account of its similarity with argon, turned out to be carbon monoxide, which had entered the gases by an impurity in the phosphorus. This error did not do much damage, especially since, as Sir William Ramsay remarks himself, there is always in such a case a large number of good friends who hasten to point out and correct such inaccuracy."

SECRET OF THE SATISFACTION WE DERIVE FROM CERTAIN STENCHES

MOST people imagine that smells can be classified as sweet or vile in an absolute sense. The smell of a flower is assumed to be sweet and the odor of putrefaction is deemed vile. The truth is, according to the *Paris Cosmos*, that habit, the association of ideas and individual temperament determine the reality of these impressions. There are in Paris municipal employees who so love the odor of the sewers in which they toil that they feel indisposed after their retirement upon a pension. They drop back into the old associations now and then for a whiff of the stench. This is not morbid. The smell of the rose sickens not a few persons. Nor are they to be deemed morbid. It is we, with our sensitivity to perfumes, who are the morbid. We are over-perfumed by the barber, the hairdresser and even by the doctor.

Time was when men lived in magnificence amid the worst conceivable stenches. They loved those stenches just as to-day we all love particular odors of a disagreeable kind. The smell of a newly printed book delights the bibliophile altho it makes some people sick at the stomach. The odor of

the newly manufactured glove in large quantities is overpowering to certain sensibilities, yet it is not a stench. For a stench in the true meaning of the word we must consider the noses of our seventeenth and eighteenth-century ancestors. Marie Antoinette lived amid odors so vile that rustics fresh from the fields fainted from the first whiff, but the Queen did not mind them. One or two of her ladies were delighted with these consequences of bad plumbing, for that was the cause of the stench they loved. *The British Medical Journal* supplies details even more surprising:

"The French memoirs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are full of disgusting details of the insanitary state of Paris, including the Louvre itself. The palace of the French kings was open to the public more freely than the White House at Washington is to the citizens of the great Republic of the West. Taking into account the fact that the customs of the French people, as of most other nations in the good old days, were filthier in some respects than those of primitive man, the state of the dwelling of the sovereign may easily be imagined. . . . The mere reading about these things al-

most makes a modern reader sick. But probably among those to the manner born it caused no inconvenience, and the recollection of the stenches of the Louvre and Versailles in later days was even associated in loyal breasts with tender feelings of regret for the past. The famous architect Viollet-le-Duc says that even in the unsavory details that have been referred to the old tradition was revived at the Restoration. He remembered the stenches which pervaded the corridors of Saint Cloud in the days of Louis XVIII. One day when a mere boy he visited the palace at Versailles in the company of an elderly lady who had been an ornament of the court of Louis XV. In going about they found their way into a passage where their nostrils were assailed by the foulest odors. The old lady inhaled these with the deepest pleasure, exclaiming rapturously, 'Ah! that reminds me of the beautiful past.' It is well known that the olfactory nerve often retains impressions more vividly than any of the other senses; hence the smell of a flower will call up in an old man the memory of a scene of youthful love or awaken forgotten associations. It is natural enough, therefore, that a once familiar stench should bring back a vanished past. But an old court beauty finding food for a fine sentiment in a stink is what Carlyle would call a comic-pathetic figure."

SIR RAY LANKESTER ON THE PREVENTION OF DECAY CAUSED BY ADVANCING YEARS

EXCESSIVE indulgence in alcohol together with a widespread infectious disease are the chief causes in youth and middle life of that poisoning of the nobler tissues which results in the hardening of the arteries and the replacement of important "nobler" tissues by fibrous packing or connective tissues. Thus comes on that decay and enfeeblement which mark the arrival of the old-age period in man. These causes, however, declares Sir Ray Lankester in his recent paper on the subject, are under our control. A third cause, according to Metchnikoff, is the poisoning of the tissues by products manufactured through microbes in the large intestine and absorbed into the blood. The grounds for this conclusion and the ways in which this cause of senile decay may be avoided are considered at length by Sir Ray Lankester and set forth by him in the London *Telegraph*:

"An old and accepted saying is 'A man is as old as his arteries.' It points to the fact not only that the hardening of the walls of the arteries is itself destructive of health and dangerous to life, but that similar changes in other parts besides the walls of the arteries are going on at the same time. If we could prevent the poisoning of the body by the products of intestinal microbes, in addition to avoiding excess in the use of alcohol and infection by the *Treponema* microbe—two precautions which are assuredly within our power—we should in all probability be able to ensure for mankind a healthy and happy old age.

"The human intestine contains an enormous quantity of bacteria which, according to the researches of the eminent biologist, Strassburger, increase at the rate of 128 million millions a day. That gives some indication of the gigantic number present.* They are not all of one kind, but comprise an enormous variety, some of which are more abundant than others. One-third part of the human excreta consists of these bacteria! There are but few, relatively, in the active digesting portion of the alimentary canal. By far the greater number are lodged in the terminal or lower part of the intestine, which is called the 'large intestine' or 'colon,' and is in man without action as a digestive organ. This is a very wide but short portion of the intestine, as broad as three fingers, and only from five to six feet in length. It is disposed as an ascending, a transverse, and a descending portion, the last ending in the rectum and the vent. The food, before it reaches the 'large intestine,' has passed through the oesophagus ten inches long, the stomach—a pear-shaped sac holding five pints and about ten inches long—and the small intestine, which is from twenty-five to thirty feet long. This part of the in-

testine is called 'small' because it is a narrow tube little more than an inch broad, disposed or packed within the abdomen in undulating coils and convolutions. It joins the much wider but short 'large intestine' just within the right edge of the bony hip or pelvic basin. Here is situated, at the commencement of the large intestine, the curious little sac, 'the cæcum,' with its wormlike blind process—the 'vermiform appendix'—which so often becomes diseased and has to be removed by the surgeon. The whole of the digestive process of man takes place in the stomach and in the twenty-five feet of small intestine; none in the cæcum or in the large intestine. The cæcum, or blind sac, and the six feet of large intestine are quite useless. No digestion goes on in them; but the remains of the food passing into them putrefy under the action of the enormous population of bacteria."

The products of the putrefaction produced by some (though not all) of the kinds of bacteria usually present in man's large intestine are definite poisons. These poisons (phenol and indol) have been identified by physiological chemists and followed after their absorption into the blood. They are eventually passed out of the body by the kidneys. In healthy, vigorous people they are not produced in sufficient quantity to do much harm. But it is owing to their production that constipation has such injurious results, and in all persons of sedentary habits, or those in whom the intestine is weakened and does not rapidly empty itself, very serious disturbances—headache, lassitude, and even poisoning of the brain (mania)—are the consequence of their formation. There seems to be sufficient experimental ground for concluding that these poisons when absorbed act upon the 'nobler' tissues so as to enfeeble them and stimulate the eater-cells to activity and to the destruction of the former and the replacement of them by useless, inert, fibrous, connective tissues.

Here, then, we find present in man a wide, capacious tract of intestine which is not only of no use to him, but a seat of positive and serious danger.

"The large intestine is one of the many instances of 'disharmony' between the more recently acquired habits or mode of life of an organism and its ancient inherited structure, whether this be structure of other organs or of the brain and nervous system exhibited in instincts. It has long been recognized that in man there are many such delays (for so we may consider them) in the adjustment of this or that part of his mechanism to the new conditions to which, on the whole, he has become successfully adapted so as to flourish and spread over the

whole surface of the world. The useless 'wisdom teeth,' clearly on the way to disappear altogether, are an instance.... "Can man then step in and himself 'artificially' bring about the disappearance of the 'disharmony' of his intestinal structure, so as to avoid poisoning himself by putrefactive bacteria? He has already in various ways undertaken a certain amount of such carving and remodelling of his own structure. The dwindle cæcum and its wormlike termination are naturally, but slowly, on their way to disappearance. In the horse and the rabbit they are of twenty times the size, relatively to the rest of the body, which they present in man. Surgeons now remove from man the dwindle piece which is the most dangerous on account of its liability to ulceration and abscess, namely, the worm-like appendix. Not only that, but (in, it is true, a much smaller number of cases) the whole of the large intestine has in recent years been removed from patients because its diseased state had led to excessive absorption of putrefactive poison from its contents. A considerable number of persons are alive and well who have undergone this operation, and are all the better for having no large intestine!"

Though, as Metchnikoff says, we cannot expect, in spite of the progress of surgery, to see in our time the large intestine removed by operation as a usual thing, yet perhaps, in the distant future, such a proceeding will become the rule.

Failing this remedy, there remain to us two procedures in order to preserve humanity against the senile decay due to the poisons produced by certain putrefactions of the contents of the large intestine. The first is to control the intestinal flora—the flora of bacteria—so as to exclude from the large intestine the poison-producing kind, which gets "sown" or carried into it inevitably with the raw food we swallow; the second is to inject into the blood and tissues "serums" prepared, as we now can see our way to prepare them, so that they shall have the property either of strengthening and encouraging the resistance of the nobler tissue-cells, those of brain, glands, and muscles, or, on the other hand, have the property of holding in check the phagocytes and the fibre-forming tissues restraining the undesirable invasions and multiplication by them in highly developed organs.

The problem of controlling our intestinal "gardens," and cultivating there what bacteria we choose, and destroying or weeding out those we discover to be harmful, has advanced further towards solution than has the problem of preparing the serums suggested. A very simple fact in regard to the bacteria comes to our aid. It is this.

* SCIENCE FROM AN EASY CHAIR. By Sir Ray Lankester. Henry Holt and Company.

Some bacteria will grow only in an alkaline liquid, other kinds will only grow in an acid liquid. A slight predominance of alkaline or acid is sufficient. The bacterium which produces the "phenol-indol" poisons in the large intestine absolutely requires slightly alkaline surroundings. You have only to make the contents of the large intestine somewhat acid, and the poisonous "weed" is stopped, never again to flourish so long as the acid condition is maintained. It might be supposed that this end could be attained by the simple swallowing of acid fluids. But that is not so. It is not possible (without injury) to take sufficient quantities of acid to keep the large intestine contents acid, observes the brilliant Sir Ray Lankester:

"Fortunately, there is a microbe—the lactic bacillus—which can, and does, grow in the large intestine (when encouraged to do so), and produces from sugar a very efficient acid, called 'lactic acid.' All we have to do then is to swallow the lactic bacillus and also suitable sugar in such quantity that they shall pass through all the thirty feet of the alimentary canal, and arrive in the large intestine, there to grow and suppress, by the production of

acid, the acid-hating poisonous bacteria. Many races of men have for ages carried out this procedure, feeding largely on 'sour milk,' which is milk turned acid by the lactic bacillus, which lives and swarms in the soured liquid. It has been found that there is no difficulty in taking every day such a quantity of 'sour milk' and appropriate sugar as shall ensure the establishment of the acid-producing 'lactic' bacillus in the large intestine of man. A vast number of persons in Europe and America, especially those who were suffering from the more obvious effects of the absorption of poison from the large intestine—have of late years adopted this régime with complete success. It has been found, definitely and precisely by chemical analysis, that persons who were passing the phenol-indol poisons through the kidneys (having absorbed them from the large intestine) so soon as their large intestines become 'planted' with the lactic organism, cease to absorb those poisons and to evacuate them through the kidneys. The poisons are no longer produced. The problem of cultivating one's own bacterial garden in the large intestine seems certainly to have been solved, and a definite step taken towards freeing our tissues of the poisons due to alkaline putrefaction in the large intestine, which are one of the chief causes of 'senile decay.'"

As to the injection into the human body of serums designed to strengthen the higher or nobler elements of the organism and to weaken the aggressive capacity of the phagocyte or eater-cells, this method is suggested by Metchnikoff not as an actual but as a possible solution of the problem, worthy of consideration. Serums capable of poisoning particular kinds of cells have been prepared (by Dr. Bordet, of the Pasteur Institute) by taking samples of any one kind of cell—say, those of the liver or the kidney or the red blood corpuscles—from one species of animal (A) and injecting them alive and fresh into the blood of another species of animal (B). After several injections spread over some days, the blood serum of the animal operated on (B) becomes destructive or poisonous to the particular kind of cells taken from the animal (A) for injection when applied (by injection) to that kind of cells in a living animal of the first species (A). It has been found that such serums injected in large quantities into the animal species A destroy the kind of cells used in their preparation, but if injected in smaller quantities strengthen them.

WHY SO MANY CHILDREN ARE SUPERIOR TO THEIR DEGENERATE PARENTS

NOTHING in the brief history of that newest of the sciences, eugenics, has been so baffling as the existence of the intelligent children of feeble-minded parents. There are on record instances of boys and girls springing from a degenerate ancestry going back some generations. Yet those boys and girls are sometimes very creditable specimens of humanity. The facts in their cases are not less puzzling than the splendid children resulting from the union of alcoholic parents who were studied at length by Doctor Karl Pearson a few years ago.

Instances of this kind prompt Doctor Charles B. Davenport, of the Carnegie Institution, to propound a theory on the transmission of feeble-mindedness of a kind, notes London *Nature*, very different from that suggested by himself and Doctor Weeks two years or so ago. According to Professor Davenport's earlier view, feeble-mindedness and epilepsy are both due to the absence of a "gametic" or hereditary factor the presence of which is necessary for normal development. They are thus transmitted as a simple "recessive" or latent character which might appear in either or both of these forms.

Results quite incompatible with this view, according to London *Nature*,

however, are yielded by material just collected by Professor Davenport for the eugenic records office on Long Island, in New York. Another and more complex theory is suggested. Thus, when two feeble-minded parents whose defect is of the same type are mated, all their children will reproduce it. Where, on the other hand, the type of mental defect of one parent is different from that of another, none of their children need necessarily be feeble-minded at all.* In the language of the report issued by Doctor Florence H. Danielson and Doctor Charles B. Davenport, after their careful investigations:

"We may find one case of feeble-mindedness wherein the individual is cruel, and keen in the pursuit of mischief, but unable to learn, and another case in which he is kind and learns quite readily, but is shiftless and devoid of judgment and the ability to apply his knowledge. Such instances seem to indicate that these different traits which characterize the types of feeble-mindedness may furnish a truer basis for a theory of inheritance. One combination of certain traits presents one sort of feeble-mindedness, and another combination another sort. Working on this hypothesis, the possibility of obtaining from two parents

whose defects are due to different traits (or the lack of them) a child who may be superior to either parent as a member of society, is to be expected. For instance, if such traits follow the Mendelian principle, a man who is industrious but apathetic and unable to connect cause and effect (*i. e.*, lacks good judgment) so that he cannot compete in business, married to a shiftless woman who is keen and shrewd, even to a vice, may have offspring in which the father's industry and the mother's mental ability are combined so that they may be superior to either parent. For if the feeble-mindedness of the father's type and that of the mother's type are gametically independent and each recessive to the normal condition, they may produce normal children. . . .

"The analysis of the data, then, gives statistical support to the conclusion abundantly justified from numerous other considerations, that feeble-mindedness is no elementary trait, but is a legal or sociological, rather than a biological term. Feeble-mindedness is due to the absence, now of one set of traits, now of quite a different set. Only when both parents lack one or more of the same traits do the children all lack the traits. So, if the traits lacking in both parents are socially important, the children all lack socially important traits, *i. e.*, are feeble-minded. If, on the other hand, the two parents lack different socially significant traits, so that each parent brings into the combination the traits that the other lacks, all of the children may be without serious lack and all pass for 'normal.'"

* THE HILL FOLK. REPORT ON A RURAL COMMUNITY OF HEREDITARY DEFECTIVES. Eugenic Records Office. Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, N. Y.

THE REAL MISSING LINK IN THE CHAIN OF EVOLUTION

TO the layman the most serious defect in the record of evolution is the absence of a connecting link between man and the ape. To the morphologist, dealing with the broader aspect of the problem, that of structure, it is the absence of a whole series of connecting links between the vertebrates and the invertebrates. To this effect contends Professor William Patten, holder of the chair of zoology at Dartmouth and head of the department of biology there. The evolution of the vertebrates, he says, has extended over many millions of years. During all that time no change in the general plan of their structure has taken place. The vertebrates form an essentially continuous, united group. The differences between the most widely separated members of the group, as, for example, a fish and a human being, are differences in degree and not in kind. They are differences in the details of structure, and in the relative size and location of organs and parts of organs or in the measure

of their functions. There is no difference whatever in their serial location, in their fundamental structure or in their mode of growth. Every important part of the digestive, excretory and reproductive systems and of the skull, nose, eye, ear, heart and brain of a fish is readily recognized by the trained anatomist in the corresponding organs of man. To quote from Dr. Patten's article in *The Popular Science Monthly*:

"The first vertebrates to make their appearance on the face of the earth were fishes. They are still wonderfully well preserved as fossils in the rocks of the Devonian period; and it is perfectly clear that, when alive, they were practically identical in structure with certain fishes now living. But we have no records of true fishes from an earlier period; from this point downwards into the abyss of time, without warning or apparent reason, the vertebrates drop from the records, although the records themselves remain, and they contain, both after that period and for an immeasurably long time previous to it, a full, even a detailed, account of nearly every known group of invertebrates. Why do the vertebrates disappear at this point? Where did they come from? What kind of invertebrates were their ancestors? How did the anatomical structures peculiar to all vertebrates originate? Heretofore no one has been able to give even an approximately satisfactory answer to these questions. Here indeed is a great gap in the evolution of the animal kingdom. It is not merely one link that is missing; the whole middle section, perhaps two-thirds of the entire animal kingdom, is either absent, or, if present, it has not been recognized and properly located.

As there is no apparent resemblance between the structural plan of any known invertebrate and that of a vertebrate, there is no way of uniting the higher animals with the lower; no way of deciding what was the great trunk line of evolution.

"This is a serious defect in the very foundations of the biological sciences. While it remains we are compelled to admit that, with all our boasted schemes of classification according to genetic relationships, the whole class of vertebrates hangs in mid-air over an unknown and apparently inaccessible abyss; that we are totally ignorant of the great creative period in the evolution of the highest

type of animals; that we know nothing of the way in which the fundamental structural features of man arose; that we have no basis for the interpretation of the early stages of his embryonic development; and no clue to the initial significance of a single one of his characteristic organs, such as the mouth, notochord, skeleton, lungs, jaws, appendages, heart, thymus, thyroids, pituitary body, pineal gland, sense organs and brain!"

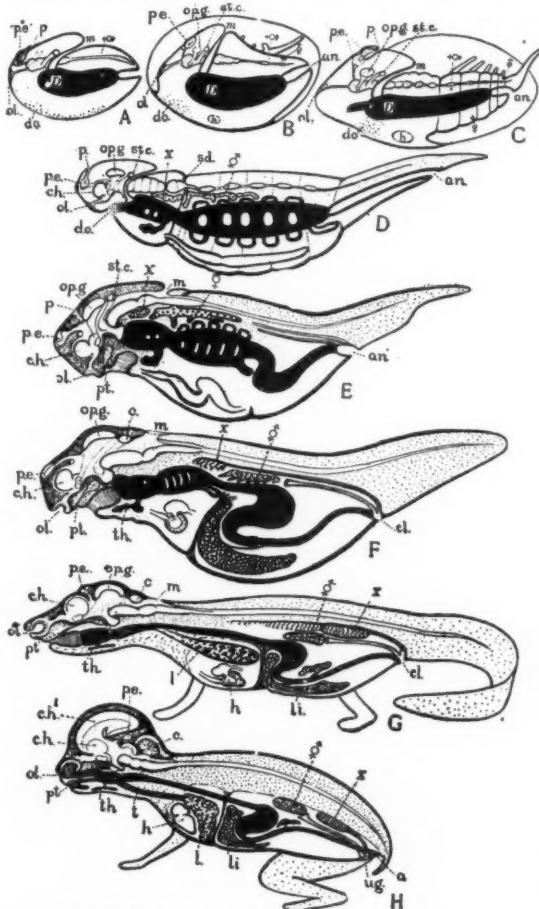
Some years ago, while working on the development of the eyes of arthropods, Professor Patten discovered that the forebrain of the embryo scorpion is gradually covered by an overgrowing fold of skin that converts the brain into a hollow vesicle.* During this process one or two pairs of eyes are transferred from the outer surface of the head to the blind end of the median tube that projects from the membranous roof of the brain. The details of the whole process by which the eyes were transferred from the outer surface of the head to the inside of the brain were unique in the invertebrates. They were also so similar to what takes place in the formation of the rudimentary pineal eye of vertebrates that everything clearly pointed to some intimate relation, with reference to their origin, between the two groups.

To test what at first sight appeared so improbable, a careful study of the anatomy and development of several types of arachnids—spiders—was made. Much to Professor Patten's astonishment, it was found that the brain of the arachnids resembles that of the vertebrates in its general shape, in its subdivision into several regions and in the character of their appropriate nerves and sense organs:

"The arachnids possessed skeletal structures comparable, respectively, with the dermal bones, cranium, gill-bars and notochord of vertebrates; and finally it was seen that the development of the embryo and the formation of the germ layers in the arachnids not only harmonized with but illuminated the corresponding conditions in the vertebrates.

"It was evident that in their fundamental structure the arachnids resembled the vertebrates more than did any other invertebrates; and they resembled them in so many different ways that it became more and more improbable that all these resemblances could be mere coincidences, or could be reasonably accounted for as duplications of structure due to similar functions, or to environment, or to any conceivable cause other than community of origin. Nevertheless, it was hardly possible that the vertebrates came from modern air-breathing scorpions, or spiders, for the lowest vertebrates undoubtedly came from marine animals.

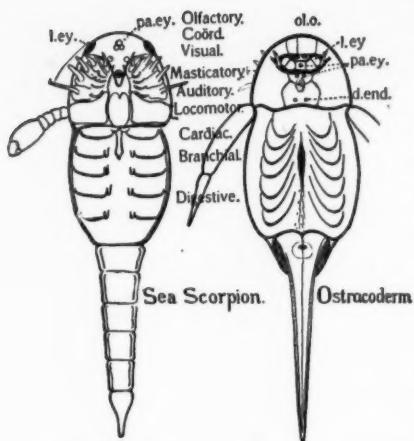
"But the modern land arachnids are descendants of a large group of very



Courtesy P. Blakiston's Son & Co.
HOW WE SHAPED OURSELVES AS WE BECAME MAN

The letters in the diagram refer to the various portions of the evolving anatomy which have their equivalents in the structure of man. The names themselves are too technical to convey an idea to the average layman. The following capital letters signify: A, nauplius stage; B, ostracode; C, cladoceran; D, mero-stome; E, transitional; F, larval fish; G, amphibian; H, mammalian. The diagrams are taken from the work on the evolution of the vertebrates which has lately come from the pen of Professor Patten.

* THE EVOLUTION OF THE VERTEBRATES AND THEIR KIN. By William Patten, Ph.D. P. Blakiston's Son & Company.



From the Popular Science Monthly

OUR GENERAL ANCESTORS

We are derived possibly from the ostracoderm, as is pointed out by the distinguished Professor Patten in his study of the evolution of the vertebrates.

ancient marine arachnids, the trilobites and merostomata, or giant sea-scorpions, which flourished in the early Cambrian and Ordovician periods, long before any vertebrates were known to exist. They

were also found, altho in rapidly diminishing numbers, in the two following periods, and often in the very same deposits in which the first vertebrates are found. Moreover, during the Silurian and Devonian periods, and living in intimate association with the declining marine arachnids and the earliest vertebrates, there was known to exist a peculiar class of animals called the Ostracoderms. Very little was known about them."

Here, then, contrary to all our preconceived ideas, was a possible new solution of an old and very important problem—the most important one before the morphologist since Darwin's time. It was evident that this solution of it, if sustained, would lead to more radical changes in the classification of the animal kingdom than any that have been made since the time of Cuvier and Lamarck. Stated concisely, it is this: At some time towards the close of what is called in geology the Cambrian period the sea scorpions probably gave rise to the ostracoderms. The latter, during the Silurian period, gave rise to the fishes, or first true vertebrates.

This is an entirely new interpretation

in the field of evolution. Says Dr. Patten:

"In their fundamental structure, living arachnids resemble primitive vertebrates. The ancestral arachnids were marine forms, present in the oldest records we have; they flourished in the Cambrian, and were the highest type of animals in existence at that time. The ostracoderms flourished in the following, or Silurian, period and were the highest type of their time. They had some points in common with their predecessors, the marine arachnids, and also with the true fishes that appeared in the next, or Devonian, period, and which were likewise the highest type of their time. The inference is obvious, that the marine arachnids, the ostracoderms, and the fishes, represent three successive stages in the evolution of the animal kingdom, just as in the later periods the fishes, amphibia and mammals represent successive stages in the evolution of the vertebrates. If this inference is correct, then the whole creative period in the evolution of the vertebrate stock should become an open book, because the materials, both living and fossil, with which one can unravel the evolution of the arachnids, are apparently abundant and accessible."

THE DEPRAVITY OF FISHES

HATRED, savagery, selfishness, bullying and greed sway the world in which the fish exists, according to one of the most careful aquarium authorities in the country, William E. Meehan. This expert has studied the fish in captivity to much purpose and we find him in *The Independent* giving the creature a very bad character. Love is absent from the nature of the fish, he insists, "unless the brief courtship which forms the prelude to the act of spawning be called love." Except the transient savage defense of some nest-building fishes, and the few days of solicitude which a few others display, parental affection is unknown to the fish. A carnivorous fish will devour its own young with gusto as soon as they are turned loose to shift for themselves. And while these savage traits are so conspicuous in aquatic beings, it is astonishing how much more these creatures will submit to from each other than from human beings.

"Place a number of different kinds and sizes of turtles in a small space, and the forbearance which is exhibited might well be a lesson to man. Big and little will crawl about, heedless of each other's comfort, or security from harm. A small painted terrapin, for instance, will clamber solidly over the head of a vicious snapper, and the chances are that the latter will merely duck its head, or move to one side so that the claws of the former will not injure its eyes. There seems at such times a look of patient resignation or sullen submission, which

would immediately change to savage resentment and fierce attack if a man made a hundredth part of the commotion. These creatures appear to be able to distinguish between 'no offense meant' and intentional mauling. While they submit to the one they will fight over the other, if fight has not been previously thrashed out of them."

Carnivorous fishes seem to be natural bullies in the light of Mr. Meehan's observations. In a group occupying a restricted space there is nearly always one fish that will torment the others. Nor is it the largest necessarily. There were for months, he writes, two small-mouth bass and nine large-mouth bass confined in the same tank. The smallest of the entire party, a small-mouth bass of nine inches, hectored the others continually and succeeded in reserving an entire half of the tank for himself. The others were obliged to huddle themselves in a far corner of the remainder of the tank. The ten fish submitted to this treatment from the very beginning without the semblance of a fight. This particular bully never attempted to injure its victims. If one of them ventured beyond the prohibited line, the autocrat would swim slowly forward and with open mouth push the venturesome fish back to its quarters. When, after a lapse of some months, the bully died, one of the fish that had been its humble subjects took the leadership and ruled just as absolutely. But all such despots of the fishy world do not avoid violence as did this particular specimen:

"Some of them exercise their power with relentless cruelty, and go to the length of forbidding those under their control to feed, even when the tormenting fish have already gorged to the utmost of their stretched capacity. Neither do bullies learn by bitter experience to show forbearance. A certain seven-inch trout is an instance in point: This fish had made life miserable for an aquarium full of trout slightly smaller than itself. Finally the hectoring became so outrageous that the offender was removed, and placed in an aquarium containing a number of trout several inches larger than itself.

"The moment it was dropped into the tank its new companions made a rush at it, and huddling behind an out-flow pipe, it escaped only by a hair's breadth from furnishing a meal to one or another of the inhospitable occupants. In this place the young bully remained for three days, in a state of abject terror, constantly guarded by a relentless group, anxious for it to move but a quarter of an inch, so that they could gobble it up.

"At length, hoping that a lesson had been learned, the trout was returned to its first quarters. Unfortunately, its terrifying experience was soon forgotten. Less than an hour after its return, the trout was the same arrogant bully as before."

Fishes distinguish between those of their kind which have been wounded and those which are diseased. The wounded or crippled are joyfully assailed as a comfortable meal and devoured with "unpitiless, relentless, conscienceless pleasure," while the attitude of a fish towards a sick or dying comrade is that of flinty indifference. He

may lie in a little heap on the bottom or he may writhe in the struggle with death. To the other fish he is only an obstacle in the way of the nearest tidbit or luncheon.

Pitched battles are not rare in the tanks. These battles are not won by the stronger or the larger fish necessarily. Often the smaller and apparently weaker fish is the victor, a point which may have its importance in estimating the Darwinian hypothesis of survival. On one occasion a loggerhead turtle weighing nearly three hundred pounds and another turtle of the same kind of less than fifty pounds were placed in a large tank containing half a dozen snapping turtles, each nearly fifty pounds in weight. The small loggerhead took a strong dislike to its big brother and attacked it viciously. A savage fight followed and at the end of a quarter of an hour the big loggerhead was floundering frantically about the tank, hotly pursued by the little assailant.

"In the meantime the big snappers were resting supinely on the bottom of the tank paying no attention to the fraternal strife among the loggerheads, merely ducking their heads when the two combatants tumbled and pounded over them. At length the small loggerhead, flushed with victory, swimming about with triumphant snorts, struck at the head of the largest snapper with its powerful beak. In an instant a terrific splashing in the water indicated another savage battle; but it was not of long duration. The snapper, the most ferocious among all turtles, went down to complete defeat. Not satisfied, the little loggerhead attacked the other snappers and whipped them one after the other and drove them to one corner of the tank. This done, the audacious victor returned to the large loggerhead and never rested until his huge foe, weakened by loss of blood, crawled into a shoal spot and died."

It is among the more famous game fishes that the lust for killing without apparent reason is most powerful, our observer says. Some fish, like the

striped bass, are exceedingly skilful in rounding up a school of fish and utterly exterminating it. When the last one is dead, the ruthless marauder, without having swallowed a tenth of its killing, departs, leaving the mangled bodies of its victims to rot or to be devoured by other fish.

What gives peculiar importance to this study of the depravity of the fish is the certainty of the immediacy of our descent from that creature. The vertebrates abruptly make their appearance as fully formed fishes. They were evidently more highly organized than any of the invertebrate types that had appeared up to that time. Man is from the standpoint of the evolution of the vertebrates and their kin a development of the fish. He has in a perfect form the structure of the fish, as embryology shows. Has he in his nature traces of the character of the fish? At any rate, there is something highly scientific in comparisons of certain human beings with the cod and the shark.

THE DOOM OF THE OLD BLACK AND WHITE MOVING PICTURES

THE art of producing so-called moving pictures depends upon the possibility of displaying in constant succession and projecting upon a screen a number of photographs of any desired scene, taken at such small intervals of time that the impression made upon the retina by any one picture of the series has no time to fade away or to become obliterated before the next succeeding image takes its place. The result of this rapid sequence of pictures, adds *Engineering*, from which we extract these details, is that the

changes in the relative positions of the details of the scene are blended together and are perceived in such a way as to give the appearance of actual motion. The spectator, owing to what is known as the "persistence of vision," sees the similitude of uninterrupted action, although the component parts are each separate and distinct images of what is taking place.

The cinematograph film is a narrow strip or ribbon of celluloid on which are printed the pictures. It is usual to obtain 16 such pictures in every second, and each foot in length of the

films thus represents the 16 separate photographs taken during one second of time, while a good film with 16,000 distinct pictures furnishes a record of an event extending over about 16 minutes. The film is punched along each margin with apertures in order that it may pass over a sprocket-wheel, by means of which it is made to travel forward. The projecting apparatus is a species of magic lantern, with a swiftly revolving pierced screen placed before the lamp. The movement of the film is effected by a simple arrangement of gearing, so contrived that the change from one photograph to the next occupies but one-fifth of the time that the picture remains stationary or exposed. At the change of pictures a solid portion of the screen cuts off the light for a moment, and at this instant the next photograph comes into position for projection. It is this brief period of inevitable obscuration that occasions the flicker to which objection is so often taken. Our technical contemporary says further:

"It has been necessary to give this brief sketch of the mechanism employed in order to explain more clearly certain recent improvements relating to the use of color in cinematography. In the early days of the art attempts were made to produce colored pictures by methods which depended on tinting the films by hand, or on the adoption of a process of stenciling. Very good results have been obtained by this latter means. Their system of coloring is as follows: Three positives are printed from each negative and the blue, yellow, and red portions are re-

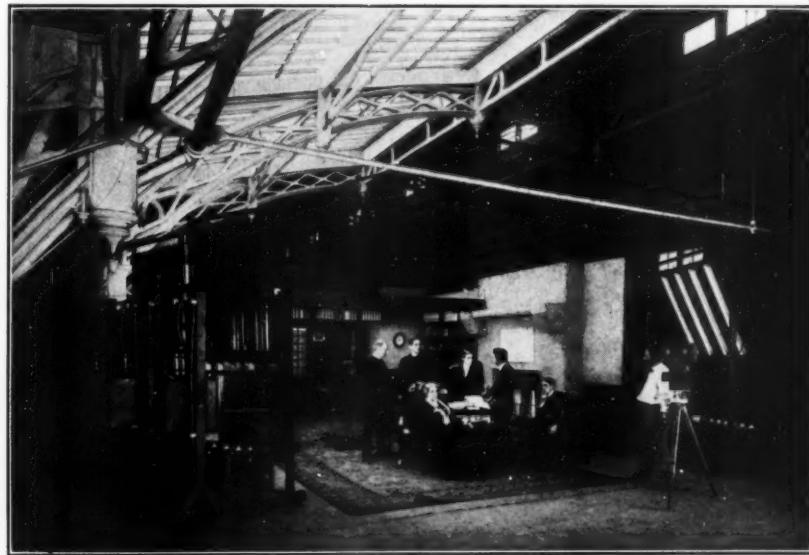


Photo by Brown Brothers

THE TECHNIQUE OF THE TRAGIC FILM

Not a word is spoken for the mimic stage. All is said and done with a view to the inevitable apparatus. There are directions, calls and reproofs, but these will not go into the effect as the public receives it.

spectively punched out from each by girls; these pierced films are then used as stencils, the colors being printed through them by means of rollers. Except when the edition is a large one, say 200 copies of the film, stenciling is not resorted to. In none of these processes, however, are the pictures equal to those obtainable by color photography. The lack of correct imitation of nature is mainly owing to the fact that an object in such a picture shows as black or gray overlaid with tint and not as color more or less deep in tone.

"With the introduction of three-color photography it becomes possible to obtain results vastly superior to those above described, and a notable step in advance was achieved by the introduction of the 'Kinemacolor' process, which, however, is based, not on the ideal three-color system, but on one with two colors only. Many attempts have been made to apply triple projection methods to cinematography, but so far with indifferent success. It is important to remember that for this purpose it is not necessary to project simultaneously the colors that have to be combined, as in the usual methods of projection. The colors may be displayed successively, and in the observer's eye they will be properly combined by the effect already explained of persistence of vision.

"For the purpose of the cinematograph the three negatives are taken in turn on a single film, and a rotating shutter or screen is arranged behind the lens of the camera which carries the three filters; but if it is required to do away with the effect of flicker on the screen it is necessary that all three filters be exposed within the ordinary period allowed for a single cinematograph picture, which involves a period for the exposure of each filter of only about one-fiftieth of a second. Such a rate of work entails great wear and tear on the film and apparatus. It has also been proposed to project the three images simultaneously, by three separate lanterns, as in ordinary three-color work, but in this case difficulties occur in properly superimposing the pictures so as to ensure accurate registration."

It may be well to state here that according to our expert writer on the subject there are only two ways of reproducing natural colors in picture or lantern slides:—The "additive," which relies on the fact that red, green, and blue-violet light combine together to form white, so that (a) if there are three lanterns fitted with three screens so arranged that the images are superimposed on the sheet and three positives are placed in these lanterns, which have been taken through similar screens, all the colors will be properly reproduced; or (b) if a screen is ruled with squares, or in circles, or covered with starch grains, and these small areas are dyed one-third blue, one-third green, and one-third red, then again the appearance of white is obtained, if there are 10,000 or more such areas to the square inch, and a positive placed be-



Photo by Brown Brothers

THE MAKING OF A MOVING PICTURE

These girls are not acting nor posing for the dramatic effect of a play. They are busily cutting out the holes into which fit the "movies."

hind them shows the natural colors with fidelity.

The alternative process is styled the "subtractive," being that employed to produce three-color prints from blocks or other lantern slides. In this case white is white because there is no pigment, and the shades are obtained by the mixture of pigments. In the process most recently put forward for the improvement of the cinematograph film this latter system is for the first time suggested.

The places of the rival claimants in the field in the matter of colored cinematography may be roughly classified as follows, but it should be remembered that it was not until the discovery of the isocyanine dyes, by which means it became possible to make a photographic plate (film) sensitive to red light, that any real success could be attained.

"(1) Red, green, and violet primaries are successively projected on the screen, it being left to the eye to fuse the colors together and form white, the photograph being taken through a filter successively colored. The picture produced on the screen by this method flickers very perceptibly unless the apparatus is driven at an excessive speed.

"(2) Red, green, and violet primaries are synchronously projected to make a composite picture. It is very difficult by this means to ensure that the pictures shall be accurately superimposed. With respect to the Ulysse process, which is attracting some attention at the present time, it may be stated that the picture on the film is reduced to half the size of that in common use.

"(3) Two colors are used instead of three for the sake of simplicity, the projection being (a) successive, or (b) synchronous; the flickering in this case

is slight, but the resultant colors are not exactly true to nature, and cannot be made so.

"It will be evident from the above statement that hitherto nearly all inventors have busied themselves with adaptations of the additive system, and that to overcome the inherent difficulties entailed by the rapidity needed in working, the most successful system discards one of the colors. In the so-called Zoochrome process of T. Albert Mills all three colors are employed simultaneously. For this system it is claimed that no more light is needed than is used in the case of ordinary films. Moreover, no color screens are used, and the films can be shown on any machine without alteration. There is also great flexibility as to tints, since the colors may easily be arranged to suit the subject during the manufacture of the film. Another advantage possessed by the Mills system is that it can be run at the ordinary speed of 16 pictures to the second, as each picture on the film is complete in itself, and transmits the colored rays in due proportion to unite and form the tints seen in nature. The process, though still in the experimental stage, presents points of great interest for the future of color pictures."

There can be no question as to the importance in the future of the economical production of color pictures. Of all the systems to which reference has been made the only ones that have hitherto achieved commercial success are the Bicolor and the Kinemacolor processes. The large measure of perfection attained by both these systems and the excellence of the pictures produced in the case of such scenes of Oriental pageantry as the Delhi Durbar will induce the public to look forward with interest to the time when the three-color process can be adapted to cinematograph purposes.

Religion and Ethics

WHY PAIN AND EVIL ARE INDISPENSABLE

WE CHAFE everlastingly under the stings of pain and of evil, and we often declare that they ought not to be. We even try to conquer them by denying their existence. Yet a world without pain and evil, as Rabindranath Tagore, the Hindu seer and poet, reminds us, is inconceivable. "The question, Why is there evil in existence?" he says (in *The Hibbert Journal*), "is the same as, Why is there imperfection? or, in other words, Why is there creation at all? We must take it for granted that it could not be otherwise; that creation must be imperfect, must be gradual; and it is futile to ask the question why we are."

The really important question, according to Tagore, is, Is this imperfection the final truth? Is evil absolute and ultimate? The river has its boundaries, its banks; but is it all banks? or are the banks the final facts about the river? Do not these obstructions themselves give its water an onward motion? The towing-rope binds a boat; but is the bondage its meaning? Does it not at the same time draw it forward? The argument proceeds:

"The current of the world has its boundaries, otherwise it could have no existence; but its meaning is not in its boundaries, which are fixed, but in its movement, which is towards perfection. The wonder is not that there should be obstacles and sufferings in this world, but that there should be law and order, beauty and joy, goodness and love. The idea of God that man has in his being is the wonder of all wonders. He has felt in the depth of his life that what appears as imperfect is the manifestation of the perfect; just as a man who has the ear for music realizes the perfectness of a song while in fact he is only listening to a succession of notes. Man has found out the great paradox that what is limited is not imprisoned within its limits; it is ever moving, thus shedding its finitude every moment. In fact, imperfection is not a negation of perfectness; finitude is not contradictory to infinity. It is completeness manifested in parts, infinity revealed within bounds."

Pain, as Rabindranath Tagore defines it, is the feeling connected with our finiteness. It is not a fixture in our life. It is not an end in itself as joy is. "To meet it," we are told, "is

to know that it cannot be the principle of permanence in the creation. It is like what error is in our intellectual life." To go through the history of the development of science is, among other things, to go through the mistakes it has published at various times. Yet no one really believes that science's function is to disseminate mistakes. Its function is to ascertain truth.

As in intellectual error, so in evil in any other form, its essence is impermanence. It cannot fit in with the whole. Tagore says:

"Every moment it is being corrected by the totality of things and is changing its aspects. We exaggerate its importance by imagining it as at a standstill. Could we collect the statistics of the immense amount of death and putrefaction to be found every moment in this earth they would appal us. But evil is ever moving; so with all its incalculable immensity it does not effectually clog the current of our life, and, on the whole, the earth, water and air remain sweet and pure for living beings. All statistics consist of our deliberate attempts to represent statistically what is in motion; so by this process things assume a weight in our mind which they have not in reality. This is the reason why a man, who by his profession or for other reasons is specially concerned with any particular aspect of life, is apt to magnify its proportions, and by giving undue stress upon facts to lose hold upon truth. A detective may have the opportunities of studying crimes in details, but he loses his bearings as to their relative place in the whole society. When science collects facts to illustrate the struggle for existence that goes on in the kingdom of life, it raises a picture in our minds of 'Nature red in tooth and claw.' But in these mental pictures we give a fixity to the colors and forms which are really evanescent. It is like calculating the weight of the air on each square inch of our body to show that it is crushingly heavy for us. But with this weight there is the adjustment of weight, and we lightly bear our burden. With the struggle for existence in Nature there is the reciprocity, there is the love for children, for comrades; there is the sacrifice of self, which springs from love; and love is the positive element in life."

The Hindu sage and poet goes on to note that in the world of life the thought of death has the least hold upon our minds. This is not because death is the least apparent, but because

it is the negative aspect of life; just as, in spite of the fact that we shut our eyelids every second, it is the openings of the eyelids that count. Life refuses—and rightly—to take death seriously. It laughs and dances and plays, it builds and hoards and loves in its face. "Only when we detach an individual fact of death," remarks Rabindranath Tagore, "we see merely the blankness and are dismayed. We lose sight of the wholeness of life whose part is death. It is like looking at a piece of cloth through a microscope—it appears like a net; we wonder at the big holes and shiver in imagination. But the truth is, death is not an ultimate reality. It looks black as the sky looks blue, but it does not blacken existence, as the sky does not leave its stain upon wings of birds." The writer continues:

"When we watch a child trying to walk we see its countless failures; its successes are few. If we had to limit our observation within a narrow space of time the sight would be cruel. But we find that, in spite of its repeated unsuccesses, there is an impetus of joy in the child which sustains it in its seemingly impossible task. We see it does not set store by its falls so much as by its ability to keep its balance even for a moment.

"Like these accidents in a child's attempts to walk, we meet with sufferings in various forms in our life every day, showing our imperfection in knowledge, power and application of will. But if it only revealed our weakness to us, we should die of depression. When we take for observation a limited area of our activities, our individual failures and miseries loom large in our minds; but our life instinctively takes a wider view, it has an ideal of perfection which ever carries it beyond its present limitations. Within us, we have a hope which always walks in front of our present narrow experience; it is an undying faith in the infinite in us; it will never accept any of our disabilities as a permanent fact; it sets no limit to its scope; it dares to assert that man has his oneness with God; and its wildest dreams become true every day."

We see truth, then, when we set our minds towards the infinite, and recognize the ideal of truth not in the narrow present, nor in our immediate sensations, but in the consciousness of the whole which gives us a taste of what we should have in what we have. Evil

is temporary; it has to pass on and grow into good; it cannot stand at a fixed point and ever remain at war with all. We do not really believe in it, any more than we believe that violins have been made to create discords. If a person tries to learn to play a violin, discords are sure to come, yet we all recognize that a violin is meant to create harmonies. Potentiality of perfection outweighs actual contradictions. "Of course," observes Tagore, "there have been people who asserted existence to be an absolute evil, but man can never take them seriously. For our pessimism is a mere pose, either intellectual or sentimental; our life itself is optimistic, it wants to go on. Pessimism is a form of mental dipsomania, it despairs healthy nourishment, indulges in the strong drink of denunciation, creates an artificial

dejection to fall back upon a stronger draught to drink. If existence were an evil, we should wait for no philosopher to prove it. It is like incriminating a man of suicide while all the time he stands before you in the flesh. Existence itself is here to prove that it cannot be an evil." We read further:

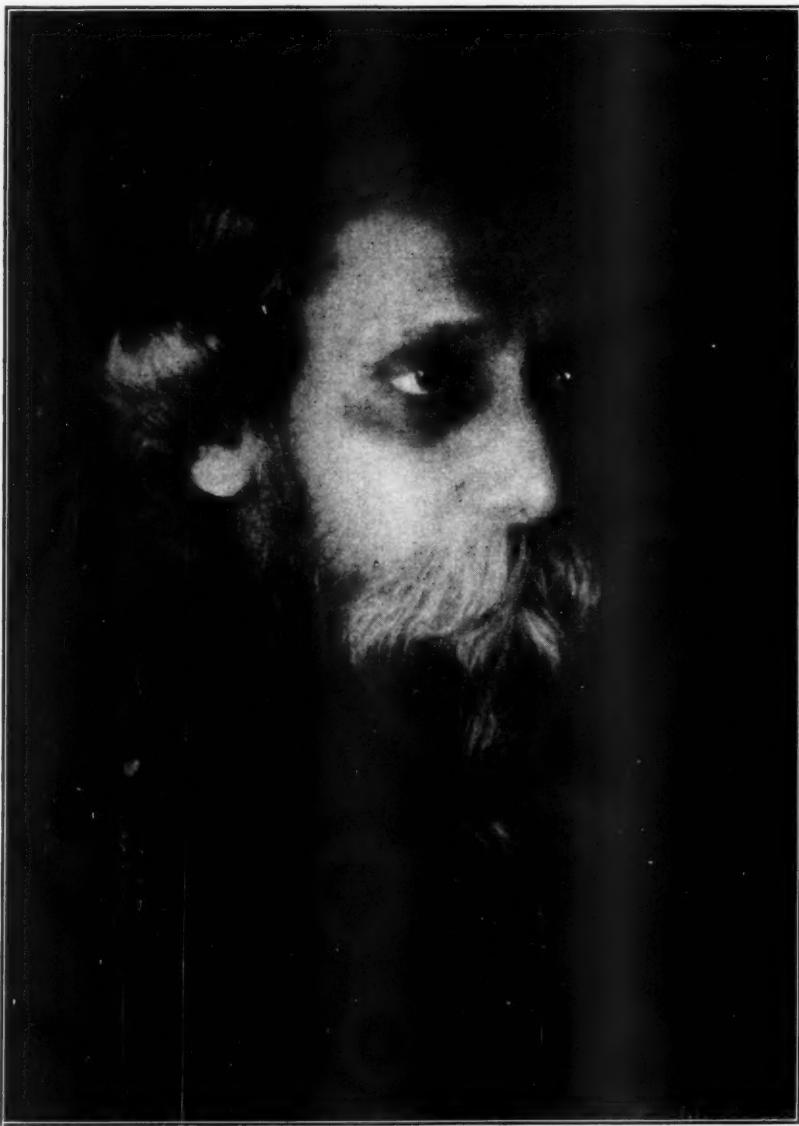
"An imperfection which is not all imperfection, but which has perfection for its ideal, must go through a perpetual realization. Thus, it is the function of our intellect to realize the truth through untruths, and knowledge is nothing but continually burning up mistakes to set free the light of truth. Our will, our character has to attain perfection by continually overcoming evils, either inside or outside us, or both. Our physical life is burning bodily materials every moment to maintain the life fire, and our moral life has its fuel to burn. This life process is going on—we know it, we have felt it,

and we have a faith which no individual instances to the contrary can shake, that the direction of humanity is from evil to good."

To the man who lives for an idea, for his country, for the good of humanity, Tagore reminds us, life has an extensive meaning, and to that extent pain becomes less important to him. "To live the life of goodness is to live the life of all." Pleasure is for one's own self, but goodness is happiness for all humanity and for all time. So from the point of view of the good, pleasure and pain must appear in a different meaning; so much so, that pleasure may be shunned and pain may be courted in its place, that death may be made welcome as giving a higher value to life. So there is a standpoint, which is the highest standpoint of a man's life, and from that standpoint of the good, pleasure and pain lose their absolute value.

The most important lesson that man can have from his life, concludes Tagore, is not that there is pain in this world but that it depends upon him to turn it to good account, to transmute it into joy.

"That lesson has not been lost altogether to us, and there is no man living who would willingly be deprived of his right to suffer pain, for that is his right to be a man. One day the wife of a poor laborer came to me and complained bitterly that her eldest boy was going to be sent away to a rich relative's house for a part of the year. It was the kind intention of trying to relieve her of her trouble that gave her the shock, for a mother's trouble is a mother's own by her inalienable right of love, and she was not going to surrender it to any dictates of expediency. Man's freedom is never to be saved troubles, but it is freedom to take trouble for his own good, to make it an element of his joy. It can be made so only when we realize that our individual self is not the highest meaning of our being, that in us we have the world-man who is immortal, who is not afraid of death or sufferings, and who looks upon pain as only the other side of joy. He knows that it is the pain which is our true wealth as imperfect beings, and this has made us great and worthy to take our seat with the perfect. He knows that we are not beggars, we have to pay with the hard coins of pain for everything valuable in this life, for our power, our wisdom, our love; that in pain is symbolized the infinite possibility of perfection, the eternal unfolding of joy; and that the man who loses all pleasure in taking pain sinks down and down to the lowest depth of penury and degradation. It is only when we invoke the aid of pain for our self-gratification that she becomes evil and takes her vengeance for the insult done to her by hurling us to misery. For she is the vestal virgin consecrated to the service of the immortal perfection, and when she takes her true place before the altar of the infinite she casts off her dark veil and bares her face to the beholder as the revelation of supreme joy."



Courtesy of Basanta Koomar Roy. Photograph by Frank Wolcott

HE INDICTS PESSIMISM AS A FORM OF MENTAL DIPSOMANIA

Rabindranath Tagore, the distinguished Hindu poet and sage, declares that he cannot take pessimism seriously. "If existence were an evil," he says, "we should wait for no philosopher to prove it. It is like incriminating a man of suicide while all the time he stands before you in the flesh. Existence itself is here to prove that it cannot be an evil."

TURKEY TROT AND TANGO—A DISEASE OR A REMEDY?

DURING the Middle Ages a mania for dancing started in Aix-la-Chapelle and spread like wildfire over all of Europe. It was a purely nervous manifestation, we are told by sociologists. It lasted several years, and was an outlet for high nervous tension, brought about by social calamities, social distress and superstitious fear. To-day, the "turkey trot" and the "tango" have swept like a wave over Europe and America in much the same way, and those who are not indulging in the new dances are evidently very busy explaining, condemning or defending them. Some students of the problem believe that the new dances, which religiously inclined persons are apt to look upon as indecent, are in reality the unconscious expression of suppressed religious emotion. Francis Toye, writing in *The English Review*, refutes a writer in the London *Times* who had called attention to the religious aspects of rag-time in dancing. Says Mr. Toye: "The writer of the article gives himself away, I think, in saying that the characteristics of rag-time are absolutely identical with those of the hymns formerly sung by the negroes in the 'white heat of religious fervor during some protracted church or camp meeting.' Exactly so. They show exactly the same kind of 'vitality' associated with revivalism, and especially the type of revivalism peculiar to the negro! What need have we of further witnesses? For of all hysteria that particular semi-religious hysteria is nearer to madness than any other." Further to support his contention that the rag-time dances should not be encouraged because they are directly responsible for this semi-religious hysteria, Mr. Toye refers to Sir Thomas Clouston's "Neuroses of Development," in which the author states: "The social needs and restraints of modern civilized life unite with subtle hereditary nervous defects to make hysteria as common as it is." Mr. Toye goes on:

"But, quite apart from all this theorizing, I would ask any person accustomed to analyze his own and other people's emotions whether he thinks that the effects of rag-time are beneficial. I have, personally, taken the trouble to do so in the case of two or three of my more intelligent, tho disreputable friends who frequent the haunts where nothing but rag-time is played. All except one are emphatically of the opinion that, since the introduction of rag-time, people are much more given both to excitement and drink—and that not only when they are dancing. The one says that 'he doesn't know, but it's certainly more stimulating.' Naturally. Absinthe is more stimulating than good claret, and methylated spirit, so I am told, is far more exciting than whiskey. Nobody denies the rhythmical power of rag-time, and rhythm is always 'stimulat-

ing.' But in this case the stimulus is that of an irritant. These 'crotchety' accents, these deliberate interferences with the natural logic of rhythm, this lengthening of something here and shortening of something else there, must all have *some* influence on the brain. The behavior of the chorus during the rag-time songs of the Alhambra revue, for instance, is not without significance. Any unsophisticated visitor from Mars, who did not know of their excuse, would judge from their looks, their movements, and their strident but pathetic yells that they were raving lunatics only fit for the Martian equivalent of a strait-jacket."

Both the "tango" and the "turkey trot" are of the most humble origin, and those who insist upon the indecency of the new dances have not hesitated to point this out. "Sem," the clever cartoonist of the Paris *Petit Journal*, has given a rather shocking account of the origin of the "tango." He claims that it originated in the *barrio de las ranas* (the frog quarter) of Buenos Ayres. In this section, brothels, dance halls and drinking resorts are constructed of flattened oil cans and preserved meat tins. The quarter is devoted to the lowest forms of vice, and the "tango" is only the dance development of the cautious, tiger-like, pliant and treacherous steps of the disreputable frequenters of the *barrio*. Somewhat similar in origin and immoral in influence are the American "nigger" dances and "rags," according to George Kibbe Turner, in *McClure's*:

"In the last three or four years, since the arrival of the 'nigger' dances and the 'rags' and the 'turkey trots,' dancing has become a public obsession. Like the gambling game of craps,—which has supplanted or changed the habits of boyhood from the traditions of sport of northern Europe to the games of the negro,—this new dancing is a curious recrudescence, apparently originating from the same source as the gambling game. The 'nigger' dance seems to find its main origin in the crude and heathen sexual customs of middle Africa, afterward passing through the centers of prostitutes in large cities, where the contributions of city savages, from Paris to San Francisco, have been added to it.

"This 'nigger'-dancing craze, moving from the South and West to the East, has swept the city populations of America like an epidemic. In most of its many variations it is not taught by dancing academies with any concern for their reputations or their licenses. But its steps are passed from one person to another, from the youths to the children, until it has gone through the country with the thoroughness of a great popular song. In its simpler and grosser forms, it is the easiest kind of dancing ever introduced—being merely a modified form of walking. Thousands of people who never learned the older dances have picked this up, and the popularity of dancing has been widened tremen-

dously by the fact. Even little children dance the grotesque steps upon the sidewalk.

"The promoter of cheap dances has never before had such a public for his enterprizes, and never before has dancing been such a provocation to immorality. The recent trend has been entirely toward the ideals of the Idle Boy. Around him centers the organization for sex-hunting of the boys who are seeking the 'bad girls'; for strangers in the hall, he and his assistants are constant sources of information on the same subject. The natural instinct of the man to test and tempt the woman is solidified in the dance-hall into what is, for all practical purposes, a perfect system."

But the new dances have able champions, both in Europe and America. The London *Spectator* points out that "nearly all dances are capable of vulgarity or offence of some kind," and that none of the current dances are in themselves "necessarily vulgar." Few new dances, the *Spectator* points out, have ever become popular "without the Cassandras prophesying that the end of decency was at hand." The English prejudice against the "trot" and "tango," the *Spectator* concludes, is due to the national fear of making oneself conspicuous. Mary Master Needham, in *Collier's*, also has come to the defence of the "trot" in a humorous but effective fashion, putting her defence in the mouth of a family physician, with whom greater medical and hygienic experts may possibly agree. Says Miss Needham's doctor:

"It needs no defense. Turkey trotting is the most sensible indoor amusement we have had in my experience as a practitioner—and the jolliest. It's making fat people thin, old men young, and young people content with elderly partners.

"It is great exercise—in fact, about the best indoor exercise. Being a physician, I am keen for anything that makes people healthy and fit. Instead of prescribing a trotting horse, I order turkey trotting. It's better exercise, for it brings into play the same muscles as in horseback riding, and others besides, which means that it is the arch enemy of the torpid liver.

"Trotting is also a foe to fat. I have a patient, a woman of about forty-five, whose great trial it was that she was fat and growing fatter. It was a physical annoyance and a mental worry. She was cross and miserable. 'Exercise,' I said to her when she first came to me about it. She did. She went to a gymnasium that taught a one, two, three, bend, stretch, touch-the-floor system. It was tiring and harrowing—and fattening. She came to me again. Fashion had come to my assistance. 'Turkey trotting,' I advised. So she joined a class of women. They meet three times a week in the afternoon to trot under the direction of a dancing master who puts them through their paces. They make healthful play of it where, at the same hour, they used to make a business of bridge. I have been that woman's

physician for years and I never saw her so well or so young. Naturally I believe in turkey trotting. There is nothing so moral as good health."

"*Honi soit qui mal y danse,*" adds Miss Needham, who further claims for the "turkey trot" the virtues of a true folk dance. She writes:

The turkey trot is anything but finished. It is quite frank, quite ugly, and quite primitive. In time the homely turkey trot may develop into some pretty pheasant patter, but if in the transition

it loses its essential character it will cease to be a dance of the people and thus sacrifice much of its folk value. It is necessary for man to play as well as to think and to work. It is essential for him to recreate himself, actively, healthily, and merrily. And until some better form of play with as general an interest comes to take its place, what about the turkey trot? For it is conceded that whatever makes an appeal to such vast numbers cannot be wholly evil or wholly without reason. Like truth, morality has no absolute. What about our many thinly veiled

dramas and works of fiction? If we honestly compared their moral effect with that of the turkey trot, our conclusions might be more radically different than we think.

"We've railed about the commercialism of this rapidly developing country that has made no allowance for recreations other than vicarious ones. We've demanded some democratic folk activities. And now when we get a real folk dance, with the genuine folk label attached, when we come right smack up against it, we denounce it as shamefully sophisticated."

THE DESPERATE PLIGHT OF THE COUNTRY CHURCH

THE country church in America is facing a crisis. Such is the inevitable conclusion to be drawn from the report of an investigation, "The Country Church" (Macmillan), just issued by Charles O. Gill and Gifford Pinchot. The book presents the results of a careful study of church gains and losses, ranging over a period of twenty years, in two typical counties—Windsor, Vermont, and Tompkins, New York. It shows that "in these counties the country church has suffered a decline which proves beyond question that it is losing its hold on the community." The survey grew out of the work of the Country Life Commission appointed by President Roosevelt, and is published under the authority of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. It deals with the Protestant churches only. "This book," says Mr. Roosevelt, in *The Outlook*, "is based not on amateur conclusions but on professional experience, as well as upon careful and extensive figures." He adds: "Even men who are not professedly religious must, if they are frank, admit that no community permanently prospers, either morally or materially, unless the church is a real and vital element in its community life."

The first facts reported by the investigators are that church membership in Windsor County increased in the twenty years 4 per cent., and in Tompkins County 2 per cent. These figures on their face point to a hopeful conclusion concerning the churches which further study shows to be unwarranted. One of the important results of the investigation was to show the wholly misleading character of statistics of membership as a measure of vitality for the churches in Windsor and Tompkins counties. The truth of this statement appears the moment the church expenditures and their purchasing power are analyzed:

"When expressed in dollars, the expenditures of the churches in Windsor County increased 23 per cent., and in Tompkins County 7 per cent. in the twenty years. But when measured in purchasing power, or in their ability to

produce results, church expenditures in Windsor County declined 2 per cent., and in Tompkins County 9 per cent. in the twenty years. This decline is still more significant when it is contrasted with the rapidly increasing scale of expenditures in nearly all departments of human life, and with the further fact that in the two counties there is a general feeling of good will toward the churches, which results in money contributions for their support by those who are identified with them in no other way. In Windsor County, also, important contributions are made to the churches by summer residents and by non-residents."

The churches of both counties, it seems, are giving less and less pay to their ministers. Reckoned in dollars, there was an increase of 16 per cent. in Windsor County, while in Tompkins County the increase was less than 1 per cent. Reckoned in purchasing power, less real pay was given in each county at the end of the twenty-year period than at its beginning. The amount of real pay declined 7 per cent. in Windsor and nearly 16 per cent. in Tompkins County. In Windsor County 64 per cent. and in Tompkins County 72 per cent. of the ministers were receiving less real pay than were their predecessors. In Windsor County 34 out of 53 ministers, and in Tompkins County 21 out of 29 ministers received in purchasing power smaller salaries than those of twenty years before.

In both counties the educational equipment of the ministers was found inadequate to meet the needs of the present day. In Windsor County 75 per cent. and in Tompkins County 85 per cent. of the clergy have lacked a full course of seven years' preparation in college and theological seminary. In both counties the proportion of ministers who are foreign-born is so great as to raise the question whether enough American young men enter the rural ministry. In Windsor County 25 per cent., and in Tompkins County 33 per cent. are either foreign-born or sons of foreign-born, yet in both of these counties the Protestant population is of nearly pure American stock.

But it is attendance, rather than membership or expenditures, the in-

vestigators go on to say, which furnishes the best measure of the hold of a church upon its people. And here the record is most depressing.

"It is true that attendance at Sunday worship is not the main object of the Christian religion. Nevertheless, there is no other index of the place of the church in the life of the people so reliable as the attendance. Our investigation has abundantly confirmed the truth of this statement. Men and women go to church because it is their duty or because they want to. In either case, it is the hold of the church and what the church stands for which supplies the motive power.

"Church attendance in Windsor County fell off in twenty years nearly 31 per cent., and in Tompkins County 33 per cent. Making allowances for the decline in Protestant population, the loss in Windsor County was more than 29 per cent., and in Tompkins County more than 19 per cent. Furthermore, there is evidence that church attendance in Windsor County has been declining in relation to membership for fifty years. This is doubtless true in Tompkins County also, but we lack sufficient records to prove it except for the last twenty years. In the twenty-year period in Windsor County, out of 49 churches for which the facts were learned as to both attendance and membership, it was found that in no less than 37 the attendance had declined in proportion to membership, while in Tompkins County out of a total of 36 churches all but two were similarly affected, so that in the two counties together the attendance declined in proportion to membership in 71 churches out of 85."

The situation, we learn further, is more serious than even these facts would lead us to suppose. The investigation shows that the condition of the churches in the strictly rural districts is very much worse than in the large villages:

"In Tompkins County there is a gain in the churches of the large villages of 9 per cent. in membership, a gain of 8 per cent. in expenditures reckoned in purchasing power, and a loss of only 12 per cent. in attendance, while in the churches of the smaller communities there is a loss of 3 per cent. in membership, 20 per cent. in expenditures, and 40 per cent. in attendance. In the strictly rural districts

in Windsor County there is a loss in church attendance of no less than 53 per cent. In a very large part of the churches of both counties, the congregations have been decreasing so rapidly and are now so small as to make the conditions and prospects most disheartening to the churchgoing people.

"Statisticians do not commonly make distinctions between the two classes of communities here considered. Thus in the figures of the United States Census, towns of less than 2,500 inhabitants are grouped with the strictly rural districts. It is evident, therefore, that the country church problem and the country life problem for the area investigated is far more acute than statistical data would have led us to suppose.

"In both counties the church encounters little or no hostility, and in most communities enjoys the more or less passive good will of the people. Yet it has been losing in prestige and influence, while the persons identified with the church as a rule constitute a less influential part of the population than was the case twenty years ago.

"The great decline in church attendance in the open country is the most alarming fact developed by the investigation."

The remedies proposed to meet the present depressed vitality of the country church are direct and simple. The first is bound up in the general problem of the improvement of country life. During recent years, there has been a steady flow to the city from both of the counties investigated. The decline in church strength has been the reflection of a decline in economic strength. The investigators say:

"In Windsor and Tompkins counties, bad farming and weak churches go together. In Tompkins County in particular a poor soil means likewise a poor church. The country churches must recognize it as an integral part of their work to promote better farming, better business, and better living on the farm. The country church can not prosper unless it is deeply, intelligently, and effectively interested in agricultural production, in securing for the farmer a fairer share of what he produces, in improving the social life and recreation of the community, and in the physical and intellectual, as well as the moral, development and health of the boys and girls, men and women, of its charge. To promote economic cooperation among farmers is an indispensable task of the country church."

New schools and a new spirit in the existing schools are needed to direct the attention and the interest of pupils toward country life instead of toward the cities. There is also need, in the opinion of the investigators, of the adoption of a new program of social service. They write under this head:

"The desire to render social service is the master Christian impulse of our time. The country church needs social service to vitalize it as much as social service in the country needs the help of the church. Altho less attention has been given to it, social service is as important for the



HE DECLARES THAT THE COUNTRY CHURCH IS LOSING ITS GRIP

Gifford Pinchot who, with the help of the Rev. C. O. Gill, has been investigating religious conditions in rural districts, reports a decline of from 20 to 30 per cent. in church membership.

health of the community in the country as in the city, while results in the country are far more easily accomplished. Nothing is more evident than the fact that the country church must be organized for other service in addition to the work it is doing now. Once the duty of social service is recognized by the country church and the responsibility for it frankly accepted, there will be no insuperable difficulties in the way."

invariably "over-churched." Sectarian rivalries weaken and divide the churches. Lacking the spirit of co-operation, they hinder each other rather than help, and their standing in the community is lowered, while their power and desire for service is greatly reduced. In this connection the investigators declare:

"The long period of the death struggle of superfluous churches presents the serious problem of securing a sound community life in the face of dwindling religious institutions. Under such circumstances, consolidation or federation of the churches is the obvious remedy. To bring it about, however, is seldom easy. In nearly every church there are some members who oppose consolidation, and are usually able to prevent it. Their position is all the more harmful for the reason that for the most part in Windsor and Tompkins counties denominational divisions have ceased to be matters of principle or of theological difference, and have become matters of social grouping, based on custom or association, on petty jealousies, personal hostility, and the desire to retain minor church offices.

"There is but one solution for the problem of over-churching which seems to offer reasonable hope in the two counties

concerned. This lies along the line not of doctrinal union but of common effort in the cause of the common welfare. When people work together for a better community, they are the more likely to work together for a better church. Divisions in the churches may often be bridged over by setting the members of hostile groups working together for the common good."

The Pinchot-Gill study has aroused keen interest throughout the country. All agree in regarding it as significant and as depressing. The New York *Evening Post* comments:

"The chief significance of the volume is its presentation of facts in a field where opinion had varied according to temperament. That the facts as stated are correct, no one who knows the rural East can doubt. That they condemn the prevalent methods in 'Home Missions,' by which parsimonious subsidies are doled out to decadent congregations, which are allowed to continue the methods through which they are languishing, is equally clear. Messrs. Gill and Pinchot quote with approval the programme of the Inter-Church Federation of Vermont, which pledges the churches of the State to work for the uplift of the smaller towns and to subordinate their own promotion to that end. Just how these organizations can do this with their present leadership is not clear, but that the problem is one of prime importance to the religious and moral life of the nation is not open to question, and the facts which must lead to facing it with resolution are presented in this volume with a definiteness and completeness which no one has achieved hitherto."

Dr. Frederick Lynch, editor of *The Christian Work and Evangelist* (New York), wishes that the book might somehow reach the hands of every pastor of a rural church in the United States. "It would be a most serviceable deed," he says, "if some man of wealth would distribute it among the ministers." He goes on to supplement the remedies it offers with suggestions of his own. He urges the importance of "capturing the children" and of in-

stituting new and vital pastoral work. "The pulpit," he observes, "can play a considerable part in the efficiency of the country church. But it must be a near and an educative pulpit." Addressing the rural pastor directly, he says: "Tell your church in a two months' course all about what is being done in the nation for immigrants, in stopping child labor, the campaign against tuberculosis, against the saloon, against vice. Tell them the story of the modern peace movement, of the birth of the New China and Japan and the part the Gospel has played in it. Such topics as these treated from the point of view of the Gospel are wonderfully educative and stimulative." He continues:

"If the rural church is to keep its efficiency it must become the social center of the community much more than it has been. The hardest part of country life for many boys and girls is its ennui. The city boy has a Y. M. C. A. near him, with gymnasiums, swimming pools, libraries, games, lectures, concerts, bowling alleys, all going every day and night. In many towns no provision whatever is made for the life of the children in those hours when they are out of the home, or the school, or after working hours. Young people are social by nature, and there is no finer service the church can render them than in providing them social life under Christian influences and companionship. The rural church has got to do this very much more than it has. It must also make this same social center the educational center of the community. There must be more lectures, more classes, more debates, a general quickening of the community life. This is getting easier year by year with the coming of the trolley. A good way to begin often is with lectures bearing directly upon farming, the home, education, vocations. After these near topics the lectures can cover all forms of culture. But this new community life cannot be guided by one church. It must be a co-operative effort of all the churches."

America, the Roman Catholic weekly, feels that the causes of the decline in

the rural church are to be found in a spiritual disintegration for which the Protestant spirit as a whole is responsible. It says:

"Amid the present crumbling of creeds what hope is there that the minister is going to give more time to preparation for his work or that a discredited ministry will receive higher compensation from a rapidly disappearing flock? The need of religion is no longer felt. With so many demands on their purse is it likely that people will squander their money on superfluities or on the men who purvey them?

"A working alliance of the churches for social service throughout the United States seems to be the last and perhaps forlorn hope of those religious leaders who, like Messrs. Gill and Pinchot, read the signs of the times. But will the new alignment of religious bodies that concerns itself primarily with the common welfare instead of seeking the common good through worship and religious instruction solve the religious problems of the times? Of course, if the worship is based on religious instruction that is false, there will be a decline of religion in the individual and consequently in the community at large. The history of the decadence of the Protestant churches in the country during the past fifty years emphasizes the importance of right thinking in the realm of faith for the individual. It will be seen that social service programs such as are supplied by Inter-church Federations, Forward Movements, Institutional Churches, Settlement Workers, Y. M. C. A.'s, and Christian Endeavorers will still further help to the depletion of the churches, tho they may increase the membership in social or nominally religious organizations, transforming the church edifices into meeting houses where men and women will be found aplenty to study the needs of others and never give a thought to the serious needs of their own immortal souls.

"This little volume, with the tabulated statistics of two Protestant districts of the county and its sober and straightforward commentary on the facts, presents in miniature a picture of the tottering condition of the Protestant churches of the land. The picture must be a sad one indeed for reflecting Protestants."

THE GROWING CONTRADICTORIENESS OF MODERN THOUGHT

MEAN of genius," Francis Grierson has said, "are the symbols and the finger-points which nature unfolds here and there as indications of the mathematical and psychic progression of the visible and invisible world in which we live." In the spirit of this remark, Edwin Björkman, the Swedish-American critic, considers, in his latest book, "Voices of To-morrow" (Mitchell Kennerley), a number of the outstanding literary and spiritual figures of our age. Strindberg, Björnson, Maeterlinck, Bergson,

Selma Lagerlöf, Francis Grierson, Edith Wharton, George Gissing, Joseph Conrad and Robert Herrick are the ten types that he chooses to study. In such writers, if in any, may be found what is most characteristic of our time. And the one constantly recurring note that Mr. Björkman discovers in the ten figures named is—contradictoriness. "A tendency to fuse ideas and currents hitherto held irreconcilably opposed," is the way he puts it. In this tendency to recognize truth on both sides of a controversy, instead of on one side only, he notes

the principal mark of the period on which we have just entered.

Strindberg offers an excellent illustration of intellectual inconsistency. As Mr. Björkman sees him, he shared with Ibsen and Tolstoy the task of being the spiritual conscience of the entire period to which he belonged—"a period which we have outlived, but whose lessons we have still to master." Here was a man who managed to get on opposite sides of most important questions during his lifetime. He had always to doubt something and to believe in something else—and he doubted

and believed with equal fervor. The fiercest misogynist of his generation, he yet indited tender and poetic tributes to women. He was a freethinker and a mystic; an individualist and a Socialist. By turns he sought the truth that lies on the surface and that which is hidden rather than revealed by outward appearances; by turns he spurned the mass and the individual; by turns he sought the secret spring of existence in the adventitious movement of atoms and in the omniscient plans of a divine principle. Mr. Björkman tries to prove that "through all his seeming self-contradictions ran nevertheless a certain inward consistency, showing that while he might seek different goals at different times, the motives that kept him on the search were pretty nearly identical throughout." But most readers will find it difficult, if not impossible, to reconcile these self-contradictions.

Francis Grierson is another puzzling figure. "He writes," Mr. Björkman tells us, "not for pedants, but for brave and tolerant temperaments, ready to forgive verbal inconsistencies if only the spirit be consistent." "Purposely obscure he is not, but sometimes his thoughts are a little too far-reaching for the ordinary run of words, and therefrom results a certain vagueness calling for sympathetic cooperation on the part of the reader." He prides himself on being a mystic, yet he maintains strenuously that our mysticism must be checked by scientific interpretation. He has said that "the longer he lives, the less he esteems work that is purely intellectual." But he has also said that "the world is not governed by what bodies of people do or say, but by ideas."

Maeterlinck is similarly vague. A student of both Emerson and Nietzsche, he preaches, in one mood, quietism, and, in another, activity. His early plays are fatalistic and pessimistic; his later plays portray beings who grapple with destiny and conquer it. He shows himself to be something of an individualist and something of a collectivist. Speaking of universal suffrage, which he holds a necessary step on the road to higher cultural development, he writes that, "in those problems in which all life's enigmas converge, the crowd which is wrong is almost always justified as against the wise man who is right." Yet he is anything but blind to the part played by the individual as a hand reached out by the race for its own uplifting, and he does not hesitate to assert that, "when the sage's destiny blends with that of men of inferior wisdom, the sage raises them to his level, but himself rarely descends."

Bergson's many-sidedness is equally unsettling. We find him quoted as a spiritual authority by leaders of the Syndicalist labor movement in France and by the young Tory Democrats of



THE ANALYST OF OUR SPIRITUAL CONFUSION

Edwin Björkman, the Swedish-American critic, finds the principal characteristic of modern thought in a tendency to reconcile ideas hitherto regarded as irreconcilable.

England, by the Modernist reformers within the Roman Catholic Church and by those audacious iconoclasts who, as Post-Impressionists, are startling the world with a new art form. Tho starting as a mathematician, he has mastered the most difficult art of translating abstract thoughts into terms of concrete life. His message is full of contradictions, and one of his fundamental positions is that life can never be explained in intellectual or logical terms. He points out that everywhere the tendency to individualize is opposed and completed by an antagonistic and complementary tendency to associate. He preaches a radical evolutionism which is at the same time romantic and religious. A divine principle, lying ahead and not behind us, an immortality not miraculously conferred but consciously attained, are two of the possibilities contained in Bergson's audacious conclusions.

The analysis of contradictory traits in modern thinkers might be prolonged indefinitely. It all illustrates, in Mr. Björkman's mind, the natural history of thought. He says:

"The process of gradual displacement and substitution which we call progress seems invariably to result from a conflict between opposed but complementary principles. Of such antagonisms life holds any number. But out of the mass a few emerge as more vital and deep-going than

the rest. In the spiritual life of man, as we find it embodied in his speculative and imaginative literatures, there are three predominant antagonisms of this kind. As the human mind swings toward one side or the other across these lines of everlasting cleavage, we obtain certain universal moods, or ways of looking at life, that we name respectively: (1) realism and idealism; (2) individualism and Socialism; (3) scepticism and mysticism."

Realism insists that, in the last resort, art must always fall back on concrete existence for its material. Idealism maintains that, after all, the highest purpose of art is to transcend life and even to escape from it. Individualism emphasises the necessity of the free development of the unit. Socialism prefers to accentuate the importance of solidarity and of organization. Scepticism clings to the relativity of being and aims to save man from spiritual stagnation by revealing to him the insufficiency of every truth already established. Mysticism, on the other hand, seeks the hidden verities that reason has never been able to fathom and that inspire the whole religious life of humanity.

The character of this threefold array of distinctions makes it clear, according to Mr. Björkman, that we are not dealing with certain falsehoods to be overcome and certain truths to be established in their place. He argues:

"Realism and idealism, for instance, are equally *true*, which simply means that they are equally needful to the orderly workings of human reason, and also to the effective comprehension of the problem of living. They may be said to represent two juxtaposed viewpoints from which life may be observed. And in order to grasp life in its fulness, in all its protean complexity, man must endeavor to do the impossible—he must try to behold life and all it contains from both those antipodal points at the same time. Progress, or the mind's continued swinging back and forth between these points, cannot, therefore, have for its purpose any complete elimination of the principles involved, but must rather be looked upon as aiming at the gradual merging of the essential elements in each pair of opposites into a synthetic whole. And it is only reasonable to conclude that the greatness of men and periods alike may be measured by the extent to which they succeed in such a synthetic embodiment of theretofore prevailing antagonisms.

"What we call genius implies most frequently, of course, a supremely satisfactory embodiment of the momentary swing of the racial mind toward one extreme or the other. Less frequently, but even more characteristically, it implies a foreshadowing of the impending reversal of the racial mind's momentary bias. But rarest and greatest that form of genius must be held which mirrors in its expressions both what is and what will come, so that it implies not a one-sided development, but an organic fusion of some dualism that cuts all the rest of life in twain."

WOMAN'S UNREST THROUGH CONSERVATIVE EYES

IN a new book entitled "The Unrest of Women" (Appleton) we may trace the impression left on a genial but somewhat conservative mind by the rising feminist movement. Mr. Edward Sandford Martin, the author of the book in question, sets out to discover why the minds of women to-day are so much disturbed; what social changes they seek; whether these changes would be beneficial; and whether the suffrage would help to bring them about. He has something to say about Inez Milholland, and he devotes whole chapters to "the disquiet of Miss Thomas," "the agitation of Mrs. Belmont" and "the admirable Miss Adams." He comes to the conclusion that "the disquiet of the women cannot be allayed by anything done for women. It is part of the general disturbance and can only be soothed by measures that will also pacify the rest of society."

Taking up, first of all, the invasion of industry by woman, Mr. Martin pronounces the tendency a new, and in many ways a bad, one. The home suffers. Woman suffers. And she does not really succeed in "making good." Mr. Martin points to thousands of women occupying subordinate positions in offices and stores. They do not stand on the same level with men, and they do not regard their employments as permanent. They are like soldiers learning the rudiments of war, but expecting later to earn their discharge and to proceed to the real business of life. And their real business, Mr. Martin insists, is motherhood. "It is in that," he maintains, "that woman is indispensable and unrivaled; and in that is the basis of her complete equality with man. In that she is the principal, not only in bearing children, but in rearing and training them as well. That is by so much the most important calling to which women must look forward that for the general run of women all the other employments are of negligible moment in comparison with it and have to be considered on a basis of their relation to it. To that calling the great mass of women in due time find their way."

Mr. Martin goes on to speak of a vision that haunts the radical and feminist mind. It is one of man and wife starting out with dinner-pails in the morning, either together or separately, and doing a wage-earning day's work, and coming home at night, and raising the necessary number of children, and being happy, prosperous and contented in that liberated and independent condition. "That vision," he says, "is nine-tenths delusion." It will work, he thinks, at an extreme pinch where the alternative is no bread, and it will work more or less in the case of child-

less people. But "for the general run of families and people the old appportionment is right; one to earn wages and one to keep the home." So grounded in nature, Mr. Martin maintains, is the instinct of wifehood and husbandhood that a working woman soon finds that she needs a wife. She needs, that is to say, some one to think for her, to sustain her, to amuse and soothe and rest her. And since she cannot take a wife she will be apt to treat herself to a husband to be a wife to her! The argument proceeds:

"A man may make of himself a fair substitute for a wife for a working-woman, but it takes a rarer talent still for him to make a competent mother for her children. That calls for instincts he does not have. It is astonishing how lacking many of the suffragist writers are in appreciation of what is done for a family by a competent mother. They might have been born from a penny-in-the-slot machine for all the conception they show of the job of mothering, and of the time, the thought, the strength, the leisure and the wit it takes to do it. You would think to read them that a mother's cares did not extend beyond infancy, and that a fairly active nurse girl, with the help of an apothecary's clerk, could easily relieve her of all of them. But some of the suffragist writers know better—Ellen Key, for one, who really has a serious-minded, grown-up-woman's knowledge about the woman's end of human life, and comes out of her remarkable divagations after free love and trial marriage, and Heaven knows what, into admirable discourse about the domestic side of life, and the enormous importance of giving married women a chance to keep their minds on it.

"Altogether too many of the active suffragists present as their credentials for the work of rearranging human life the glaring evidences of their failure to live it successfully as it is. Women who seem to have made a mess of all life's relations are not abashed to offer themselves as pilots to their sex. It is nothing that they do not inspire much confidence in the minds of their more conservative and successful sisters. It is everything if they make an enormous noise, and that they do, and it is a serious factor in disturbance."

When he comes to a consideration of woman's demand for suffrage, Mr. Martin expresses his conviction that most women prefer government by men to government by women. And that seems to him a sound preference. "For tho," he says, "it might seem natural that women should side with women against men, and men with men against women, that is not so natural as it seems and usually does not happen. It is woman, not man, that is indispensably prone to take the side of a woman against a man; and it is man, not woman, that is indispensable to

woman, and at a pinch she will usually cleave to her own as against her like." Mr. Martin continues:

"The suffrage has come in some countries and in some of our own States. Let it be tried in the experiment stations. We do not do well to be too much afraid of it. If it belongs to come we shall have it. If it belongs to stay it will stay. California is trying it. Let us see whether the woman voters will continue to like it and to use it, whether it helps matters, whether the feminine unrest is allayed or increased by it. Colorado has had it for nineteen years, and its value and the expediency of it seem to be as much discussed and disputed in that State as ever, and with just as much uncertainty of conclusion. It does not appear that the 'poverty, high prices, unemployment, child slavery, widespread misery and haggard want, prostitution, insanity, suicide and crime,' of which Eugene Debs has spoken, are so much scarcer in Colorado than in other States of like economic conditions as to furnish an example of the magical value of women's votes. Women's votes seem to be much like men's votes. When a row of pianos make a concert then the voters will make a millennium. At present it is not the pianos, but the players who play on them, who make the concert; and it is not the voters, but the poets, prophets and statesmen who inspire and enlist them, that secure millennial improvements in legislation and government."

The upshot of the whole argument is that men and women should work together to promote their common welfare. The desirable thing, Mr. Martin holds, is not that woman should break her way into man's kingdom and demand equal rights. "The better way," he says, "is to make the woman's own kingdom habitable again, and to get all the modern improvements into it, and win her back to live in it and rule it, or at least check her exodus."

"It isn't at all a case of women alone. It was not women's votes that turned the old Republican party out, or started the hammering of the trusts, the revision of the tariff and all the incidents of the new politics. It was a general revolt against a politico-industrial apparatus that seemed to have grown oppressive. There is a great problem to be solved in politics. The woman problem is a part, and especially a symptom, of it. But it has got to be worked out by the ablest political minds our country can produce, working continuously on it, and the ablest and least distracted minds for such matters are still the minds of the ablest men. . . .

"If the vote as a token of direct participation in politics is something of which woman has been unjustly deprived, then in the larger development and ampler liberty that are coming to her she will get it. But if it is something that belongs to the man's part in life, an overrated power, offset by powers inalienably conferred upon her, then the demand for votes for women is a mistake, and in the long run will not prevail."

Literature and Art

The Problem of "Indecent" Fiction, Again.

THE controversy regarding the objectionable and the unobjectionable in literature, which has been raging for some years in Europe and in this country, is given new life by protests against recently published novels and against stories appearing in American magazines. Officials of the National Christian League for the Promotion of Purity have appealed to the Postmaster General at Washington, urging him to establish a censorship over magazines to prevent the too free discussion of sex problems. They file complaints specifically against *The Forum* and the *Saturday Evening Post* on the ground that dramatic sketches and stories by such writers as Witter Bynner and Edna Ferber have been demoralizing. A contributor to the Los Angeles *Graphic* speaks of "the modern literary plague," and asks: "Do American men need the morals of the 'New Machiavelli'? Are American women growing more womanly from a perusal of Herrick's 'Together,' and novels of its class?" Mr. John D. Long, former Secretary of the Navy, declared in a recent address before the Boston Authors' Club:

"Many of the modern novels—and the tendency seems to grow—breathe the air of a hothouse of sexual passion. They are an unwholesome and insidious influence on young men and women, and a demoralizing source of contamination—the more dangerous because accepted as current modern literature. They infest the shelves of

the book stores. Publishers print them because they 'sell,' as of course they sell, just as vile photographs would sell if they were allowed on every shop counter. The popular novelists of to-day, too many of them, exercise their talents in a study and presentation of the erotic passion, and make it a theme for fine phrasing and seductive philosophy and winning attractiveness."

Even advertising men confess themselves in revolt against the "morbid sex story" in widely circulated magazines.

Literary Quarantine Advocated.

HOW we may secure literary quarantine is agitating many minds. The Purity League thinks that if publishers are properly warned by the Postmaster General and

assurance is given that all offenders will be held to the same strict accountability, the stream of current literature will be materially purified. The New York *Sun* says: "Punish the venders of impurity by not reading them. In addition, if necessary, lug them before the courts. The remedy for this spreading disease is in the hands of the public whom it infects." Advertising men are planning concerted action in behalf of "clean" magazines. Mr. George S. Fowler, addressing his colleagues through the columns of *Advertising and Selling* (New York), says:

"Gentlemen, it is up to us not to withdraw our advertising from these publications if they have a good reason to exist, but to demand that they better their editorial standard. Let me reiterate that this bettering of editorial standard is a business proposition for us who buy advertising space, and a business proposition for the publishers who sell it. If clean, manly and womanly stories build the circulation of a magazine, the things which clean men and women want will pay when advertised in its columns. Advertisers will continue and will increase the patronage for those magazines which keep the faith. Cleanliness, like charity, should begin at home, and the magazine which lacks clean-mindedness in its editorial matter is putting up the weakest sort of a front when it says to the advertiser: 'Your copy must be clean and it must not harm the copy of any other advertiser. We won't permit it—that shows you how strong and good we are.' Give us honesty in advertising and in editorial treatment. Then we will have resultful publicity."



A MEMORIAL TO GEORGE BORROW

The quaint little house in Norwich, England, in which George Borrow lived with his father and mother was recently presented to the city by the Lord Mayor, and will soon be opened as a museum in memory of the author of "Lavengro" and the "Romany Rye."

What the Defenders of
the New Fiction Say.

IT is a great mistake, Andrew F. Hicks intimates in *Art* (Chicago), to suppose that all the sex stories published nowadays are bad, and that all are equally reprehensible. What we need, he feels, is a sense of values and the power to discriminate. As he puts it:

"Robert W. Chambers is a drawing-card that brings a magazine's circulation into the millions. A master of subtle style, a genius of hypocrisy and sham, he covers moral decay with a perfumed varnish that all the clergymen in the land cannot remove. But who objects to Robert Chambers on that score?

"On the other hand, Theodore Dreiser writes a deeply moving, utterly sincere story of an unfortunate woman who went wrong. And because he tells the bitter truth about her, librarians refuse to keep the book on their shelves.

"Sudermann mixes up a mess of filth like the 'Song of Songs' or 'The Indian Lily,' seasons it with all the spices of his great ability . . . and thousands are sold to people who think they are reading the realities of life. But when Shaw tries to tell the world something it ought to know and does not know, tells it with absolute honesty, complete freedom from misleading innuendo, people cry, 'How disgusting'—and 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' is ruled off the boards!

"'Anatol,' written by a master of literary putrescence and played by a clever actor, draws crowds of the God-fearing; while 'Maternity,' breathing vitality and sanity and reverence in every line, is buried within the covers of a book. The one, which ought to be locked in a cupboard with 'Les Contes Drolatiques,' and the key lost, is exposed to anyone with the price of admission. The other, which ought to be seen and re-seen by everyone, whose production would be a public benefaction, would very probably land its producer in jail."

Mitchell Kennerley, editor and publisher of *The Forum*, says that he is going to continue to print articles on sex problems when he is convinced of an author's sincerity of purpose. "We have reached an age," he observes, "when we must face a great responsibility, and it is the duty of a magazine to discuss these problems in a free and frank manner." Edna Ferber, replying to her critics of the Purity League, declares:

"These good women are of the type which would drape a statue of Venus, or any other beautiful work, because of its nudity. I suppose if they had lived in Russia we would have no Tolstoi or Turgenieff, or if they had lived in England a few hundred years ago Chaucer and Shakespeare and other great writers would never have existed."

"Hagar Revelly"—A Sex Scream.

IT is often, of course, a matter requiring the finest discrimination to determine whether a book is decent or indecent. Sometimes great masters,

such as Balzac and Maupassant, write stories of both kinds. An interesting problem is offered by such a book as Daniel Carson Goodman's "Hagar Revelly" (Mitchell Kennerley), which seems to be on the border line. It offers an elaborate study in seduction and liaison. It lays bare the life and motives of a shop-girl who just drifts from man to man. The story appeals to a writer in the Boston *Transcript* as a very significant piece of work. "What makes it so profoundly moving," he says, "is that there can be hardly one reader of the book who has not known or heard of, in actual life, some girl who has gone through the same experience for the most part as this innocent and beautiful girl Hagar. Thousands and thousands of young girls go forth every year into the world to earn their living, ignorant and pure. Their ignorance is the cause of what an uncharitable world calls their sins, and their purity is a lure for men to fill them with misery." But William Marion Reedy, of the St. Louis *Mirror*, is not ready to take the book quite so seriously. He remarks:

"As a sex novel, as an American sex novel, 'Hagar Revelly' is the latest, if not the whole, smear. Mr. Goodman is certainly a gynologer, even a gynecologist, even more than either; his touch is feminine in both coarseness and delicacy at times; that's what makes some parts of 'Hagar Revelly' quite brutal. The characteristic final, lasting impression one gets from the book is that the people who don't so much interest Mr. Goodman are the decent people . . . 'Hagar Revelly' should put out of business Mr. Robert Herrick as the exponent of the arts and crafts of sex grafting. In its kind, as art, it is the best yet. Or, if you're an ultra-moralist, the worst."

George Borrow Redivivus.

AGenuine revival of interest in the writings of George Borrow, the author of "Lavengro" and the "Romany Rye," may be looked for as the result of the efforts of his friends in England to create a permanent memorial in his honor. Early in July Borrow lovers from all over Great Britain and from points as remote as Australia and America journeyed to Norwich. The house in which Borrow lived with his father and mother—a quaint little structure in an old-world triangular court off Willow Lane, Norwich—was presented to the city by the Lord Mayor, to be preserved as a Borrow museum. A valuable collection of Borrow mementos already gathered and consisting of portraits, autograph letters, manuscripts and sketches, was shown to visitors. Among the distinguished men who came to pay tribute to Borrow were Augustine Birrell, Sir Sidney Lee, Sir W. Robertson Nicoll and Clement Shorter. Mrs. Knapp, the widow of Dr. Knapp, Borrow's

American biographer, was present. A band of genuine gypsies, procured by the Gypsy and Folk Lore Club of London, was there to sing in gypsy vernacular the wild songs which Borrow himself was so eager to understand and to publish. And on the Sunday following the celebration the Dean of Norwich preached to a great congregation in the historic cathedral of the city on "Borrow the Seer and Interpreter of Life."

The Quintessence of Borrow.

WHAT is it that gives Borrow his hold on the future? "He is not what is called a classical writer," Mr. Birrell declared in his Norwich address; "he is vehement, whimsical, extravagant, careless, occasionally very foolish, all most unclassic things to be." But "he never played for safety in his life," and Mr. Birrell owned that he disliked more cordially than any other man the man who always plays for safety. "There was a good deal of humbug about 'Lavengro,'" Mr. Birrell added, "but once they invoked the spirit of George Borrow they became strangely indifferent to anything." This appeals to the London *Spectator* as on the whole a fair verdict. *The Spectator* says:

"To appropriate a phrase from the inexhaustible magazine of Stevenson, there is something in Borrow after all; not so much as most people suppose, but still a good deal. Borrow may have been tumid, self-conscious, and affected in his style, but he really did love the open air, a good horse, a good fight with fists, a pretty woman, having one's talk out, ballads, antiquarianism and scholarship, and above all the Bible. As long as these things are beloved of Englishmen, Borrow is certain to keep his place in our hearts in spite of his swaggerings and his pasteboard gypsies—unnatural creatures, one-third pugilist and horse-coper, one-third stage bandit, and one-third local preacher or poacher, as might be required by the plot."

A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* who attended the Norwich celebration feels that in Borrow, the apostle of the open air, is to be found the secret of his new clutch upon the hearts of the English world. He writes:

"To live on the heath, to rejoice in the black night of stars, to taste the wind and breathe the fragrance of the open road, to be glad of all life and living things, both man and beast—this, above all things else, denotes the spirit of Borrow. In the mystery of the English twilight we walked with one who knew the man, out upon the dark rolling Heath of Mousehold above Norwich. It was there in a sheltered hollow where the gypsies pitched their tents, and it was there beneath the stars where Lavengro and Jasper spoke together in the lines so often quoted."

"Unpath'd Waters."
ONE of the most remarkable collections of stories issued in many a day is Frank Harris's "Unpath'd Waters" (Mitchell Kennerley). Mr. Harris tells us that he kept them in hand more than the nine years Horace advised. Long ago, Bernard Shaw described Mr. Harris as "a lost English Maupassant." Other critics compare him with Anatole France. "His book," remarks a writer in *T. P.'s Weekly* (London), "is notable in many ways; but it is unique in the fact that there is not a single story founded on what has been called English sentiment." The same writer continues:

"Mr. Harris works on the hard prose of life—his tools turn out brilliant and scintillating facets, but the glitter is that of the steel of the sword—no rosy gleams—no bewildering maze of softness and color. The manner has its defects instead of its virtues—the appeal throughout the stories is to the head, never to the heart. Mr. Harris has been compared to Anatole France, and there is much truth in the comparison so far as complete mastery of irony is concerned. But you get tones of softness and pity in the France exposures; there is a something of laughing with as well as laughing at; his coldest mockery gets a glow from the beauty of the language setting. In the dissections of Mr. Harris there is no gentle guiding of the scalpel. Life is not a thing of beauty at its best; it is a thing of horror at its worst, and Mr. Harris is relentless in tearing off any illusions with regard to it. Perhaps, on the whole, when analyzing the grip he gets on his readers and the high place he has among the very few masters of the short story, it is this individual outlook, this absolute refusal of compromize with the popular and the conventional, which contains the secret."

Short Stories with a Philosophy Back of Them.

CREATIVE genius or spiritual principle balked by the world's hard insensibility seems to be the theme that appeals most vividly to Frank Harris. Again and again he

emphasizes this motive. In "The Irony of Chance" we get a glimpse of the man of science in conflict with a skeptical public, and when trying to meet it on its own ground getting worsted in the contest. "The Magic Glasses" is a capital story of an itinerant vendor of spectacles who discovers and tries to sell glasses which "reveal the naked truth and show things as they are and men and women as they are." Needless to say, his wares are not appreciated. Perhaps the most powerful story in the book is that entitled "The Miracle of the Stigmata." The tale is based on an

for a sign to the whole world, the Stigmata of Jesus the Crucified had been put upon him. Irony touched with infinite tenderness—the irony of humanity's failure to understand its greatest men—is the idea that this story illustrates.

Frank Harris's Tribute
to David Graham
Phillips.

IN a series of papers now appearing in the London *Academy*, Frank Harris is celebrating "American Novelists of To-day." The first writer that he selects for appraisal is David Graham Phillips, and to Phillips he pays a tribute that is whole-hearted. "It is hardly too much to say," he thinks,

"that since Balzac no one has studied society with such a union of the creative power of temperament and the critical power of the intellect. 'White Magic,' 'The Adventures of Joshua Craig,' 'New Wives for Old,' 'The Second Generation,' 'The Hungry Heart,' 'The Husband's Story,' are all books of the first order, showing extraordinary powers in their author." Mr. Harris goes on to say:

"All sorts of criticisms of him have appeared in American magazines and papers, most of them concerned chiefly in pointing out his faults, or what the critics regard as faults. I take small interest in the mistakes of a master; I am more concerned with Mr. Phillips'

merits than his shortcomings. He has written half a dozen books that deserve to live. . . .

"I have compared Phillips with Balzac, and, of course, the comparison is unfair, because Balzac is the greatest creator in prose who ever lived, as unapproachable in his way as Shakespeare. But I used the highest standard because there is no other that gives the impression of Mr. Phillips' gift of story-telling. . . .

"Being of the Anglo-Saxon race, it was to be expected that he would be more of a preacher than Balzac and less of an artist. . . . Nearly all his best works, in fact, are what is known as problem stories: they handle ethical problems of to-day, and they handle them with a very broad and clear intelligence."



Courtesy of Mitchell Kennerley

FRANK HARRIS AS HE APPEARS TO A POST IMPRESSIONIST

In this drawing by J. D. Fergusson we get a glimpse of the somber and sardonic Englishman whose new book of short stories, "Unpath'd Waters," is creating a sensation in the literary world.

THE CRUELTIES OF POST-IMPRESSIONISTIC CARICATURE

CARICATURE is now elevating itself, apparently, to a dignified and envied place among the arts. Littérateurs and critics of the rank of Georg Brandes, André Gide, and Remy de Gourmont stand as its sponsors and champions. One of the most distinguished poets in France, the

Gourmont. But André Gide, writing in the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, admired on the contrary a "puissant idealization" in the drawings of Rouveyre. Atrocities, obscenities, horrors, are not necessarily the qualities of realism, declared André Gide. "Does anyone still need to learn that idealization in art does not necessarily express itself in the manner that the public ordinarily calls Beauty? The suppression of the neutral, the banal, the meaningless, to accentuate whatever the artist wishes—that is idealization. To live more intensely, some of M. Rouveyre's drawings are frightfully shocking. What of it! His enemy is not ugliness; it is mediocrity."

Louis de Fourcaud, writing in the *Gaulois*, explained that Rouveyre's talent lay in decomposing forms by following the rules of a mysterious geometry of the expression. The men and women of his drawings appear to

the poet, created one of those *causes célèbres* that Paris delights in. The lady threatened suit, protesting against the artist's "porcine manifestation" as a travesty or lampoon rather than a caricature. The New York *Evening Post*, commenting editorially on the case, remarked:

"A young woman of more than usual beauty and charm has been changed into an elderly fury reminiscent of nothing so much as one of the knitting women around the guillotine in 'A Tale of Two Cities'... Mme. Mendès is not particularly well-known as a writer or in the arts. The public for whom she is caricatured can only be the comparatively small circle of her friends. That makes M. Rouveyre's transgression all the more cruel. To be held up to public ridicule without the compensating advantages of fame is unfair. What the distant public thinks usually does not matter; but it comes hard to have one's intimates whisper: 'How marvelously the artist has caught the soul of her; would you have ever thought she was really like this?'"

Brandes compares Rouveyre in such instances to a wild beast toying with its prey. The great Danish critic wrote:

"At times he gives the reins to his fancy; and then there are no limits to which he may go in his attempts, repeated twenty or thirty times, to seize the essential characteristics. He becomes cruel, he sneers with enraged fury, the fury of a wild animal that paws at his prey, tears it with his teeth, and then tears at it again. Look at the long series of sketches of Réjane, who can, nevertheless, still be very beautiful and who on the street as on the stage still possesses lure and grace. Rouveyre's analysis has slashed her to pieces; his spying looks



THIS IS GABRIELE

Rouveyre's idea of the famous Italian poet D'Annunzio who now writes plays in French with Russian scenery for Ida Rubinstein.

late Jean Moréas, interpreted the new caricature in colorful prose. It has developed an esthetic and a purpose all its own. Naturally, it was not only to be expected but quite inevitable that caricature, like every other art, should undergo the influence—or catch the disease—of Post-Impressionism, of Cubism, and even that more acutely revolutionary manifestation which calls itself Post-Cubism.

One of the leading draughtsmen and caricaturists of the new school is the Frenchman André Rouveyre, whose acid pen and virulent exuberance have in certain cases made him the defendant in suits for damages. In 1907 he published a collection of contemporary portraits with the Baudelairian title of "*Carcasses divines*." Several years later appeared a sensational collection of eighty studies of feminine nudes, entitled "*Le Gynécée*," with a preface by Remy de Gourmont. Jean Moréas called this collection the *danse macabre* of Love. "Here is a book of life, and not a book of dreams," wrote Remy de



THE CHARMING RUBINSTEIN

The Russian dancer-actress as Rouveyre imagines or sees her. The public admires her posterlike slenderness. The artist sees her as a skinny female.

us, explains this critic, rather as they will be to-morrow than as they actually are to-day. "This artist, you would say, has the presentiment or the pre-science of the future of his models. His irony is like a view into the depths. This art is calculated rather less to divert than to inspire strong and bitter reflections. In this respect he has a quality indefinably philosophical, pessimistic, bleak."

Georg Brandes, who described Rouveyre's art in the Copenhagen *Poli-tiken* a year or two ago, was surprised to find the artist a happily married man instead of a sour and unappreciated misogynist. For Rouveyre is especially cruel to women. His caricature of Madame Jane Catulle Mendès, wife of



SARAH BERNHARDT

The eternally young actress as the misogynist Rouveyre depicts her.

have discovered her, tracked her down, surprised her; his pencil has written an ode of contemptuous irony to her shoulders, another to her fingers, a third to the figure of the actress. . . . Still the bitterness and misogyny in these sketches is nothing in comparison with the *Gynécée*. Never has the animal side of the woman in love been thus exposed to such searching light. There are hundreds of erotic positions, each more extravagant and bestial than the other. No joyous sensuality, still less obnoxious lasciviousness in this artist; but a passion to seize the unobserved truth, the striking attitude that is not noticed, in its thousand diverse changes; a coolness in the eye that astonishes and almost frightens, an eye that follows unceasingly every characteristic movement of woman, from prudery to savage madness, from coquetry in all its aspects to that delirium which is only manifest in cries and gestures."

Upon meeting the caricaturist, however, Brandes discovered that Rouveyre possessed nothing of the polemic temperament nor of the misogynist. He is, declares Brandes, an artist who produces naively, by reason of a naturally gifted originality, an originality that is formidable.

The latest collection of Rouveyre's caricatures has just been published by the *Mercure de France* in Paris under

the title of *Visages des Contemporains*. It is prefaced by Rouveyre's colleague of the *Mercure*, Remy de Gourmont, and contains eighty-six graphic pictorial analyses of European celebrities. M. de Gourmont, with his usual penetration, has given an interesting interpretation of the art of his associate. There is not the slightest element of photography in this art, he says. Nor, on the other hand, does it resemble in any way the type of caricature that aims only to make one laugh. "Rouveyre, on the contrary, wishes, with his constructed, analyzed, and finally recomposed studies, to make us reflect."

"We do not know how to see in these days; or we know how to see less and



A PERFORMING APE?

By no means! This is the subtle delicate compliment Rouveyre pays to Mme. Simone, whose tour of this country was not successful.



A GREAT ARTISTE

Rouveyre's conception of that distinguished gommeuse who calls herself Miss Gaby Deslys.

less, perhaps not at all. Photography has briskly finished and put an end to the drawing professor's work, which it has made useless. It is great progress: there is nothing left now except to repeat the process. Here we are again with Dibutade, who invented drawing by following the contours of a shadow on the wall with a piece of charcoal. With that, the model, and 'the strong stroke' which baffled Pecuchet, one mounts easily to the ideal, the very summits of the ideal.

"But quite as well I like that art which has aims not quite so high, the art that limits itself to the personal and the characteristic. And these are, indeed, in the domain of portraiture to which he wishes to confine himself, the primary qualities of André Rouveyre. The face that is seen by him is seen by him alone. . . . Before drawing it, he wants to understand it. The lines, the shadows, the features, the cavities and even the colors, which he



MARY GARDEN

A strange vision of the famous opera singer in one of her much-discussed costumes.

portrays in his own way, speak to him in a language he understands. Everything is thinking in a head which is thinking. There is nothing in the faces of Rouveyre that is not symbolic of an interior state: either of their life or of their speech, which seems to come out of each wrinkle of the skin."

That is, continues Remy de Gourmont, true at least of some of Rouveyre's portraits. His psychological researches have at times caused him to overload his drawing with cruel commentaries, and to disregard verisimilitude and representation.

"This must be said, for it is true. Here and there Rouveyre has exhibited cruelty. Play has detracted him from reason sometimes, but always in the sense of a secret truth. He has gone beyond the present tendency not much more than Sem, but with more variety and acuity. He has struck and he has wounded too. Some heads, especially those of women, after one has recognized them (it is not so serious when you do not recognize them) give you something to cry over. That is not as it should be. They ought not to make us laugh either, but only to meditate."

The New York *Evening Post* believes that while most of our American caricaturists are kindly in spirit, there is a growth in the tendency toward



GEORG BRANDES

A vision of the distinguished scholar and critic who is one of the champions of Rouveyre's art.

savage animus among some of the most distinguished draughtsmen of our dailies, and in the tendency to comment satirically, as do the caricaturists of the Rouveyre type, upon the personality depicted. The *Evening Post* believes that the new caricature, with its crudities and cruelties, may come to America when called for by a keener civic consciousness.

"Very likely, work like Boardman Rob-



BERGSON

Here is a somewhat unsympathetic view of the famous philosopher of the Sorbonne.

inson's and Cesare's, both in its technical excellence and its sharper animus, indicates a general approach towards European standards. Our good-natured cartoons on bosses and their legislative henchmen are the reflection of our criminal good nature to evils in public life. A sharper civic consciousness should make the cartoonist's pen dig in deeper. As the fight between new and old ideals grows



"A PORCINE MANIFESTATION"

This sketch of Mme. Jane Catulle Mendès almost brought about a lawsuit. The lady is really quite charming, her friends claim.

tenser, the pictures of Murphy and Penrose may grow actually repulsive. Nevertheless, it will be some time before party spirit reaches the point of intensity that animates a Forain when he depicts M. Jaurès, or a Munich anticlerical caricaturist when he draws a picture of a Catholic bishop."

THE TWO SUPREME NOTES IN ROBERT BRIDGES' GENIUS

IN somewhat derogatory comment on the appointment of Robert Bridges as the new Poet Laureate of England, the *New York Times* declares: "He has thus far delivered no message to his age, and it is doubtful if he has such a message to deliver." This statement is debatable, and would seem to be contradicted by a study of Mr. Bridges' achievement. No less a critic than Arthur Symons has found Bridges "alone in our time as a writer of purely lyric poetry, poetry which aims at being an 'embodied joy,' a calm rapture." Mr. Symons has written farther:

"This poet collectedly living apart, to whom the common rewards of life are not so much as a temptation, has meditated deeply on the conduct of life, in the freest, most universal sense; and he has attained a philosophy of austere, not unsmiling content, in which something of the cheerfulness of the Stoic unites with the more melancholy resignation of the Christian; and, limiting himself so resolutely to this sober outlook upon life, tho with a sense of the whole wisdom of the ages:

Then oft I turn the page
In which our country's name,
Spoiling the Greek of fame,
Shall sound in every age:
Or some Terentian play
Renew, whose excellent
Adjusted folds betray
How once Menander went.

Limiting himself, as in his verse, to a moderation which is an infinite series of rejections, he becomes the wisest of living poets, as he is artistically the most faultless. He has left by the way all the fine and colored and fantastic and splendid things which others have done their utmost to attain, and he has put into his poetry the peace and not the energies of life, the wisdom and not the fever of love, the silences rather than the voices of nature."

In similar spirit, John Bailey, a writer in *The Quarterly Review*, who subjects Mr. Bridges' verse to close analysis, pronounces him "at once very traditional and very modern; very Christian in tone and sympathy, and unflinchingly sincere in accepting the discovered truths of science and philosophy." Bridges' best poems, Mr. Bailey avers, belong to a primitive order of things, before men were so greatly moved by trees and flowers, storms and sunsets, as to make them the primary subjects of works of art; when the activity of the critical intellect had hardly begun; when love and religion, the most ancient and universal, were also the only interests that distinguished man from the brutes, and almost the only subjects of his poetry and art. To these two fundamental themes Bridges returns again and again. In expressing them he finds his highest and his most authentic moods.

His attitude is that of a man who has thought as well as felt, who can no longer be the slave of mere passion or mere superstition and yet knows still that love and religion are the greatest things that have ever come into human life.

Love is everywhere in Bridges' poetry. It is one special kind of love that inspires him. He has no Swinburnian or other affectations of reviving the worship of Aphrodite Pandemos. His love is one that unites souls as well as bodies. Only once, Mr. Bailey opines, in all his poems does Bridges deal expressly with the old primitive Eros; and then it is to ask him:

Why hast thou nothing in thy face?

Surely thy body is thy mind,
For in thy face is nought to find,
Only thy soft unchristen'd smile,
That shadows neither love nor guile,
But shameless will and power immense,
In secret sensuous innocence.

For Mr. Bridges, a man of Northern race and Northern gravity of manners, with centuries of Teutonic blood and Christian morals in him, love has to be a great deal more than a naked instinct.

Since we loved.—(the earth that shook
As we kissed, fresh beauty took)—
Love hath been as poets paint,
Life as heaven is to a saint;

All my joys my hope excel,
All my work hath prosper'd well,
All my songs have happy been,
O my love, my life, my queen.

Here, indeed, Mr. Bailey comments, is no lack of passion; but it is a passion that has filled with fire the whole of life and not the senses only. There is another point to be noted. The best love poems of Robert Bridges are very modern; they give the impression of an actual experience which has been lived through; and it is a kind of experience which is far commoner in our own than in earlier generations, the experience of love as a source not only of rapture but also of a new wisdom and a new power of life which could not have been without it. In this connection Mr. Bailey writes:

"Highly civilized ages tend to lose much of the spontaneity and universality of primitive love: and yet, like art or religion, or any other high human achievement, love welcomes and requires the highest attainable standard of life in those who exhibit its workings. It may then have more obstacles to contend against, but when it gets its way perfectly with a man and a woman whose civilization is a reality and a whole, the result is a greater thing than it could be when it owed its origin only to accident and the senses, and ran its course without touching more than a fragment of the lives of the lovers. So Mr. Bridges is able to shake off all that traditional silliness and unreality which is an irritating presence in all but the very best of the Elizabethan and Jacobean love poetry, and makes much of it the most tedious reading in the world. When the mind and imagination are themselves playing a part in the business of love, they find their own natural utterance; and instead of forced extravagances of compliment and despair, which leave the reader weary and unconvinced, we get such stanzas as:

So sweet love seemed that April morn,
When first we kissed beside the thorn,
So strangely sweet, it was not strange
We thought that love could never change.

But I can tell—let truth be told—
That love will change in growing old;
Tho' day by day is nought to see,
So delicate his motions be.

And in the end 'twill come to pass
Quite to forget what once he was,
Nor even in fancy to recall
The pleasure that was all in all.

His little spring, that sweet we found,
So deep in summer floods is drowned,
I wonder, bathed in joy complete,
How love so young could be so sweet."

In an equally exalted mood, Bridges handles the problems of religion, understanding by that term all the aspirations and activities inspired in man by the faith that there is in the world something higher and greater than himself, that he is in touch with eternal forces and eternal possibilities, and that these are specially related to the moral

and spiritual parts of his nature. "Wintry Delights," his most philosophical tho' not his most poetic treatment of these problems, declares that man is eternal nature's superior and judge:

Turn our thought for a while to the symphonies of Beethoven,
Or the rever'd preludes of mighty Sebastian; is there
One work of Nature's contrivance beautiful as these?

Man "as an artist born" is "impell'd to derive a religion"; and by some cause which is "an unsolv'd mystery" to choose the most beautiful for his art, and the best that he can imagine for his faith and truth.

Truth to the soul is merely the best that mind can imagine.

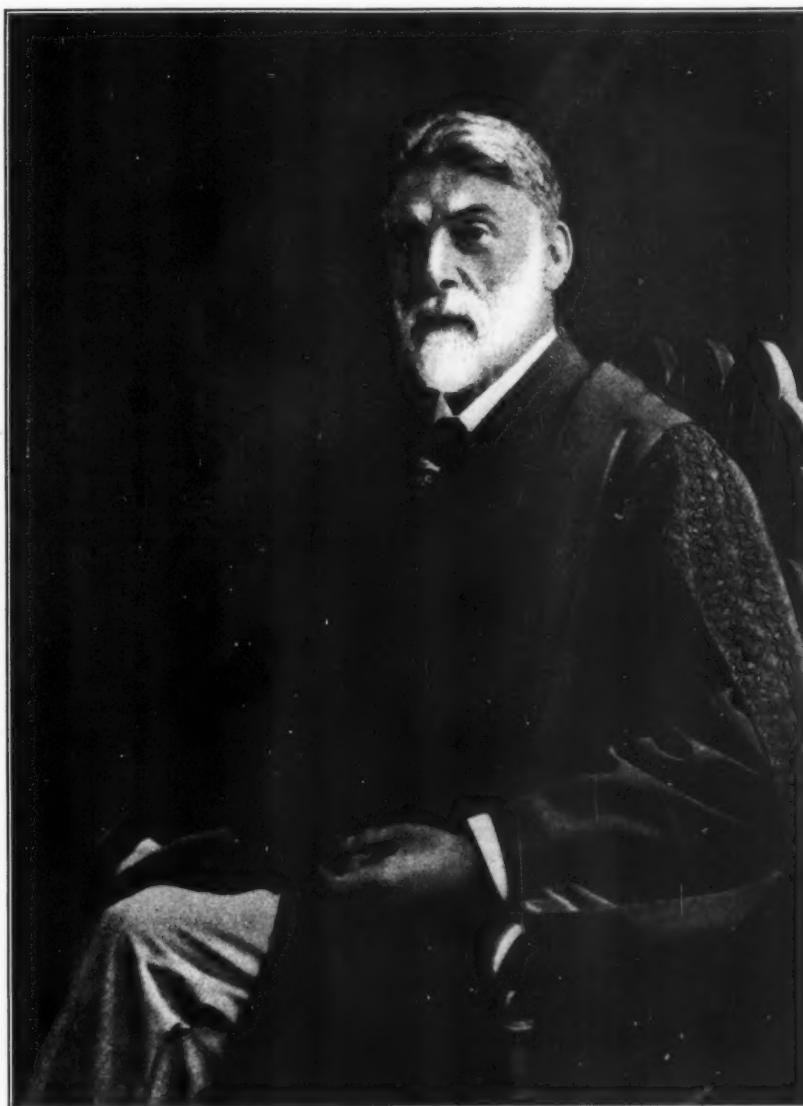
So man is "Nature's judge and tearful accuser"; tho' Nature still has the ready

reply, "Fool, and who made thee?" a reply which seems to point back to the "unsolv'd mystery" or to some Power above both man and Nature who foresees and prepares the ultimate harmony between Nature's apparently indifferent force and man's artistic and moral conscience.

Mr. Bridges has edited a book of hymns for a country church, and one or two of his own hymns have been inserted in the "English Hymnal." Where, asks Mr. Bailey, can fitter words be found to put into the mouths of young men at a University church, or indeed anywhere else, than these:

O youth whose hope is high,
Who dost to Truth aspire,
Whether thou live or die,
O look not back nor tire.

Thou that art bold to fly
Through tempest, flood and fire,
Nor dost not shrink to try
Thy heart in torments dire:



THE NEW POET LAUREATE

Controversy rages about the name of Robert Bridges. Some have maintained that his talents are insignificant. On the other hand, such discerning judges of poetry as Arthur Symons and Maurice Hewlett laud him to the skies.

If thou canst Death defy,
If thy Faith is entire,
Press onward, for thine eye
Shall see thy heart's desire.

Beauty and love are nigh,
And with their deathless quire
Soon shall thine eager cry
Be numbered and expire.

Another of Robert Bridges' finest utterances is this:

Gird on thy sword, O man, thy strength
endue,
In fair desire thine earth-born joy renew.
Live thou thy life beneath the making sun
Till Beauty, Truth, and Love in thee are
one.

Thro' thousand ages hath thy childhood
run:

On timeless ruin hath thy glory been:
From the forgotten night of love's for-
done

Thou risest in the dawn of hopes unseen.

Higher and higher shall thy thoughts as-
pire,

Unto the stars of heaven, and pass away,
And earth renew the buds of thy desire
In fleeting blooms of everlasting day.

Thy work with beauty crown, thy life
with love:

Thy mind with truth uplift to God above:
For whom all is, from whom was all be-
gun,

In whom all Beauty, Truth, and Love are
one.

What a virility of soul there is in such lines, Mr. Bailey exclaims, what a human manliness, simplicity, strength! This poem lacks the imaginative power of Crashaw's "Saint Theresa" or Francis Thompson's "Dead Cardinal"; but genius at its highest, Mr. Bailey reminds us, has always been a strange mixture of sanity and ecstasy, and "some of those who have had most of it would feel more kinship with the noble sanity of Bridges than with the ecstatic fires of Thompson or Crashaw." The distinction is an old one; the gift of Crashaw and Thompson is the rarer gift; they add to life's possibilities a new and strange element into which few will enter. Mr. Bridges, on the other hand, does a wider work with a plainer endowment, touching to new life and higher energy the most ancient and universal of the hopes and loves of man.

There, in Mr. Bailey's judgment, lies his special strength. Only those who have an actual or imaginative understanding of Christianity will ever appreciate such a poet as Francis Thompson. But there is no one who has not himself gone through some of the experiences which lie at the root of Robert Bridges' poems of nature, love and religion. The article concludes:

"He brings to each the questioning insight, the fearless sincerity, the untiring observation of our own day; but to each he also brings the sense of a great tradition of human thought and feeling, and

of himself as only one of a great company drawn from all ages and all peoples. So there are two sides to the impression he makes on his readers. On the one hand, every new reading of his poetry strengthens the impression of the poet as a strongly marked individuality, as a man who is definitely and all through his life increasingly himself and no one else. On the other, he reminds his readers of many of his predecessors, men, some of them, so unlike himself; of Herrick sometimes, of Shelley now and then, of Tennyson occasionally, oftener of Wordsworth, oftener still perhaps of Milton, and again of Keats. He often, too, recalls the Latin poets, especially Catullus, and the Greeks, especially the choruses of the tragedians. Yet the dominant note is a modern one, and it is a modern poet more than anyone else who is recalled by the last word of his shorter poems. It is with a brave stoicism, one of action and not merely of endurance, like that of Carducci's last poems, that he gathers his heart together to face the inevitable end.

Weep not to-day: why should this sadness
be?

Learn in present fears
To o'ermaster those tears
That unhindered conquer thee.

Think on thy past valor, thy future praise:

Up, sad heart, nor faint
In ungracious complaint,
Or a prayer for better days.

Daily thy life shortens, the grave's dark
peace

Draweth surely nigh,
When good-night is good-by;
For the sleeping shall not cease.

Fight, to be found fighting: nor far away
Deem, nor strange thy doom.
Like this sorrow 'twill come,
And the day will be to-day.

Mr. Bridges' collected works were issued in 1907. More recently, the "Poetical Works of Robert Bridges, excluding the Eight Dramas," have been published in one volume by the Oxford University Press in England, Australia and America. This edition contains, besides the five books of the "Shorter Poems," in which the lyrical genius of the poet most emphatically presents itself, "Prometheus the Fire-giver, a Mask in the Greek Manner"; "Demeter, Mask," "Eros and Psyche, a Narrative Poem in Twelve Measures: The Story Done Into English from the Latin of Apuleius," "The Growth of Love: A Sonnet Sequence," "New Poems," "Later Poems," and "Poems in Classical Prosody." "As a dramatic poet," remarks William Stanley Braithwaite in the Boston *Transcript*, "Mr. Bridges has not been especially notable. The verse has always been delightful, full of that instinctive quality of charm and spirit which he always imparts to rhythmic speech. He lacks what Arthur Symons calls the emphasis of drama, that focussing of character and suspension of action for which poetry is only a sort of vehicle. There

are no 'baits for attention, no splendors or violences, not much passion, not much emotion, not a very vivid or active life. You are to resign yourself to a somewhat lulling spell; you must dream to the end, otherwise the entertainment is closed to you.' But in the 'Shorter Poems,' he reaches a lyrical perfection that only Campion and Shelley, and Tennyson at his best, have equalled."

The new Poet Laureate, we learn from an article by Joyce Kilmer in the *New York Times*, was born in 1844. He comes of a distinguished English family, being the son of John Bridges of St. Nicholas and Walmer in Kent, and a kinsman of the Rev. Thomas Edward Bridges, D.D., who was from 1823 to 1843 President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. At Eton, and later at Oxford, Mr. Bridges was noted for his scholarship, but he found time to distinguish himself in athletics. He was an enthusiastic cricketer and oarsman. In 1867 he was placed in the second class in the Final School of Literae Humaniores. After leaving the university he spent a number of years in foreign travel, familiarizing himself with life on the Continent and in the Far East.

On his return to London he became a student of medicine at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, receiving, in due course, the degree of M. B. at Oxford. He then began the practice of his profession, being regularly attached to the staff of St. Bartholomew's Hospital and of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormonde Street. Retiring from practice in 1882, he married and left London for his beautiful rural estate at Yattendon in Berkshire. Since that time he has devoted himself exclusively to literature.

The first poem inspired by the new appointment is exceptionally felicitous. It is not by the Laureate, but to him. We quote from the *Westminster Gazette*:

TO THE POET LAUREATE.

By MAURICE HEWLETT.

Nor clamor nor the buzzing of the crowd,
Bridges, beset the lonely way you took:
The mountain path, the laurel-shelter'd
nook,

The upland peak earth-hidden in a cloud,
The skyey places—here your spirit proud
Could meet its peers, the lowland rout
forsook;

Here were your palimpsest and singing-
book,

Here scope and silence, singing-robe and
shroud.

Let England learn of thee her ancient
way

Long time forgot: the glory of the swift
Is swiftness, not acclaim, and to the
strong

The joy of battle battle's meed. Thy song
Will call no clearer, nor less surely lift
Our hearts to Beauty for thy crown of
bay.

RECENT POETRY

PERHAPS some day," says Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer, writing in *The Outlook*, "the phonograph will bring to our school-children the interpretation of master readers, as it can now bring the work of world-famous singers and musicians. Instead of Caruso's solo from 'Pagliacci' we may yet see advertized Bliss Perry's reading of 'My Lost Duchess' or Stephen Phillips's reading of 'Kubla Khan.' Such records as these would be of vital assistance to men and women who know, love, and long to teach to others the liquid magic their own voices have not the power to evoke."

That is a fruitful suggestion, and one the poetry societies of America and Great Britain and France might do well to experiment with. It opens up a vista of magnificent possibilities if only it is handled aright. If the right kind of readers are secured and the right kind of selections are made, there is no limit to the educational advantages that might be derived from such a procedure. If it did nothing more than displace the terrible methods now so much in vogue of trying to teach school-children the love of poetry by the horrifying process of tearing a poem apart and putting it together again in prose, it would be of great value. "Giving a child a poem for analysis," says Mr. Pulsifer, "is like giving a puppy a costly tapestry on which to exercise its restless jaws. It adds nothing to the child's comprehension of verse, nothing to the dog's understanding of the textile art, and it is disastrous to the beauty of both tapestry and poem."

By all means let the phonograph be drafted into the service of poetry. The first danger to be avoided in such an experiment is that of rushing off to the stage and getting dramatic readings of lyric poems. That would be well-nigh fatal. The reading of lyric poems is a distinct art in itself and one with which the dramatic schools and teachers of elocution, we surmize, have had very little to do. The real problem to be solved is to find such readers. They are not numerous, but they do exist. When it comes to selecting the poems for such an experiment let not our living poets be overlooked.

One of our living poets, who has just had a collection of his "works" placed on the market by Doubleday, Page & Company, is Cale Young Rice. Mr. Rice, the one of the younger writers, has published four volumes of poems and six volumes of poetic dramas. Nearly all his work is of merit and much of it of very decided dramatic power. Here is a fine dramatic poem which we find in the *Book News Monthly*:

"THE MONSOON BREAKS."

By CALE YOUNG RICE

I.

Panting, panting, panting!
O the terrible heat!
The fields crack
And the ryot's back
Bursts with the cruel heat.
The wells of the land are empty,
Six hundred feet, in vain,
The oxen lower the buckets o'er
And draw them up again.

Panting, panting, panting!
Parched are the earth and sky.
The elephant in the jungle
Sucks root and river dry.
The tiger, in whose throat
The desert seems to burn,
Paces the path,
The pool path—
But only to return.

O the terrible heat!
O the peacock's cry!
The whine of monkeys in the trees,
The children crawling on their knees.
O the terrible heat!
The gods will let us die:
Shiva and Parvati and all
To whom we beat the drum and call,
Vouch to us no reply.

II.

Panting, panting, panting!
The plague is drawing near.
Hot is the sun, hot is the night,
And in the heat is fear.
The plague, of famine mate,
Is fumbling at the latch.
Soon his step—
Death-step!—
Listening we shall catch.

O! . . . soon his step!
There's heard the funeral chant;
There's smelt the funeral pyre;
The ghat is red with fire.
O the terrible heat!
The gods are adamant.
Will the monsoon
Let us swoon
Unto the last heart-beat?

III.

Panting, panting, panting! . . .
Go up toward the sea
And look again, ye holy men,
To learn if clouds may be.
Go up into your temples
With sacrifice and song,
Call to the gods,
The cruel gods,
Who beat us down with rays like rods:
Say that we wait too long!

Say that the wells are dry,
Say that our flesh is sand,
Say that the mother's milk is pain,
The child beats at her breast in vain,
Say that we curse the land.
O the terrible heat!
Say that even the moon
In fiery flight
Scorches the night.
O bring us the monsoon!

IV.
Panting, panting, panting!
The nautch-girl cannot sing,
But drops her vina in the dust
And sinks, a shriveled thing.
The fakir has acquired
No merit for six days,
But at the tank,
The shrine's tank,
That never before of vileness stank,
Babbles of water sprays.

V.
O the terrible heat!
How long must we endure.
The holy men have come again,
The beating drums are fewer.
A cobra in their path
Licked out an angry tongue
Into the air—
O with despair
Is even the serpent stung!

VI.
Panting, panting, panting!
The night again, and day;
And day again, and night again,
Burning their endless way.
The furnace sun goes down.
The branding stars come out
And sear the eyes
Like fiery flies
Settling upon them—O ye skies—
A drop for us, we pray!

But one—upon the tongue!
To let us know you care.
But one—tho' it be wrung
Of breath sent up in prayer.
O the terrible heat!
Again the beating drums.
What do I hear?
A cry? A cheer? . . .
The priests are chanting, nearer, nearer . . .
Is it the monsoon comes?

The priests are chanting! . . . O,
What word is on their lips!
"The monsoon breaks! the monsoon
breaks!"
A darkness sudden grips
My sight; is it the shroud
Of blindness, or—a cloud?
The monsoon breaks?
The rain awakes?
Out of the darkened sky it shakes?—
Louder they cry, and loud!

O loud! until at last
The people hear bedazed:
The sick who drank of burning air,
The weak, the well, the crazed!
The temple's sacred cow
Lows gently at the door;
The fakir makes his vow
And chants his Vedic lore;
But all lift up
Their lips' cup
And drink more of it, more!

And singing fills the air!
And soon the Summer's song
Of greenness covers all the earth,
For long the rain is, long!
The rice is flooded far;
While Shiva, Indra, all
The gods, who are the world's laws,
Are lulled to sleep,
In temples deep,
By praises without pause.

The selection of Robert Bridges for poet-laureate brings a distinct disappointment to the United States. We know less of him here than of any of the other poets who were prominently mentioned, and, sooth to say, we are not likely to become enthusiastic over his work when we know it. It is of fine texture, it reveals the man of culture and scholarship, but it partakes too much of the nature of metrical exercises ever to fire the heart or mind. Mr. Bridges is fond of elegies and memorial verse, and his poetic vision is for the most part turned to the past. But, for one thing, he is never likely to render either his office or himself ridiculous. He is a real poet, tho he will do nothing to add to the popular interest in poetry. Here is one of his best lyrics:

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

By ROBERT BRIDGES.

I will not let thee go.
Ends all our month-long love in this?
Can it be summed up so,
Quit in a single kiss?
I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
If thy word's breath could scare thy deeds
As the south wind can blow
And toss the feathered seeds,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
Had not the great sun seen, I might;
Or were he reckoned slow
To bring the false to light,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
The stars that crowd the summer skies
Have watched us so below
With all their million eyes,
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
Have we not chid the changeful moon,
Now rising late, and now
Because she set too soon?
And shall I let thee go?

I will not let thee go.
Have not the young flowers been content,
Plucked ere their buds could blow
To seal our sacrament?
I cannot let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
I hold thee by too many bands:
Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go.

From out the West comes a new poet, who is heralded as the bard of the lumbermen. His songs, so say his publishers, George H. Doran Company, "have traveled by word of mouth from pioneer to pioneer," and one of them has been reprinted a hundred times. It is not improbable. Mr. Douglas Malloch—for that is his name—has a fresh note and a dauntless optimism. Much of his poetry in this first volume—"The

Woods"—is in dialect and, like most dialect verse, has something cheap about it. But Mr. Malloch is fully capable of producing poetic effects without misspelling words and fracturing the rules of grammar, as the following shows:

CONTRAST.

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

Nature loves neither silences nor noise.
She has her silence and she has her sound,
Yet all the melody that she employs
But serves to make her silence more profound.

The sweeping desert, yellow, bare and mute,
Seems deader for a wheeling vulture's scream.

The single quaver of a lonely lute
But makes the night seem nearer to a dream.

The sea is silent far from shores unseen,
Save where a ripple tumbles to abyss;
As whitened water makes the green more green,

The day is calmer for the bubble's hiss.

From such as these I learn the forest's charm—

'Tis not its silence, silent tho it be;
It is its sound unpoisoned with alarm,
Its whisper like the whisper of the sea.

Shouting nor silence, neither enters here—
Only the melody of far-off things.

A drifting cloud makes skies more fair appear,
The wood is stiller for the whir of wings.

It is the fashion of most poets to laud their calling to the skies. Probably, if the truth were told, most of them, looking upon more robust careers, feel at times as George Sterling felt when he wrote the following poem (in *The Smart Set*):

THE MASTER MARINER.

By GEORGE STERLING.

My grandsire sailed three years from home,
And slew unmoved the sounding whale:
Here on a windless beach I roam
And watch far out the hardy sail.

The lions of the surf that cry
Upon this lion-colored shore
On reefs of midnight met his eye:
He knew their fangs as I their roar.

My grandsire sailed uncharted seas,
And toll of all their leagues he took:
I scan the shallow bays at ease,
And tell their colors in a book.

The anchor chains his music made
And wind in shrouds and running gear
The thrush at dawn beguiles my glade,
And once, 'tis said, I woke to hear.

My grandsire in his ample fist
The long harpoon upheld to men:
Behold obedient to my wrist
A gray gull's feather for my pen!

Upon my grandsire's leathern cheek
Five zones their bitter bronze had set:
Some day their hazards I will seek,
I promise me at times. Not yet.

I think my grandsire now would turn
A mild but speculative eye
On me, my pen and its concern,
Then gaze again to sea—and sigh.

To see ourselves as others see us would be bad enough; but to see ourselves as others will see us when we have grown old and infirm would be worse. Miss Teasdale has been indulging (in *The Forum*) in that sort of fancy:

THE OLD MAID.

By SARA TEASDALE.

I saw her in a Broadway car,
The woman I might grow to be;
I felt my lover look at her
And then turn suddenly to me.

Her hair was dull and drew no light,
And yet its color was as mine;
Her eyes were strangely like my eyes,
Tho love had never made them shine.

Her body was a thing grown thin,
Hungry for love that never came;
Her soul was frozen in the dark,
Unwarmed forever by love's flame.

I felt my lover look at her
And then turn suddenly to me—
His eyes were magic to defy
The woman I shall never be.

Most of the volumes of verse published by Sherman, French & Company are not worth wasting any time upon. But "The Inner Garden," by Horace Holley, is a very pleasing exception. It has real poetry in it in considerable amount, as the following indicates:

A LANDSCAPE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By HORACE HOLLEY.

The sudden lights of sunset fall.
I tire, and pausing turn to lean
Upon a weather-dampened wall
That bounds, like sleep, the dreamy scene.

Before me, worn, a pasture lies
And careless, truant breezes blow
Puffing, from gusty April skies
The feeble grasses as they go.

A swollen brook, half-underground,
Its hidden voice now clear, now still,
O'erflows the world with droning sound
Like elfin throats beneath the hill.

To bearded hills the pasture runs
And orchard-slopes of twisted trees,
That warmed in vain by modern suns,
Huddle in patient agonies.

I see a pillar, ashen-gray,
Fallen upon the hillside lone . . .
And yearn, as tho my father lay
Beneath that unremembered stone.

The mossy wall has chilled my hand,
A fresh wind drives the clouds to foam;
The day's dim embers light the land
And light a house no more a home.

The roof-tree sags, the gables flare,
A locked door trembles to the wind;
The broken windows darkly stare
Like empty sockets of the blind.

But more than blind, old house, alas,
No inward being warms your breast,
And never foot those chambers pass
Save Time's, the last, the saddest guest.

Ah, more than weak and blind and dark
Like hearts in failure and disgrace,
You, full of death and ruin, mark
A sadder grave, that hold a race.

Beneath the gradual stars I wait,
A watchman stationed in a dream.
My thoughts, like prophets moved by fate,
Lament destruction, then redeem.

"O God!" within my heart I cry;
"Man fails, the lands their harvest
cease,—
No lonelier hill implores the sky,—
Yet here is beauty, here is peace."

Here, from our broken human mold
An austere spirit floats abroad
And decks with reverent faith this old
Forgotten breathing-place of God.

We do not know when we have seen
a nature poem that carried such passion
in its lines as is to be found in the
following poem by Miss Millay. From
The Forum:

GOD'S WORLD.

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

O World, I cannot hold thee close
enough!
Thy winds, thy wide gray skies!
Thy mists that roll and rise!
Thy woods (this autumn day) that ache
and sag
And all but cry with color! That gaunt
crag
To crush! To lift the lean of that black
bluff!
World, World, I cannot get thee close
enough!

Long have I known a glory in it all,
But never knew I this;
Here such a passion is
As stretcheth me apart;—Lord, I do fear
Thou'st made the world too beautiful this
year;
My soul is all but out of me,—let fall
No burning leaf; prithee, let no bird call.

This comes from the London *Academy*:

THE SACRAMENT.

By FREDERICK LANGLEY.

When meeting eyes keep nothing back,
But let the guarded mystery go,
Two souls will keep one sunlit track
Till down the wind the planets blow.

We crossed, a frozen world apart,
As lonely wings about the pole:
I hardly thought she kept a heart;
I never dreamed she nursed a soul.

And then our eyes together drew
A wondering holy lighted space,
And—shy, strange things beneath the
blue—
The soul swam up to either face.

And now—a woven free I-Am—
We work and dream, and love and pray,
And one glad soul to shrive or damn
Will smile at God on Judgment Day.

Mr. Bynner finds poems in peculiar
places and has his own original way of
luring them out into the open. Here is
one of his latest, in the *Yale Review*:

TRAIN-MATES.

By WITTER BYNNER.

Outside hove Shasta, snowy height on
height,
A glory: but a negligible sight.
For you had often seen a mountain-peak,
But not my paper. So we came to speak.
A smoke, a smile—a good way to com-
mence
The comfortable exchange of difference!—
You a young engineer, five feet eleven,
Forty-five chest, with football in your
heaven,
Liking a road-bed newly built and clean,
Your fingers hot to cut away the green
Of brush and flowers that bring beside a
track
The kind of beauty steel lines ought to
lack,—
And I a poet, wistful of my betters,
Reading George Meredith's high-hearted
Letters,
Joining betweenwhile in the mingled
speech
Of a drummer, circus-man, and parson,
each
Absorbing to himself—as I to me
And you to you—a glad identity!
After a while, when the others went
away,
A curious kinship made us want to stay,
Which I could tell you now; but at the
time
You thought of baseball teams and I of
rhyme.
Until we found that we were college men
And smoked more easily and smiled again;
And I from Cambridge cried, the poet
still:
"I know your fine Greek Theater on the
hill
At Berkeley." With your happy Grecian
head
Upraised, "I never saw the place," you
said.
"Once I was free of class, I always went
Out to the field."

Young engineer,
You meant as fair a tribute to the better
part
As ever I did. Beauty of the heart
Is evident in temples. But it breathes
Alive where athletes quicken airy wreaths,
Which are the lovelier because they die.
You are a poet quite as much as I,
Tho' differences appear in what we do,
And I an athlete quite as much as you,
Because you half-surmized my quarter-
mile
And I your quatrain, we could greet and
smile.

Who knows but we shall look again and
find
The circus-man and drummer, not be-
hind,
But leading in our visible estate,
As discus-thrower and as laureate?

The little magazine *Poetry*, pub-
lished in Chicago, continues to give us
some of the very best poetry now be-
ing written in either England or Amer-
ica. The opening poem in the August
number, "A Woman at Dusk," by
Arthur Stringer, is particularly fine,
but too long to reprint here. Instead
we select the following dainty thing:

ELLIS PARK.

By HELEN HOYT.

Little park that I pass through,
I carry off a piece of you
Every morning hurrying down
To my work-day in the town;
Carry you for country there
To make the city ways more fair.
I take your trees,
And your breeze,
Your greenness,
Your cleanliness,
Some of your shade, some of your sky,
Some of your calm as I go by;
Your flowers to trim
The pavements grim;
Your space for room in the jostled street
And grass for carpet to my feet.
Your fountains take and sweet bird calls
To sing me from my office walls.
All that I can see
I carry off with me.
But you never miss my theft,
So much treasure you have left.
As I find you, fresh at morning,
So I find you, home returning—
Nothing lacking from your grace
All your riches wait in place
For me to borrow
On the morrow.

Do you hear this praise of you,
Little park that I pass through?

The following poem by Mrs. Gar-
rison is taken from *Everybody's*:

YOUTH.

By THEODOSSIA GARRISON.

What do they know of youth who still
are young?
They but the singers of a golden song,
Who may not guess its worth or wonder-
—flung
Like largesse to the throng.
We only—young no longer, old so
long—
Before its harmonies stand marveling—
Oh, we who listen—never they who sing.

Not for itself is beauty, but for us
Who gaze upon it with all reverent
eyes;
And youth, which sheds its glory lumi-
nous,
Gives ever in this wise:
Itself the joy it may not realize.
Only we know, who linger overlong,
Youth that is made of beauty and of
song.

HELEN DUFFY OF TROY—A STORY

The real romance of America is now being enacted not on our vanishing frontiers but in the heart of our great cities, in the efforts of a motley population from the ends of the earth to readjust themselves to each other and to fit into American life. A group of new writers has been catching the spirit of this dramatic situation and reproducing it in song and story and drama. The story of Helen Duffy is told in *Collier's* by Edmond McKenna and is reprinted here by permission.

THE first thing that attracted my attention to old man Duffy was the fact that he had the kind of blue eyes that go with a broken nose, and yet his nose was perfectly straight.

He was standing near the corner of Allen Street, looking belligerently at a swarthy man who sold oranges and grapes and white onions from a pushcart.

"He's wan av them Greeks," he said to me after I had nodded pleasantly to him, for he appeared for all his wrathful looks to be very much alone. There is a nameless air of loneliness that one accumulates in a strange place, the recognition of which is the first psychological step in the education of a confidence man.

"You appear to dislike the Greeks," I said.

"Dislike them! I hate them; an' why shouldn't I, when wan av them stole me boy?"

"So they kidnaped the boy?"

"Worse than that, she married him, an' him a bricklayer an' as fine a workman as there is from here to Auburn, where I came from this mornin' to look for him. I larned him the trade meself, an' when he was through with his time nothin' would do him but he would lave the old woman an' me an' come down here to this hell hole."

"An' he did, an' ye see what happened to him. A Greek stole him—married him, he calls it—an' him a bricklayer an' a fine workman an' all."

The old chap quivered and snorted and thumped his fist into his palm. He had red hairs on the backs of his fingers, and when he snarled at the fruit seller all the yellow teeth in his upper jaw were visible. He had worked himself into a grand frenzy.

"Thief!" he called. "Where is he?" and he cauторed toward the man at the stand, his blue eyes agleam and his still unbroken nose stuck high into the air.

"Be careful, my friend," I admonished. "You will find yourself in trouble presently and you are getting a little too old to fight."

Split-nose Regan, the kiddies' cop, was standing on the curb with his back to the street, beating time with his broad foot to the wheeze of a hurdy-gurdy and keeping one eye on the warlike invader of his beat and the other on the dancing figure of little Marie Mantelli, for the safety of whose spindle legs his eagle face had lost what beauty it had possessed under the grinding wheels of an auto truck. I invited him to come over. That experienced pacifier deemed it too soon to interfere, for he only smiled and kept on beating time with his foot on the curb.

But the matuore judgment of Split-nose was at fault.

In an instant the red-fisted warrior was upon the unoffending Greek. There was a swift scuffle and a great squawking and an enormous quantity of fruit rolling into the gutter. Split-nose unwound the old man from about the Greek's limbs and torso, and the vender got up from the pavement with both hands spread over his bleeding mouth. Split-nose marched the struggling warrior down the street. I went along, begging him to cease his futile struggles. Near the next corner we halted. Split-nose Regan had heard the call of blood.

"Is he a frind av yours?" he asked.

"No, he came to the city this morning to look for a lost son whom he says a Greek kidnaped, or, to be more precise, who has fallen in love with a Greek girl and married her."

"Married him—stole him—me only son an' a bricklayer."

"Look here, old man," said Split-nose, "I'm goin' to turn ye loose, an' I want ye to make yerself scarce aroun' here. The first thing ye know ye'll be in trouble. Gwan now, an' this frind will help ye to find yer son, an' if the same is anythin' like the father av him, I'd advise ye to look on the station-house blotter for his name."

"I could 'a' bate the life out av him," said old Duffy, "if that interferin' policeman had minded his own rightful business."

"Mr. Duffy," I said, "you shouldn't take the matter to heart. There are many very proud men in this great city who would feel prouder still to marry a Greek girl. Why, my dear sir, these very men and women are descended from that proud race whose fighting men combed their hair at Thermopylae."

"What, them people fight?"

"Yes, those very people. History records that a little band of these very people defeated a great army of Persians."

"Oh, Persians. Ay, to be sure, Persians. It's too bad that there wasn't a couple dozen white men among the Persians."

"Thermopylae was one of the most glorious battles in the world's history."

"They may have combed their hair at the place ye mention. Ye seem to know a lot about them, however a decent man like yerself came to larn it all; but I'll bet the pipe out av me teeth it's very few av them have combed their long hair since. I would like to comb one or two more av them this mornin' meself."

He paused and looked about him cautiously, as if not sure of his company, while he rubbed and straightened out his red-haired fingers.

"It's an awful place, this," he continued, "an' anyhow I'm glad to find a man who can talk me own language. I spoke to wan or two av them this mornin' before ye came up an' all I could get out av them was a kind av a grunt."

"This place," I explained, "is the melting pot of races. Here the blood of all the peoples of the earth mingles to produce the sovereign American, the composite citizen who is one day going to break down the barriers of race and creed and give democracy a new name and the world a newer, better religion."

"The meltin' pot, is it, ye call it? An' a fine name it is, to be sure. A good many av them looks as if they needed a meltin', an' I wouldn't mind them much if wan av them wasn't mixed up with me own family now. As it is, I would like to mingle freely with the blood av a few more av them, an' I would do it if the policemen would mind their own rightful business. Didn't they take me boy? wan av them did—stole him—married him, he calls it. 'T'm married, father,' he writes me—'married with a Greek girl.' Think av that, will ye, comin' home in a letter to a decent, peaceful man? A long-fingered, slant-eyed, orange-sellin', melodian-playin' Greek, an' him a bricklayer!"

"Oh," I said rather testily, "Greeks have laid bricks. Not only have they laid bricks, but they have builded the most beautiful buildings in the world. They have quarried marbles and carved statues that remain the wonder of the ages. Our greatest artists cannot approach them for beauty—for perfection of form and classic grace. Greeks were the world's master workmen."

The old man smiled in a strange, reminiscent, indulgent way.

"It's all right, young fellow. Go right on with yer fine story. Sure I don't mind a bit what ye say. Yer talk is harmless enough, God help ye. If ye are not deceivin' yerself ye are not deceivin' me. Ye have a grand poet's mind and a lot av fine words. I have heard Father Kelly tell about the poets, but I never saw one meself before this day. Ye see, I have never traveled much, there bein' plenty av work for a good man around me own place. Don't mind me interruptin' ye. God help us all, it's a strange world we're in. Go on, I'm listenin', heart-broken as I am."

"There is no reason for your being heart-broken. You don't understand the quality of these people. If there were a little more understanding between race and race, a closer unity, a kindlier spirit, a little more love, this world would not be the sad, mad place it is. Universal peace and brotherhood would descend upon it."

"It is askin' me to be a brother to wan

av them ye are, ye hard-hearted blackguard? I felt the quality av wan av them, an' me an old man. An' I'm tellin' ye it wasn't much. It is not bad enough for wan av them to steal me only son after me havin' lived decent an' lived to myself all me life. Now if ye can help me to find him, then help me. If ye can't, don't be standin' there tryin' to break a poor old man's heart. Go away with yer fool talk an' lave me alone in me sorrow. It's up on a wagon the likes av ye should be makin' soft talk with the evangelists. If ye can help me, I say help me. If ye can't, I say lave me alone. If it's black hell itself I came into this mornin', sure I'd rather be alone in it than to be listenin' to the mockery av yer words."

"Come with me then and we'll try to find your son. He is probably working now, but we may find his wife and learn where he lives."

"Wife? Thief's what I call the likes av her. Wait till I find her!"

Together we went to the Greek colony, which I knew very well. I had many acquaintances there, among them bootblacks, fruit venders, and merchants of a more substantial sort, waiters, musicians, and artists. My mind had been fed in my formative years on the classic literature of the Greeks, and sometimes even the bootblacks filled me with awe.

The old man looked shamefaced as we went from door to door and from fruit stand to fruit stand asking for tidings of young Mrs. Michael Duffy. He growled nearly all the time in a deep undertone like distant thunder that presages a coming storm. Twice he said he would not go a step farther and twice I outmaneuvered him when he was on the point of attacking a curb merchant. He leaned against a lamp-post and rubbed the sweatband of his hat with a large red handkerchief.

"Now aren't they a healthy-lookin' crew?" he asked, "for wan av them to be disgracin' the grand old name of Duffy, with their men loungin' round here, or sellin' bits av things to children for a penny when they ought to be doin' an honest day's work like any other decent man. An' their women, Lord help us, slant-eyed hussies, cacklin' like a flock av hens. I am glad Mary herself is not here to see the disgrace the boy has brought down on the two av us. It's best that she should never know about it. Oh, my! Oh, my! a man never knows what bad luck there is in store for them when he brings them into the world."

We found it more difficult to find Mrs. Duffy than I supposed, so we gave up the canvass of the neighborhood and went to the office of a real estate agent, named Demetrius Memostyle, who was said to have a monopoly of the renting business among the Greeks. When we reached Mr. Memostyle's office he was out. We decided to wait for him. The old man settled himself cautiously in a swivel chair, on the arms of which he kept a grip so tight that his knuckles showed as white

mounds in the red expanse of his gnarled hands.

"The Greek women, about whom you talked so disparagingly," I said, as I offered him a cigar, which he started to smoke in an uncomfortable, all-in way, "were at one time, if they are not at present, the most beautiful women in the world."

"There ye go," he snorted. "Beauty, beauty, beauty forever on yer foolish young lips. Will beauty boil a pot, I'm askin'? Will beauty pay the rent? I suppose the beauty, like their fightin' power, is a thing that men read out av books thousands av years ago. An' anyhow it's little the likes av them that lives in these places knows about beauty. Lord, man, wouldn't beauty have the fine chance to live an' grow on the street like that out there among dead horses an' cats an' rotten fruits an' narrow-faced, treacherous, schemin' fellows like I've been seein' all mornin'? Sure if a woman puts her foot out av the door she gets a mixture av a thousand dirts on her, not to mention what may be inside the house."

"Helen of Greece," I argued, not to be overcome by his perversity, "was the most beautiful woman that ever lived. The Greek nation became divided over her and the factions fought long and bloody wars for her. Men have been glad to give up their lives just for a sight of her."

"Yes, yes, I have heard about her. An' I'm thinkin' if there had been a whole nation full av the likes av her as there is in a country I could mention, instead av only wan av her in a couple av thousand years, divil the man who would have lifted his head to see her if she had gone litin' around in her bare feet, an' a white posy in her red hair, an' it hangin' down about her every day in her life."

Mr. Memostyle came in with a bunch of keys in his hand. He was humming a tune. He had had business with lovers that morning. He looked at us sharply and then hid his black eyes and exposed his white teeth. That was the way he smiled. With him were a young man and a woman, or rather a boy and girl. The man, for he had just assumed the burden of matrimony, and had been flat hunting, was dressed in shiny black clothes that had the look of having been riveted to him. He wore an orange tie and purple socks. He tried to appear dignified and succeeded in looking stiff. The woman wasn't dressed, in the ordinary meaning of that extraordinary word. She was rigged, decked, and adorned. She was a "flesh-scape" done by the head artist of the High School of Realism. Her clothing was scenery. She blushed like a Cubist impression of a dawn in the Ionian Isles. She couldn't get her mouth shut. It stayed open by a sort of natural luxation. I felt that she was an unusually bad example of the beauty that was Greece. The old man stared at the couple and muttered—perhaps a prayer. I explained to Mr. Memostyle our reason for calling on him.

"Oh, yes, gentlemen." His voice was a mixture of a threat and a wheedle, a sort of cross between the voice of a camp-meeting preacher and a poor doctor's sick-room voice. He snatched a card from behind a desk and ran his long tapering forefinger down a row of figures on the margin:

"Tweenty a month—third story, second door to left, No. 68 Summer Street, brick-layer, red-haired, all month advance, fine beesiness."

As we came out of the office the old man stared at the girl in open derision. "Beauty," he snarled as we reached the sidewalk. "Mister Poet, is that wan av your Greek beauties?" I didn't take up the challenge, for his blue eyes had become many shades darker and his lips curled over his yellow teeth, showing the worn place on the right side where he held his pipe. I felt relieved that he didn't want to play with the boy husband all over the new oilcloth on Mr. Memostyle's office floor. I intended to direct him to the house and by some cowardly trick leave him there. Together we climbed the stairs, desperately. When we reached the third landing I considered the base stratagem of pointing to the door and running away.

As we approached the door we were arrested by the sound of singing. It was a blithe carol that bubbled over from a joyous heart. As we listened the sound of it inundated the hallway and washed in little waves around my heart. It was music set to love, and I could have wished to have had it last longer, but it stopped, and then I tapped the door lightly.

"We are at the wrong house," said the old man in an eager whisper; "'tis an Irish girl was singin' in there. I mind wan spring day long ago—"

The door was opened two inches and a black eye searched out.

"Is Mr. Michael Duffy at home?" I asked.

"Meegal iss not. He is work while it ees day. Why do you come?"

"This old gentleman is Mr. Duffy's father—is your husband's father."

"I am, indeed, girl. Michael is me only boy an' ye went an' took—"

At the sound of the old man's voice the door was thrown open and we saw a tall girl with blue-black hair. Her beauty was of a conquering kind. She had the eyes of a goddess out on a holiday who had consented for the time to be lenient with mortals. Hers was that humanity of form that put the passion into poetry and laid the foundation of madhouses and monasteries, and is still the one true explanation of impressionism and many other forms of necessary lying.

"You are Meegal's father?" she asked.
"I am that, girl," he faltered.

With a calm movement that makes directness a weak, wobbly wording, she took the old man's face between her palms and drew his face toward her. She looked

(Concluded on page 218.)

Finance and Industry

Speeding Up Labor
by "Movies."

A MANUFACTURING company in Rhode Island recently called into service the moving picture camera to speed up labor in its factory. The foreman of the future will no doubt have to modify his vocabulary, if he is to keep abreast of the times. "Get a movie on you" will take the place of "Get a move on you." Before calling the moving picture operator, a business expert made an organization chart showing the exact locations of the various departments of the factory, and of every machine on the floor. A "route engineer" examined minutely every product of the factory, from raw material to finished machine, and made a survey of the administrative offices. The next step, as explained by P. Harvey Middleton in the *Technical World*, was to build a model of the plant. Tapes of different color revealed how the parts of the machine manufactured by the concern passed from department to department.

"Waste motions, caused through the inconvenient situation of the various departments through which a given piece of machinery must pass, were thus clearly outlined. Then began the work of shortening the strings, or, in other words, arranging the departments in the natural order of the material's progress.

"Finally the moving picture machine was called into play. It made its début in the assembling of a braiding machine. The various parts of this machine came from the different departments of the factory, and the assembler was confronted with the complicated task of putting them together. The method previously in vogue was for the assembler to take the base of the machine, hunt around for the first support, put it in position, then hunt around for the second piece, put that in place, and so on until the completed machine stood ready for the testers. Apparently the assembler was an efficient workman, and did not waste a minute of his time."

The Movie Man Will
Get You If You
Don't Look Out.

FOR a day or two the experts closely watched the operation. Then they set up the moving picture camera and photographed the entire process. They developed the film and studied it with minute care.

"As a result, they invented a frame standing at a convenient height from the

floor. This frame they provided with books placed at regular intervals, and numbered. Then they numbered the various parts of the machine to correspond.

"A boy was employed to receive all the parts as they came from the factory and place them on his frame in a certain order which made each piece to be used next the most convenient one for the assembler to reach. By using a stand of convenient height, the assembler was saved the exertion of reaching too high or stooping too low. In a few days the assembler was building that machine in less than a quarter of the time he had formerly consumed on exactly the same job, and he was enthusiastic about the new system, for it enabled him to materially increase his earning power.

"Then the moving picture machine was used to make a record of the process of handling incoming coal and outgoing ashes, and a saving in the route traveled of seventy-five per cent. was made possible with a resulting heavy saving in the labor. Another device invented after a study of the films recording an intricate operation, reduced the time consumed from thirty-seven and one-half minutes to eight and one-half minutes, and this without in any way 'speeding up' the workman."

Transferring Brains by Machine.

THIS system, explains the manager of the concern in question, does not "drive" the operator. "The old-fashioned foreman grew angry if he saw an operative stop for an instant. But under the new system, if an operative is doing nothing, nobody pays any attention to it, because it is known that there must be constant resting spells. In one form of work, loading pig iron, a business expert's investigation convinced him that the worker was most efficient if he rested 57 per cent. of the time! To make the study of the motions involved more exact, a clock is placed beside the operative which appears on the picture and furnishes an exact record of both time and motion. A new workman in the Providence plant is taken into the factory's "movie" show and receives his first instruction on the moving picture screen of how a skilled workman performs his labor. When the "green" hand has been at work a few days, he is invited to a second demonstration in which he sees himself at work. His faults are shown by comparison with the record of a skilled workman. This micro-motion study, the manager goes on to say, furnishes a "means for the

transference of skill from the man to the machine." But it does more than that, Mr. Middleton goes on to tell us:

"It also furnishes a means for the transference of skill from the man who has it to the man who has never had it. We have used micro-motion study for determining the correct times of the best motions in many different kinds of work, and have found that it is the least expensive as well as the only accurate method of recording indisputable motion and time study data. It can be applied to operations that are done so rapidly that the eye cannot follow the motions. It has stood every test and exactly fills the bill. The apparatus can be set in position in less than an hour in any part of the shop, and the records taken. After that the records can be studied at leisure any number of times. Some day I believe we will have a library full of records of the correct times and motions, which will be classified and arranged in such a manner that they can be used as the basis of all time study."

The Moving Picture as an Industrial Educator.

THE use of motion pictures has developed wonderfully in the past decade. The teachings of biology, botany, and other sciences have been interpreted through the film. The latest use of moving pictures, according to Frederick W. Keough, writing in *American Industries*, is to promote public interest in vital phases of industrial conservation, such as accident and fire prevention. The National Association of Manufacturers deserves credit for its enterprise in cooperating with the Edison Company in producing a series of educational films throughout the country. The first of these, produced in the spring of 1912, was entitled "The Workingman's Lesson," and was designed to encourage the "safety habit" among those who deal with dangerous machinery. The film had a wide circulation, having been given in fully 7,500 motion picture theaters all over the country. On December 12th last it was the feature of an accident prevention meeting held at Philadelphia under the auspices of the Metal Manufacturers Association of Philadelphia. Equally well received was the film entitled "The Crime of Carelessness," relating to fire prevention—a film also produced by the National Association of Manufacturers acting in close cooperation with the Edison Company.

(Continued on page 208.)



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(Continued from page 206.)

The "Crime of Carelessness" as Shown by the Movies.

THE writer in *American Industries* elaborately describes a number of lessons entrusted to the film. The story of "The Crime of Carelessness" is as follows:

"Mr. Waters, the owner of a large woolen mill, is careless about having the fire exits kept clear. The factory inspector listens to Mr. Waters' promise to right matters and does not report upon the case. 'Tom' Watts, an employee in the mill, breaks the rule which prohibits smoking. Thus the three are to blame.

"Tom" Watts and Hilda Fox, another employee of the mill are lovers. With the wedding only one day off, 'Tom' carelessly throws the lighted match, with which he had lit his cigaret, into a pile of rubbish in the basement of the mill.

"The fire started gains headway so rapidly that 'Tom' is barely able to make his escape up the now blazing stairway. Meanwhile the smoke has penetrated to all parts of the mill, the hundreds of employees are panic-stricken and rush wildly for the fire exits, only to find them locked or cluttered with heavy boxes and bales which make them impractical for use. 'Tom' comes upon a crowd of them at one of these doors, and, hastily grabbing a fire axe, cuts a way for them through a wooden partition.

"Upon escaping to the street he finds that Hilda is still in the mill, which is now blazing from every window.

"In a series of thrilling episodes, 'Tom' finds the unconscious Hilda and carries her to the street where he acknowledges his blame in setting the mill afire. The employees nearly mob him and he is driven out of the town. His name is heralded among other mill owners and he is unable to secure work. This, added to the fact that Hilda was badly crippled in the fire, drives him to contemplating suicide, from which he is prevented by the timely arrival of Hilda with a letter from Waters in which he acknowledges his own blame as well as 'Tom's' and invites 'Tom' to his new factory, both having learned a much-needed lesson."

A Glimpse into Harriman's Stocking.

PROBABLY no other individual in the history of the world ever accumulated a fortune of \$70,000,000 in the short time in which the late Edward H. Harriman accumulated it. He was by nature as well as by training a bold and resourceful speculator. Yet, remarks William T. Connors, in *The Magazine of Wall Street*, it is certainly very interesting to analyze the distribution of his fortune at the date of his death when his holdings had grown to such overwhelming proportions that they were necessarily spread over a wide range of investments. He who reads may run or invest as he pleases, for in spite of his shrewdness the great financier was by

no means infallible, and many of his investments have not justified his expectations. Harriman's holdings were appraised in the year of his death, but the figures have only recently been made public. Since 1909 the trend of market prices has been downward, and the Harriman estate has shrunk from seventy to fifty-eight million dollars. If he had lived, he would probably have disposed of a considerable portion of his holdings at relatively high prices and would have increased his fortune by other operations. What must surprise the average man and serve as an example to be followed in his investments is the conservative character of the holdings of this king of stock-market plungers. No less than one-fourth of his fortune was invested in bonds.

"A little over another quarter of the total was found to be in railroad stocks, nearly all high-grade; in exact figures, \$22,870,630. Then we find \$5,710,600 in the best bank stocks; \$2,538,114 in real estate, of which about 90 per cent. in value was in New York City, and \$3,789,000 in cash balances with banks and trust companies, in promissory notes and in accounts receivable.

"Almost exactly 75 per cent. of the total, then, was invested in bonds, high-grade stocks, real estate and cash.

Harriman's Investments
in Railroad Stocks.

RAILROADS were Harriman's specialty. It seems only natural that he should have invested more money in railroad stocks than in bonds. He was a master in manipulating the stock market. Such abstract questions as gold depreciation and its influence on bond prices would have interested him but little. This is a list of his investments in railroad stock in amounts of over \$100,000.

Baltimore & Ohio pf.....	\$279,000
Brooklyn Rap. Transit.....	236,343
Chicago & Alton pf. lien.....	227,200
St. Paul pf.....	1,753,750
Delaware & Hudson.....	1,134,000
Erie	1,593,825
Interboro-Metropolitan com...	118,992
N. Y. Central.....	143,550
Reading com.....	633,000
St. Joseph & Gr. Isl. 1st pf....	164,250
Southern Pac. com.....	124,000
Union Pac. pf.....	5,371,650
Union Pacific com.....	10,725,000
Miscellaneous	366,070
Total	\$22,870,630

Here Union Pacific is naturally to the fore. Undoubtedly, Mr. Connors observes, most of this was bought at very low prices, as Harriman began accumulating the stock when it sold at twenty dollars a share. His holdings in Southern Pacific were sur-

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prizingly small. All his big plans for Southern Pacific would, of course, have inured to the benefit of the Union, which held a majority of the Southern stock. It is not believed that he foresaw the compulsory separation of the two companies which is now vexing his successors.

Harriman's Financial Mistakes.

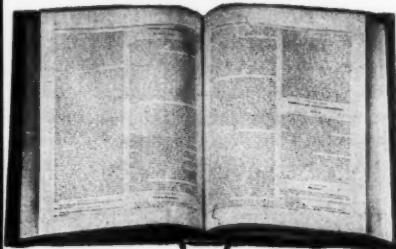
THE third group of Harriman's holdings embraces bank stocks and industrial and miscellaneous investments. The latter include over six million dollars of Chicago Subway stock which has since depreciated to one-sixth of its original value, and large investments in Wells, Fargo and United States Express. His big ownership in express stocks would probably have been reduced later, if he had lived to see the advance of the parcels post. For the comfort of some of us who have a nice collection of handsomely engraved certificates which are now only useful as wall paper, Mr. Connors mentions the fact that the complete list of Harriman's holdings contains thirty-four items which had "no value" at the time of appraisal. Some of those were of trifling amount, and evidently bought for personal reasons. The total par value of these worthless stocks was, however, small in comparison with Harriman's fortune. The only item of important relative size was the Sinnemahoning Iron & Coal, and of course we have no idea what that cost him.

Scientific Distribution of Harriman's Investments.

HARRIMAN, as Mr. Connors remarks, was daring, but only in those things that he knew most about. His operations were far removed from those of the floor trader or the speculator who bases his commitments on the technical state of the market. Like Marshall Field, who in other respects was his antipode, Harriman distributed his investments among bonds, railroad stocks, and industrial and miscellaneous stocks according to certain definite principles. Harriman had a slightly larger per cent. of industrial stocks (if we include public utilities and express stocks, and omit from Marshall Field's industrials his holdings of stock in Marshall Field & Co.). Reduced to percentages, Harriman's method appears as follows:

Bonds (mostly railroad)	10%
Railroad notes	15%
Dividend-paying railroad stocks	30%
Bank and Trust Co. stocks	8%
Express stocks	12%
Public Utility stocks	4%
Non-dividend railroad stocks	2%
Industrial and miscellaneous stocks	10%
Real estate	4%
Cash, notes and accounts	5%

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The King of the Ten-Cent Bazaar.

THE world's greatest office structure, the Woolworth Building, is reared on a foundation of kettles and pans, dust brooms, sheet music, knives, paper weights, pens and pencils, and other minor articles of merchandize. For out of this material Frank W. Woolworth, the King of Ten-Cent Bazaar, has builded his fortune. He has gathered the nickels and dimes of the country together and created with them a corporation representing a capital of fifty million dollars. Back of this, as Mr. Leo L. Redding remarks in the *World's Work*, lie two principles of merchandizing—the selection of a proper place to sell and the transaction of business on cash alone. Here is Mr. Woolworth's own story of the initial stages of his career:

"I took my first job and began work as a dry-goods clerk at Watertown, where I remained for six years in a store owned by W. H. Moore and P. R. Smith. It was there that the 'five and ten-cent' idea came to me, and tho' I left Watertown without capital I feel that the foundation for my fortune was laid in that little town. I persuaded my employers to create a five-cent cash counter with me in charge of it.

"As I watched the public flocking about that counter I became more and more convinced that there was a demand for a store that would cater to the small purchasers, and I made up my mind to give my theory a trial. So, in February, 1879, with a capital of a few hundred dollars, I started my first five-cent store in the Arcade Building in Bleecker Street, Utica. This store, of course, was more or less an experiment, and, no doubt, I made many mistakes, but all the time I was gaining experience and learning something. One of the first things I learned was that I could not expect people to come to me. I had to take my store to the people. I had not done that. So after three months I was glad to sell out, particularly as the sale gave me a profit of \$150."

Never-Lose-Woolworth.

THE second venture in which Mr. Woolworth engaged, a store in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was a pronounced success. He sold one hundred and twenty-eight dollars' worth of goods the first day. He was less successful in Harrisburg. A similar store in Scranton was successful, but another store in Philadelphia lost \$350 in sixty days. "That wasn't much," Mr. Woolworth exclaims, "but it was enough for me. I do not believe in maintaining losing establishments. Just as soon as a store demonstrates that it is not a success I close it." After that Mr. Woolworth's stores were almost universally successful. He was careful in his selection of localities, and refused to enter business transactions



The Merger of East and West

*"But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"*

—KIPLING.

In the "Ballad of East and West," Kipling tells the story of an Indian border bandit pursued to his hiding place in the hills by an English colonel's son.

These men were of different races and represented widely different ideas of life. But, as they came face to face, each found in the other elements of character which made them friends.

In this country, before the days of the telephone, infrequent and indirect communication tended to keep the people of the various sections separated and apart.

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except on a cash basis. He began to take in partners, and branched out, not rapidly, but slowly and surely. For he had learned his lesson from the conservative Dutchmen who inhabit Lancaster.

"After I had paid what I owed to my old employers, Mr. Moore and Mr. Smith, I refused to run into debt. If I had wished it, I might have had twenty-five stores working for me, where in 1886 I had only five. I built on a solid foundation. Perhaps I would have made money more rapidly if I had borrowed the capital with which to equip my stores, but I believe that if I had done that I would have made a failure of my enterprise.

"In July, 1886, I went to New York to open an office—a sort of purchasing agency. I first took desk room at No. 104 Chambers Street, for which I paid \$25 a month. I did without a stenographer or assistant. I did all the work myself; bought the supplies and arranged for the shipping of all the goods for my stores in Lancaster, Reading, Harrisburg, Scranton, and Newark. While doing this I was learning, learning all the time, and pretty soon I began to see that I was devoting the time of a high-priced man to details that should have been entrusted to clerks. I was the high-priced man.

"No one ever had more to learn than I, and as I look back on my business experience it seems to me that sometimes I was mighty slow in learning my lessons."

Mr. Woolworth Shocks an
Expert Accountant.

EVEN in those days, Mr. Woolworth was doing an immense amount of business. No one but himself and his partners had an idea of the volume of his business, because no longer ago than 1911, and even after several New York bankers were trying to bring about a consolidation of all the five and ten-cent stores, nothing was known of his methods. "At that time," he remarks, "I was much amused by some auditors who had been engaged to investigate the affairs of the Woolworth stores. They asked to see my office force. I pointed out a book-keeper and his assistant and a few stenographers." The auditors were shocked.

"What?" said one of these auditors. "You don't mean to say that you do a business that runs into millions with a force like that?"

"Yes, sir," said I. "That is my business force."

"Show us your bills receivable," said one of the auditors.

"I have none," was my reply. They were amazed.

"Bills payable?"

"None," I said. "I have no bills payable or receivable."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the man who was asking the questions. "What kind of a business is this? Let us see your January receipts."

"It took three men to carry in a case full of the returns. The auditors fairly gasped.

"You did all of that in January!" they exclaimed.

"Why, that is not all," I said. "We will have the other boxes brought in in a few minutes."

"Never mind!" was the reply, and they all fled, shaking their heads. The last I heard was one of them saying as he went out, "There must be something wrong with a business of that size that doesn't owe anything."

"However, the report of those auditors made the capitalists all the more willing to do business with us."

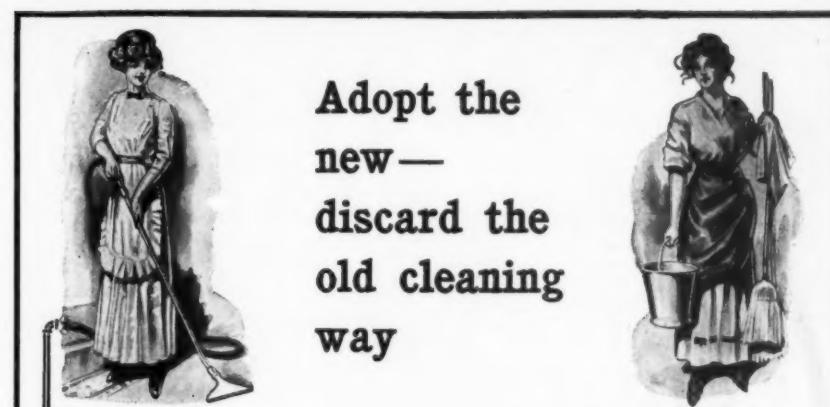
The Tallest Building that Scraps the Skies of New York.

SOME years ago, in Europe, Mr. Woolworth found that everywhere the men with whom he came in contact asked him about the Singer building and its famous tower. "That gave me an idea. I decided to erect a building that would advertise the Woolworth five and ten-cent stores all over the world. I kept thinking about it, and finally, when the opportunity seemed to be right, I went ahead with my plans." The story of his acquisition of the site where the building raises its head into the clouds is in itself an industrial romance.

"Mr. Cass Gilbert was employed to prepare the architectural drawings. While these deals were being made the Metropolitan Tower had been run into the air, overtaking the Singer Building. Mr. Woolworth, determined to have the advertising value that would come with the highest structure in Manhattan, hired an engineer to measure the Metropolitan Tower. He reported that it was exactly 701 feet 3 inches high. Mr. Woolworth instructed his architect to prepare plans for a tower that would overtop the Metropolitan.

"The United States Steel Corporation wanted the advertising that would result from the Woolworth Building. It bid to furnish the completed steel structure at a price that was astonishingly low. The entire transaction was carried through on a mere letter of a few words written by Judge Gary, chairman of the board of directors of that corporation."

The acquisition of another plot necessitated a change in the entire construction, and made it possible to make the tower even higher than was originally planned. "How high can you make it?"—"It is for you to make the limit."—"Then," remarked Woolworth, "make it fifty feet higher than the Metropolitan Tower." The Woolworth Building stands to-day fifty feet higher than any other building in New York and, for that matter, in the world. "Thus," concludes Mr. Redding, "another of Mr. Woolworth's dreams has come true."

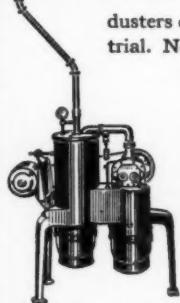


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Penalties of National Inefficiency.

NERO is said to have played the fiddle while Rome burned; but he certainly couldn't have played it more industriously than our office holders play politics while prosperity is vanishing in smoke. So runs the indictment found by Frank Koester, in his recent book, "The Price of Inefficiency" (Sturgis and Walton Company), against the government and the nation. The great burden of inefficiency, he asserts, with its terrible cost, is a burden that is carried on the shoulders of each and every one of us. "Whatever your income may be, much or little, increasing or decreasing, you are paying your full share in one form or another of the waste, which amounts to ten billion dollars annually; a waste that means that forty cents of every dollar you earn goes for nothing. You are paying this price, the price of inefficiency, in a thousand different ways for not taking the interest that you should in business and governmental affairs and in your own private concerns." In collecting the data for his book, Mr. Koester found ever-increasing evidences of our national shortcomings.

"It was as if an underground city of decay had been entered, avenue after avenue of inquiry presented itself and at every turn new and greater vistas of crumbling walls and tottering pillars appeared. Overhead the world takes its way, with here and there a sinking of the street or an upheaval of the surface. Beneath, the foundations are undermined by neglect, carelessness, graft, self-satisfaction, disrespect of authority, lack of discipline, faulty education, lawlessness, suspicion, waste, squandering of resources, extravagance, crooked dealing, monopoly, indolence, superficiality and politics; a stupendous labyrinth of destructive forces, which mean national disaster if fundamental and comprehensive measures for correction are not undertaken at once."

Swamping the Country with a Deluge of Laws.

THE government, which includes our multiple state governments and our courts, is as open to criticism, in Mr. Koester's opinion, as the most outrageous of trusts. The ensemble government of the United States in its mountebank struggle with conditions passed no less than 44,000 new laws in 1910. Since that time the legislative flood has not been receding. There are, in the words of ex-Governor Herrick of Ohio, laws to regulate everybody and everything except the public expenditures of the lawmakers themselves and of the various departments of our government. The great majority of men sitting in our

legislative bodies, continues the Governor whose remarks Mr. Koester quotes with approval, are lawyers whose natural tendency is to cure every ill by a statute.

"The oversight of business enterprises by the government has placed on the government payrolls a vast number of officials; it has necessitated the establishment of new departments, the keeping of a mass of records and the compilation of a great quantity of statistics. All this has been done with no serious attempt to reform the antiquated expensive methods prevailing in all departments of the government.

"The people have been so intent on placing the corporations under governmental control that they have overlooked the additional burden they are putting on their own shoulders by placing this work in the hands of officials who, handicapped by bad methods, are rendered powerless to do little more than swell the payrolls."

The great majority of the 44,000 laws, which, presumably, have been trebled since the ex-Governor's remarkable statement, will undoubtedly be dead letters in a short time, if they ever have any effect. As dead letters, Mr. Koester points out, they only serve to clog the administration of justice and encourage disrespect for the law.

The Debit Side of Uncle Sam's Ledger.

THE debit side of our national ledger displays innumerable items of preventable waste. The total reaches an appalling figure concerning not only every citizen of this country but the world at large, for the prosperity of all civilized nations is vitally connected. We waste \$50,000,000 in forest fires, and in some years the loss amounts to \$200,000,000 in money. We waste a billion cubic feet of natural gas daily, the most perfect of fuels. We waste \$22,000,000 a year in the manufacture of coke in lost gases; 540,000 tons of ammonium sulphate of similar value and nearly 400,000 gallons of tar worth \$9,000,000—a total with other wasted by-products of \$55,000,000. We waste a vast sum yearly in not utilizing our deposits of peat as fuel. The value of available peat beds is estimated at thirty-nine thousand millions of dollars. We waste 30,000,000 horsepower every year by failure to utilize our water-power, amounting to \$600,000,000, far in excess of the value of all coal used annually. We waste \$238,000,000 in losses through floods and freshets. But the indictment does not end here.

"We waste \$500,000,000 a year in soil erosion. Through the neglect of farmers to properly work their land and to prevent the formation of gullies, the fertility

of the soil is washed into the lowlands and seas.

"We waste vast land resources by failure to drain swamps and overflowed areas. These lands could be reclaimed at small expense, increasing the value of the land threefold, and supplying homes for 10,000,000 people.

"We waste \$659,000,000 a year through losses to growing crops, fruit trees, grain in storage, etc., by noxious insects, whose multiplication is largely due to careless methods of agriculture.

"We waste \$267,000,000 a year through the attacks of flies, ticks, and other insects on animal life. A greater loss is caused by the enormous sacrifice of human life due to mosquitoes, flies, fleas, and other germ-carrying insects.

"We waste \$100,000,000 annually in losses to live stock and crops by wolves, rats, mice, and other predatory mammals.

"We waste \$93,000,000 a year in losses of live stock due to disease, of which \$40,000,000 is chargeable to Texas fever, while tuberculosis, scabies and cholera are next in importance, all of which are largely preventable if not eradicated.

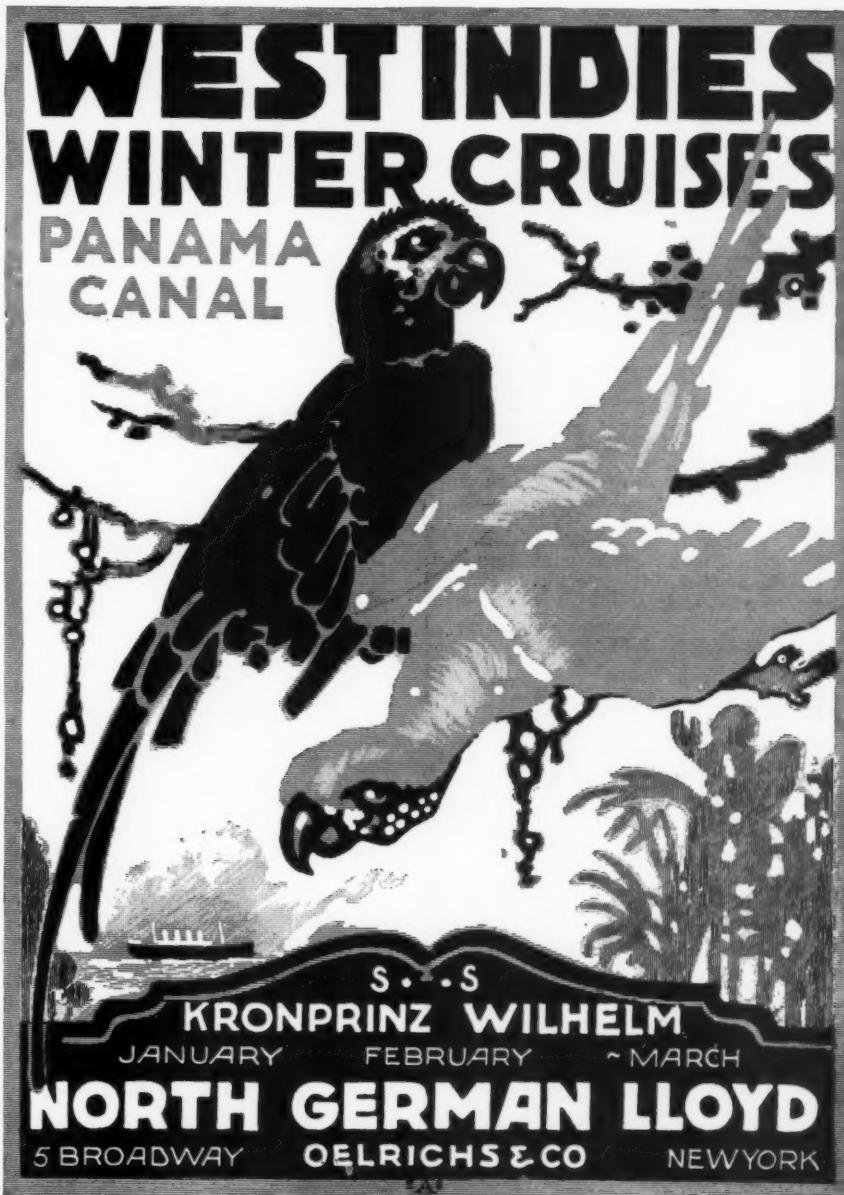
"We waste \$772,000,000 annually in losses of income, due to industrial diseases; that is, diseases which attack workers on account of the nature of their employment and the unsanitary conditions in which the work is carried on.

"We waste \$1,500,000,000 a year through loss of life and illness to industrial and other workers, through preventable disease, accidents and carelessness. The truth of this is corroborated by the fact that the expectation of life in Germany is ten years longer than in America."

This waste, aggregating ten thousand million dollars a year, constitutes a per capita loss of not less than \$100. For the 33,000,000 wage-earners of the country it amounts to not less than \$300 a year or a minimum of \$5.75 per week. The average wage being less than ten dollars a week, we need not be surprised at the staggering rise in the cost of living.

The Road to Redemption.

GERMANY and Japan, the most efficient among the nations, point the road to our industrial redemption. Japan, the author tells us, has learned her lesson in Germany. To-day Argentina and China are carrying out similar policies, and even England is waking up. There is also discernible in America a slow but considerable movement to profit by the experience and the example of Europe. We are pausing like a spendthrift who by accident first runs his fingers to the bottom of a supposedly bottomless pocket. Like a youth a few months out of college, we see that the world is not our walnut after all, to be cracked at our sweet will. We are passing into a new era of more or less gravity and certainly less enthusiasm.



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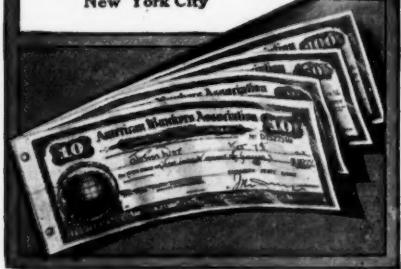
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America is face to face with the serious business of being a sorely tried nation among sorely tried nations, with every problem to meet and solve that other nations face, and no longer the most favored of lands.

Training, the author goes on to say, must be compulsory up to the age of eighteen, and the learning of some trade or profession obligatory. A system must be devised for securing for each profession a ratio proportionate to its demands, and a method for eliminating misfits. The country is crowded to-day with incompetent lawyers, bad doctors, poor teachers and underpaid clerks who might have been successful mechanics and competent carpenters.

Uprooting the Canker of Inefficiency.

OUR capitalists at present forget that the people, if thwarted by trickery, may turn and with a single act of confiscation level on one fatal day the exploitation of generations and centuries. The government as it now exists is a house divided against itself. The lawmakers and those who execute the law are serving some the public and some capital, and the government thus commands no respect and accomplishes nothing. In desperation it tears at the structure of business and creates distrust and alarm; but, Mr. Koester continues, its efforts are not regarded as made in good faith.

"At the root of the matter is the cancer of inefficiency. Everywhere, in every department of public life, with only sporadic exceptions, the wrong thing is done and inexperience and incompetency flourish in the graveyard of prosperity. There is not an industry, not a factory, store or shop, that does not halt at the prospect of uncertainty and agitation. The nation is cursed by politics and burdened by the great twin evils of business in politics and politics in business. . . . Instead of officials who, when assailed in office, tender their resignation and thus throw into confusion their detractors when their motives are questioned, we have a stripe of officeholders who cling to office to the last extremity and destroy respect for themselves and for the office they hold."

The directors of the great oil trust, Mr. Koester goes on to say, meet daily. No question in its policy or business can arise in any part of the world which cannot be settled in twenty-four hours by the highest authority. Yet in our government "there is absolutely no legal question of vital importance that can be settled by the government in less than three or four years." Why should a corporation have a better system than the government? Why should it be efficient and the government inefficient?

Pitfalls of Fire Insurance.

D OES insurance always insure? Sometimes, it seems, it doesn't. You may have a fire insurance policy, but, asks William B. Ellison in *Pearson's*, are you insured? Most fire insurance policies do not insure the holder. Most fire insurance policies are, in Mr. Ellison's opinion, merely "traps set for premiums." Startling as are these statements, the man who makes them was formerly Corporation Counsel of the City of New York. He has had much experience with fire insurance policies—before and after fires, and was only recently appointed by Governor Sulzer to suggest a new form of policy for New York State which would really insure the holder against fire. An insurance policy, as interpreted by Mr. Ellison, is a "steel-trap covered with verbiage." Says he:

"For argument's sake, we might even admit that a fire insurance policy was not meant to be a trap. Doubtless it was not intended as a snare. But it is set just the same, and has caught many a policy holder. Thousands and thousands of men have slept with a sense of security thinking they had fire insurance policies in their safes, and have waked up after a fire to learn that they had been cherishing steel traps.

"Under the verbiage I have counted sixteen sharp teeth. Some of them are much longer and sharper than others, but any one of them is sufficient to make a fire insurance policy so much waste paper. They are hidden in the fine print that no one bothers to read. You do not read this fine print because you are not suspecting the presence of an enemy in the underbrush. You regard it as 'legal form' and let it go at that."

Niggers in the Wood Pile of Fire Insurance Policies

A WHOLE regiment of niggers seems to be hidden in the wood pile of fire insurance. One of these is the requirement that "proof of loss" be presented within sixty days. In the case of big fires there is not much chance of a slip-up, but in the average small fire, the one where the policyholder needs the money most of all, it is the easiest thing in the world to fail to present the required proof. In one case Mr. Ellison tells of, it happened like this:

"A man owned a small shop on which he was carrying \$500 insurance. It was completely destroyed by fire, and, in a few hours, he was visited by the company's adjuster; he was an agreeable, sympathetic man who made copious notes of all the shop-owner told him. What he gave the adjuster was a fairly complete inventory of the place. The adjuster thanked him, assured him that the company would undoubtedly pay in full and went his way. The shopkeeper did not know much of the ways of the world and

waited patiently for his money. It did not come, but he had given the adjuster such convincing proof of his loss that he saw no cause for worry. Finally, after two months had passed, he sought out the insurance agent who had procured him the policy, and found that he had lost all claim on the company because he had not himself, formally, presented 'proof of loss' to the company. Mind you, the company really knew all about it. The adjuster's report was complete and convincing, but the shopkeeper had not followed the dim and narrow path laid out for him and, snap, he was fast in the trap."

Policies should be changed to read that "proof of loss" must be submitted within sixty days, when so required by the insurance company. If, declares Mr. Ellison, the insurance company wants the information, it can easily make a demand.

More Niggers and More Teeth.

THE niggers in the wood pile of fire insurance policies evidently have very sharp teeth. Mr. Ellison takes up, one by one, the sixteen "teeth" concealed in the fine print of the average policy. There is the "mortgage tooth" and the "lease tooth," and the tooth that forbids the policyholder to take out more insurance, and the tooth that forbids repairing for more than fifteen days at a time. "Kick the verbiage off the whole trap," he demands, "and leave it bare. Warn the policyholder in large type in a few paragraphs what he must avoid. The policy would be just as strong in court. It would protect the insurance company no less. And it would give the policyholder a fair show." He has not a "square deal" at present.

"All the legislatures have really done is to remove most of the traps. When they first took action there was certainly need of it. Some of the policies in the old days were grotesque in their unfairness. It was all the shrewdest policy holder could do to get out of the jungle with his insurance money in his hand. Now there are only a limited number of traps—but more by far than you are probably aware of—and it is about time the legislatures took this work in hand again and removed the remaining snares.

"Far from having been drawn by legislators, the standard forms of policies in use were carefully worded by the insurance companies themselves. The New York Standard form, adopted in 1886, and copied in half a dozen other states, was substantially written by a director of the New York Fire Insurance Exchange."

Drawing the Teeth From the Policies.

READ your policy. Take it out of the safe and peruse it carefully. That is the sum and substance of Mr. Ellison's advice. There is no

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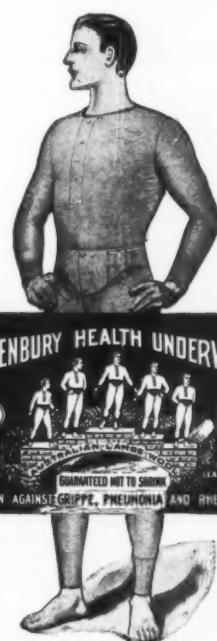
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reason, he thinks, why policies should not be written in plain English. "Sweep away all the snaring clauses. Let the teeth show sharp and dangerous. Then when you receive your policy, you will see the teeth." Meanwhile, Mr. Ellison enumerates them for the benefit of his readers. Unless expressly stipulated, the following acts or omissions render a policy void:

"1. If you have concealed, misrepresented, or merely forgotten, to mention any material fact or circumstance regarding the property insured;

"2. If you do not state your interest in the property truthfully and fully;

"3. If you are guilty of any fraud or false swearing (not necessarily deliberate) in any matter relating to the insurance;

"4. If you insure a manufacturing establishment, and operate any part of it at night later than ten o'clock, or cease to operate it for more than ten consecutive days;

"5. If you procure any other insurance;

"6. If the hazard is increased by any means within your knowledge or control (a broad provision);

"7. If you employ mechanics in altering or repairing the premises for more than fifteen days at a time;

"8. If your interest in the property is anything less than unconditional and sole ownership;

"9. If you encumber personal property with a chattel mortgage (which includes bills of sale providing for deferred payments);

"10. If you insure a building on property not owned by you;

"11. If foreclosure proceedings are started against your property, or a mortgage or trust deed results in a sale;

"12. If any change, other than death, takes place in the interest, title or possession of the property insured (except change of occupants without increase of hazard);

"13. If you assign the policy before a loss;

"14. If you generate illuminating gas or vapor in the building (or adjacent thereto);

"15. If you have gasoline, gun-powder or any explosives except kerosene;

"16. If the building remain unoccupied ten days."

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HELEN DUFFY OF TROY—A STORY

(Continued from page 205.)

straight into his fighting blue eyes. Then she kissed him, one kiss on each eye, and one between the eyes over the high, unbroken nose, circled her arm around his neck, and gathered his old head to her breast. She stroked his cheek with her fingers and kissed him again. He didn't protest. He was only a man after all.

"Come een, faithre," and with one arm still around him she led him into the room.

The interior was plainly, even poorly, furnished with stiff, glittering chairs and a table, like the show window in a furnishing establishment where "Your Credit is Good." Over the mantel there was a framed photograph of a tall, Irish-looking man in a soldierly, significant attitude, and on the opposite wall, in a huge gilded frame, hung an East Side artist's idea of what Robert Emmet looked like. Emmet wore a coat of blue and gold like a Russian general. His arms were widely extended and he was lecturing a judge, who appeared uncomfortable in a fur cape.

The girl had seated the old man and was leaning on the table on her elbows, looking into his face and smiling. She seemed not to notice me. As I had done what I had conceived to be my duty in the matter, I said:

"Mr. Duffy, now that you have found your son's wife and know where he lives, I think I shall be going, as I have some business to attend to."

He got up, staggering, and came to the door with me.

"Wait for me at the corner," he said, with his mouth at my ear and his red-haired fingers trembling on my cheek. "I'll not stay longer than fifteen minutes. I'll come back in the evenin' when Mike is home."

I promised to wait for him, and had been waiting for twenty minutes when I saw him coming along the street. About halfway between where I stood and the door, a curly-haired, listless, dreamy fellow stood contemplating a blossomy barrow, drawn up along the curb. I hastened in his direction, yet fearful that the old man might have to pass the night in a police cell.

Old Duffy stopped and looked at him. He smiled and nodded. His old fierceness was gone. When he came up to me he said: "Now there's what I call a fine-lookin' lad." He took me by the arm, and as we walked down the street his step seemed more sprightly. The rest had done him good. He was silent for a few moments. Then he began:

"I have been a trifle harsh to ye this mornin', but I feel in me heart that ye'll forgive me. Sure, it's a kind, sweet tongue ye have an' fine, grand words, an' a good face an' a brave, kindly manner. Tell me, now, is it the truth ye were speakin' about all them grand buildin's?"

"Of course it's the truth. No finer ever were erected."

"Well, God help us all. It's a queer world we're livin' in. Well do I mind young Dan Hogan, him that death come

to through the readin' av books an' the studyin' an' the larnin'. I mind him tellin' that the Greeks an' the Irish were all the wan race away back before the long-haired wans fought the great fight at—how do you say it?—Thermopylae. An' they were the most beautiful people, too, young Dan said. I'm sure he must 'a' been right about it."

"They surely were beautiful women in Greece in those days, and I have no doubt that the women of Greece are just as beautiful now."

"Yes, yes, to be sure, so I have heard tell. Young Hogan made great talk about Queen Helen an' her like an' her bare feet an' her shinin' brow an' the grand soft airs av her. Well, an' if work's a fine thing to be doin' in the daytime, sure a beautiful woman is a fine thing to be comin' home to when the light is over an' the dark is comin' down on these dirty streets."

We were back again at the corner of Allen Street.

Split-nose Regan, the kiddies' cop, was standing on the curb with his back to the street, beating time with his broad foot to the wheeze of a hurdy-gurdy and keeping one eye on the warlike invader of his beat and the other on the dancing figure of little Maria Mantrelli, for the safety of whose spindle legs his eagle face had lost what beauty it had possessed under the wheels of an auto truck. I invited him to come over, but he only smiled and kept on beating time on the curb with his broad foot. The old man evaded over to the stand and looked at the fruit seller. He held his hands in front of him and rubbed his red-haired fingers together. All the yellow teeth in his upper jaw were visible. Split-nose Regan gripped his club. He could see the house sergeant enter his name at the desk. But the mature judgment of Split-nose was at fault. Before his disgusted sight the old, soft-mannered man bought three oranges.

"Here, me fine cop," he said to Split-nose, "won't ye ate wan av these with me? Ye done me a kindly turn this mornin', an' I'm not the man to forget ye. Now that Greek is what I call a fine-lookin' lad. Did ye ever hear what a fine, grand fightin' race the Greeks are?"

Split-nose Regan heard the call of the blood. The hurdy-gurdy tune went false. He pitched the orange on the pavement and flattened it with his broad foot. "Gwan, or I'll run ye in, ye shameless old fool."

"Man, have ye never heard av the great fight av Thermopylae or av the fine shinin' beauty av Helen av Troy?"

The heavy hand of Split-nose closed on Duffy's shoulder, and with a shove he sent the old man reeling down the street.

"Gwan, ye old lunatic, or I'll put ye to sleep on a plank."

Split-nose Regan scratched his divided proboscis, chased little Maria Mantrelli into the house, and drove the hurdy-gurdy man more than half a block.

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